THE LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

Radio Stars

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FEBRUARY
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AND
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WHY FRANK MUNN SINGS TO A LOST LOVE

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Created in 4 rapturous shades . . . the most paganly alluring colors ever seen.

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SAVAGE LIPSTICK

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RACHEL
RACHEL (*Extra Dark*)

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20 CENTS AT ALL LEADING TEN CENT STORE

A Dancing Darling (UNTIL SHE SMILES)

WHAT a heart-warming thing a lovely, swift little smile can be! And what a crusher of illusions it so often is.

It is true that a great many men and women are, unfortunately, *afraid* to smile. Neglect of the teeth, neglect of the gums, neglect of "pink tooth brush" have led to their own unsightly results.

No one is immune from "pink tooth brush." Any dentist will tell you that our soft, modern foods and our habits of hurried eating and hasty brushing rob our gums of needed exercise. Naturally, they grow sensitive and tender—and, sooner or later, that telltale "tinge of pink" appears.

DON'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

And, neglected, that "tinge of pink" is often the preliminary to gingivitis, Vincent's disease—even pyorrhea.

Do the sensible thing—follow the advice of dental science. Get a tube of Ipana today. Brush your teeth regularly. But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana with massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Your teeth will be whiter with Ipana. Your gums will be healthier. And your smile *will* be the magic thing it should be!

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TOOTH PASTE

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NRA CODE

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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*City*_____ *State*_____

I WAS SLUGGISH AND A MARTYR TO BILIOUSNESS

• My skin was pasty and even after 8 hours sleep I'd get up tired. I looked every day of my 35 years and then some. For 6 years I'd been a continuous sufferer from biliousness, sour stomach caused by constipation. I think I spent hundreds of dollars on medicines. Then the wife of our druggist told me about FEEN-A-MINT. It is the only laxative I have used for 2 years and it has worked marvels. My husband says I'm like a different person. FEEN-A-MINT has done wonders for my little girl, too—now she eats like a child should because it keeps her regular as a clock.

Pleasing taste makes FEEN-A-MINT easy to take

Another experience typical of the hundreds of people who write us gratefully about the relief FEEN-A-MINT has given them. FEEN-A-MINT is not only positive in its purpose but a pleasing and delicious chewing gum. That is why it's so easy to take—children love it. And because you *chew* it the laxative works more evenly through the system and gives more *thorough relief* without griping or binding. Next time you need a laxative get FEEN-A-MINT. 15 and 25¢ at your druggist's. Used by over 15,000,000 people.

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RADIO STARS

CURTIS MITCHELL, EDITOR

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WILSON BROWN, MANAGING EDITOR

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2 YEARS *of waiting*

and now the motion picture that wins SCREEN FAME!

Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!

Pronounced "SEE-QUO-YAH"

SEQUOIA

A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN

with

JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN

Based on the novel "Malibu" *by* Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

KEEP *young* AND *beautiful*

Seymour

(Left) Radio's queen o beauty, Dorothy Page Would you like t learn how to acquir loveliness like hers Then write for Mar Biddle's leaflet o "The Zero Hour o Beauty."

By Mary Biddle

BEAUTY SECRETS OF A QUEEN! WANT TO KNOW THEM? READ ON–

YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL . . . we can't think of a more appropriate title with which to crown Miss Dorothy Page, voted Radio's Queen by the most distinguished group of radio editors in the world. How many queens in centuries past would have exchanged their crowns for her beauty!

With glorious Titian hair that the great Titian himself might well have reveled in painting, Radio's Queen has posed for portraits by many American illustrators. Her story reads like a glamorous day-dream that many a secretary busily pecking away at her typewriter has secretly harbored in her heart. When Dorothy had a secretarial job at the Curtis Publishing Company in Philadelphia, the Curtis employees staged a beauty contest not long after Dorothy's name was added to the pay-roll. Her friends prevailed upon her to enter at the last minute, with the result that Dorothy of the Titian hair, and the velvet brown eyes, and the gorgeous figure walked away with the blue ribbon.

One of the judges in the contest was Neysa McMein, noted American illustrator for Curt publications. A couple of days late she sauntered by as Dorothy was typ ing away at her desk in the Curt offices. "Miss Page," she said, "yo are very beautiful. Will you po for me?"

Dorothy Page is on these NBC stations each Monday at 8 p.m. EST: WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WLS, WHAM, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KOA, KDYL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KWK, WKBF, WJR.

To make a short story shorter, within the next mont thousands who bought the Saturday Evening Post wer admiring Neysa McMein's portrait of Miss Page on th front cover. Soon Dorothy looked at America not onl from magazine covers but also from Red Cross an Tuberculosis League posters, as the very personificatio of health and beauty. Now she has made America ea conscious of her, as well as eye-conscious.

When I had my interview with her, I wanted to sa just as Neysa McMein had some years ago, when sh was unknown to Radio, "Miss Page, you are very beau tiful." Somehow she radiates personality as well a beauty . . . and I was reminded that it is dramatic valu which the radio seeks in a voice and the artist seeks a model. All artists tell us that in order to be real beautiful, a woman must have (*Continued on page 78*

TINTEX Brings Fashion's Colors to Wardrobe and Home Decoration

WHAT TINTEX DOES

TINTEX restores color to faded fabrics in a jiffy . . . keeps undies fresh and gay-looking . . . brings the season's smart colors to your wardrobe . . . makes your last year's apparel look like new . . . keeps curtains and drapes bright and fresh . . . keeps home decorations color-smart . . . gives professional results . . . is used without muss, fuss, or bother!

Faded Fabrics Become Gay and New Again!

THE new Paris colors can be yours in a jiffy . . . with easy Tintex. For the Tintex way is the shortest, simplest, surest road to color smartness. These magic tints and dyes are always at your command . . . ready to bring you up-to-the-minute in fashion.

Millions of smart women are finding a daily need for Tintex . . . giving fresh new color to their apparel and home decorations . . . and restoring original color to every faded fabric. Costs only a few pennies . . . saves many dollars. So easy, too. Simply "tint as you rinse". Perfect results—always. Select your favorite Tintex colors—*today*. 35 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

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Jack Barnes
Union-Tribune, San Diego, Cal.

Rudy Vallee and His Connecticut Yankees, always a high ranking show with the Board, photographed in Hollywood making the movie, "Sweet Music."

★★★★★ Excellent
★★★★ Good
★★★ Fair
★★ Poor
★ Not Recommended

★★★★★ PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT, JOHN BARCLAY AND NAT SHILKRET'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ TOWN HALL TONIGHT WITH FRED ALLEN, PORTLAND HOFFA AND LENNIE HAYTON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ LUX RADIO THEATRE (NBC).
★★★★ LAWRENCE TIBBETT WITH WILFRED PELLETIER'S ORCHESTRA AND JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC).
★★★★ JACK BENNY (NBC).
★★★★ THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE CONCERT WITH GLADYS SWARTHOUT, NELSON EDDY, RICHARD CROOKS AND WILLIAM DALY'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ MARCH OF TIME (CBS).
★★★★ FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR WITH DETROIT SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★★ ONE MAN'S FAMILY, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).
★★★★ FLEISCHMANN VARIETY HOUR WITH RUDY VALLEE AND GUESTS (NBC).
★★★★ CAPTAIN HENRY'S MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT (NBC).
★★★★ PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSIC HALL (NBC).
★★★★ FORD PROGRAM WITH FRED WARING AND HIS PENNSYLVANIANS (CBS).
★★★★ SENTINELS SERENADE WITH JOSEF KOESTNER'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (NBC).
★★★★ AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC WITH FRANK MUNN, VIRGINIA REA AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ HALL OF FAME WITH GUESTS (NBC).
★★★★ RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL CONCERT WITH ERNO RAPEE (NBC).
★★★★ SILKEN STRINGS WITH CHARLES PREVIN'S ORCHESTRA AND OLGA ALBANI (NBC).
★★★★ STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS WITH RICHARD HIMBER'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★★ A. & P. GYPSIES WITH HARRY HORLICK'S ORCHESTRA AND FRANK PARKER (NBC).
★★★★ VIC AND SADE, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).
★★★★ EDWIN C. HILL (CBS).
★★★★ THE ROXY REVUE WITH "ROXY" AND HIS GANG (CBS).
★★★★ CITIES SERVICE WITH JESSICA DRAGONETTE (NBC).
★★★★ GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY CONCERTS (NBC).
★★★★ WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES IN 20,000 YEARS IN SING SING (NBC).
★★★★ THE GIBSON FAMILY (NBC).

THE LEADERS

This month, the following programs receive top honors; ties occurring in both third and fifth places. There has been no attempt to rank the other programs in the order of their importance, all other 4-star programs listed as a group, 3-stars in another group, etc.

1. ★★★★★Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout, John Barclay and Nat Shilkret's orchestra (NBC).
2. ★★★★Town Hall Tonight with Fred Allen, Portland Hoffa and Lennie Hayton's band (NBC.)
3. ★★★★The Lux Radio Theatre, hour dramas with guest stars (NBC).

   ★★★★Packard Program with Lawrence Tibbett and Wilfred Pelletier's orchestra (NBC).
4. ★★★★Jello Program featuring Jack Benny with Mary Livingstone, Frank Parker and Don Bestor (NBC).
5. ★★★★Firestone Concerts with Gladys Swarthout, Nelson Eddy and Richard Crooks and William Daly's orchestra (NBC).

   ★★★★The March of Time, Dramatized news (CBS).

★★★★ SWIFT PROGRAM WITH SIGMUND ROMBERG AND DR. LYON PHELPS (NBC).
★★★★ ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, THE TOWN CRIER. ROBERT ARMBRUSTER'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★★ ROSA PONSELLE WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS (CBS).
★★★★ THE CAMEL CARAVAN WITH WALTER O'KEEFE, ANNETTE HANSHAW, GLEN GRAY'S CASA LOMA ORCHESTRA AND TED HUSING (CBS).
★★★★ NINO MARTINI WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS (CBS).
★★★★ GRETE STUECKGOLD WITH ANDRE KOSTELANETZ ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS (CBS).
★★★ "MELODIANA" WITH ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA, VIVIENNE SEGAL AND OLIVER SMITH (CBS).
★★★ LOMBARDO-LAND WITH GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ THE ARMOUR PROGRAM WITH PHIL BAKER AND LEON BELASCO (NBC).
★★★ "LAVENDER AND OLD LACE" WITH FRANK MUNN, HAZEL GLENN AND GUS HAENSCHEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS)
★★★ PHILIP MORRIS PROGRAM WITH LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA AND PHIL DUEY (NBC).
★★★ ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM WITH MARY PICKFORD (NBC).
★★★ CALIFORNIA MELODIES WITH RAYMOND PAIGE'S ORCHESTRA AND GUEST STARS (CBS).
★★★ EVERETT MARSHALL'S BROADWAY VANITIES WITH ELIZABETH LENNOX AND VICTOR ARDEN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ THE BYRD EXPEDITION BROADCAST FROM LITTLE AMERICA (CBS).
★★★ LADY ESTHER PROGRAM WITH WAYNE KING AND ORCHESTRA (CBS)
★★★ BOND BREAD SHOW WITH FRANK CRUMIT AND JULIA SANDERSON (CBS).
★★★ KATE SMITH AND HER SWANEE MUSIC (CBS).
★★★ TITO GUIZAR'S MIDDAY SERENADE (CBS).
★★★ LITTLE MISS BAB-O'S SURPRISE PARTY WITH MARY SMALL AND GUESTS (NBC).
★★★ GENE ARNOLD AND THE COMMODORES (NBC).
★★★ THE FITCH PROGRAM WITH WENDELL HALL (NBC).
★★★ CHASE AND SANBORN HOUR WITH RUBINOFF AND CANTOR (NBC).
★★★ MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND WITH RACHEL DE CARLAY, ANDY SANNELLA AND ABE LYMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC)
★★★ CHEERIO, INSPIRATIONAL TALKS AND MUSIC (NBC).

Fred Allen

★★★ GENE AND GLENN, COMEDY SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ CONTENTED PROGRAM WITH GENE ARNOLD, THE LULLABY LADY, MORGAN EASTMAN'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ TODAY'S CHILDREN, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ LOWELL THOMAS, COMMENTATOR (NBC).
★★★ YEAST FOAMERS, JAN GARBER'S SUPPER CLUB WITH DOROTHY PAGE (NBC).
★★★ SINCLAIR GREAT MINSTRELS (NBC).
★★★ PRINCESS PAT PLAYERS, DRAMA WITH DOUGLAS HOPE, ALICE HILL, PEGGY DAVIS AND ARTHUR JACOBSON (NBC).
★★★ OXYDOL'S OWN MA PERKINS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ HOUSEHOLD MUSICAL MEMORIES WITH EDGAR A. GUEST, ALICE MOCK, CHARLES SEARS AND JOSEF KOESTNER'S BAND (NBC).
★★★ IRENE RICH FOR WELCH, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ CONOCO PRESENTS HARRY RICHMAN, JACK DENNY AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH JOHN B. KENNEDY (NBC).
★★★ DEATH VALLEY DAYS, DRAMATIC PROGRAM (NBC).
★★★ LET'S LISTEN TO HARRIS. PHIL HARRIS' ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ "HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD" WITH TONY WONS (NBC).
★★★ THE JERGENS PROGRAM WITH WALTER WINCHELL (NBC).

Gladys Swarthout

★★★ THE DIXIE DANDIES MINSTREL (NBC).
★★★ "LITTLE KNOWN FACTS ABOUT WELL KNOWN PEOPLE" WITH DALE CARNEGIE (NBC).
★★★ ROSES AND DRUMS, DRAMATIC SKETCH (NBC).
★★★ CLARA, LU 'N EM (NBC).
★★★ THE SINGING LADY (NBC).
★★★ SMILING ED McCONNELL (CBS).
★★★ VOICE OF EXPERIENCE (CBS).
★★★ BOAKE CARTER (CBS).
★★★ EX-LAX PROGRAM WITH LUD GLUSKIN AND BLOCK AND SULLY (CBS).
★★★ FORTY-FIVE MINUTES IN HOLLYWOOD WITH MARK WARNOW'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ LITTLE ORPHAN ANNIE (NBC).
★★★ BILLY BATCHELOR (NBC).
★★★ ENO CRIME CLUES (NBC).
★★★ CLIMALENE CARNIVAL (NBC).
★★★ RCA RADIOTRON COMPANY'S "RADIO CITY PARTY" (NBC).
★★★ ONE NIGHT STANDS WITH PIC AND PAT (NBC).
★★★ GRAND HOTEL WITH ANNE SEYMOUR AND DON AMECHE (NBC).
★★★ THE PONTIAC PROGRAM WITH JANE FROMAN AND FRANK BLACK (NBC).
★★★ TERHUNE DOG DRAMA WITH ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE (NBC).
★★★ KANSAS CITY PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ PEGGY'S DOCTOR (NBC).
★★★ BEN BERNIE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).

Robert Armbruster

★★★ ED WYNN, THE FIRE CHIEF (NBC).
★★★ LANNY ROSS AND HIS LOG CABIN INN (NBC).
★★★ MADAME SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD (NBC).
★★★ PLANTATION ECHOES WITH MILDRED BAILEY AND WILLARD ROBINSON'S ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ NATIONAL BARN DANCE (NBC).
★★★ SONGS YOU LOVE WITH ROSE BAMPTON AND NAT SHILKRET AND HIS ORCHESTRA (NBC).
★★★ LITTLE JACK LITTLE AND HIS ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ PAT KENNEDY WITH ART KASSEL AND HIS KASSELS IN THE AIR ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ LAZY DAN, THE MINSTREL MAN (CBS).
★★★ OPEN HOUSE WITH FREDDY MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA AND GUESTS (CBS).
★★★ "MUSIC BY GERSHWIN," PIANO SOLOIST; LOUIS KATZMAN'S ORCHESTRA (CBS).
★★★ MYRT AND MARGE, DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).
★★★ ISHAM JONES AND HIS ORCHESTRA WITH GUEST STARS AND MIXED CHORUS (CBS).
★★★ HOLLYWOOD HOTEL (CBS).
★★★ "BENJAMIN FRANKLIN," DRAMATIC SKETCH (CBS).
★★ PEPSODENT COMPANY PRESENTS FRANK BUCK, DRAMATIZED JUNGLE ADVENTURES (NBC).
★★ SALLY OF THE TALKIES (NBC).

I never knew a perfume could be as perfect as FAOEN *and* I'VE TRIED THEM ALL

says Beatrice Hudson
New York model

ORIENTAL · EXOTIC

FLORAL · DELICATE

FRESH · ELUSIVE

WARM · VIBRANT

MANY expensive perfumes had intriguing scents, it is true, . . . but what I wanted was something different," says Beatrice Hudson, famous New York model. "FAOEN (with its $1 to $3 quality) *was* different! It actually transformed my personality, gave me an entirely new charm and sense of power!" Haunting, sophisticated . . FAOEN turns you from an attractive woman to an irresistible one! Men are enchanted by its mysterious fragrance!

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PARK & TILFORD'S
FAOEN
(FAY-ON)
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Face Powder • Lipstick • Cleansing Cream • Cold Cream • Rouges • Perfumes

LANNY ROSS

Despite the fact he's a free bachelor, Lanny likes to spend quiet evenings before the fireplace in his New York apartment, reading and listening to the radio.

Lanny's Log Cabin Inn program can be heard Wednesdays over th following stations, at 7:30 p.m. (your time): WENR-WLS, KWCR KSO, KOIL, WREN. 8:30—WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM KDKA, WGAR, WCKY, WJR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD 9:30—KOA, KDYL. 10:30—WKY, WFAA-WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS KTHS.

Let's Gossip

INTO a driving rain on November 17th walked Renee Winkler, secretary to NBC's Al Pearce, and Travis Hale, one of the Pearce "gangsters." Around to the colorful Wee Kirk o' the Heather in Glendale they walked, taking with them Miss Winkler's brother Edward and Ernest Derry, a member of the Three Cheers of the Pearce program. There the Rev. J. Lowrie Fendrick performed the ceremony that brought to a climax radio's new romance.

Last year Rudy Vallee was reported to have received $4500 per week playing at the Hollywood Restaurant in New York. This year, back in the same spot, he is said to be receiving $5500. The $1000 raise being in appreciation of the big business which Rudy brings to the dine and dance club.

Virginia Payne, NBC actress heard on Oxydol's Ma Perkins programs, has been elected president of the Omega Upsilon national professional dramatic sorority.

On every holiday, for the past seven years, a leading Fifth Avenue shop delivers to Jessica Dragonette a big basket of fruits and delicacies. The gift is ordered each time by a fan who lives in Greensboro, North Carolina, and whom Miss Dragonette has never met. A few years ago she gave a concert in Greensboro and hoped to meet the liberal fan, but he did not put in an appearance. He wrote, later, that he had attended the concert.

There's another radio baby on the way. Hal Kemp, whose band plays at New York's Hotel Pennsylvania, and Mrs. Kemp, the former Elsie Slaughter of Houston, Texas, society fame, will be the parents. The time: April. The Kemps already have one child, a year-old daughter.

What a hubby Walter Wicker must be. He's just presented his wife, Ireene, who is NBC's Singing Lady, with a diamond studded wrist watch on the occasion of their wedding anniversary.

January 6th is the definite date set for the return of Cab Calloway to the Cotton Club and the NBC air waves.

Igor Gorin, the young Russian baritone who missed a singing job with Roxy because he was in Bermuda, is back in the U. S. and has applied for citizenship.

"I hate tattle-tales!..

...and here's how I chased them out of my house"

"'You're a hard worker, Bess,' my sister said one day, 'but your clothes are such tattle-tales. That grayish look tells everyone they aren't really clean!'... I was furious, but I took her hint. I stopped buying 'trick soaps' and gave Fels-Naptha Soap a try."

"And what a lucky day! In a second, I chip Fels-Naptha into the water in my washing machine and get the grandest suds. I never dreamed *golden soap is so much richer.* And Fels-Naptha is *full of clean-smelling naptha!* Even grimy, greasy dirt *floats* right out."

"Everybody says nice things about my washes now—no more *tattle-tale gray* in my house. John says that red look is gone out of my hands, too. There's soothing glycerine in Fels-Naptha, you see." Fels & Co., Phila., Pa.

NRA CODE

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray" with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP

THE ANSWER MAN ANSWERS

THE readers hurl a mighty challenge to Uncle Answer Man. They say he's dumb and that his mind won't stand up under the kind of intelligence test on which a radio listener of five could get ninety-eight per cent.

Them is fighting words where Uncle Answer Man comes from. But of course, as Fred Allen would have it, no one knows where he comes from, so, he's safe enough there.

But he is willing to submit to an intelligence test by the readers, provided the readers prove themselves worthy of giving it by following those darned old instructions which include:

1. Not asking him for photographs of artists.
2. Not demanding that he send you addresses of stars.
3. Not expecting him to pay any attention to letters that have more than two questions in them.
4. Remembering that he'd like to answer *all* your questions, but, because there are so many, he just has to publish those asked by the most readers.

And now to determine Uncle A. M.'s "I. Q." (In schools and universities they call it "Intelligence Quota." You may call it "I Question," if you like.)

(Editor's note: Since this was written, Uncle Answer Man was put in jail for trying to pick a piece of lint off a policeman's chest with knuckle dusters—brass knuckles to you. How in the world he's going to get out a column next month is hard to tell. It will be interesting to see what he can do.)

Is Your Unkie A. M. a Dumbell?

Q. Pick Lanny Ross' correct height from the following: two feet three inches; six feet one and one half inches; eleven feet nine inches.

A. Six feet one and one half inches.

Q. Quick. If Lanny is that height, how tall is Conrad Thibault?

A. Five feet eleven inches. Both he and Lanny weigh 165 pounds though.

Q. Stick to the questions. If Loretta Clemens is Jack Clemens' partner on the air, are they brother and sister?

A. You bet they are. And Loretta's the older, being twenty-eight, while Jack is only twenty-four.

Q. Who sings the Maxwell House Show Boat drinking song? You've got eleven and four-fifths seconds for this one.

A. I'll settle for eleven. Lanny sings it with the Show Boat chorus joining in. While Lanny was in Hollywood, Conrad sang the solo part.

Q. Good. Did Charles Winninger resign from the Show Boat program to go on the stage?

A. Mm-hm. That part as you probably know, about his marrying Nancy Stokes was done to make his leaving the program more graceful. He left to join Libby Holman's new musical comedy, "Revenge With Music," which closed shortly after its opening in Philadelphia. As RADIO STARS goes to press, though, Uncle Answer Man understands that the show is being rewritten with the hope of another and more successful run.

Q. Well, we're glad you understand *something,* anyhow. Now, here's a sticker for you. Is Lanny Ross' Log Cabin a real place?

A. The sponsor and RADIO STARS Magazine try to make it seem as real as possible to you. Of course it takes place in one of the beautiful Radio City studios, but it is the kind of make-believe that has the friendliest intent behind it.

Q. Select the orchestra from the following with which Eddie Stone is singing: Isham Jones'; Harry Salter's.

A. Can't catch me. Neither. He did sing with Isham Jones. Then when Salter's band went into the Park Central Hotel in New York, he

(Continued on page 106)

Proof Is in His Replies to These Questions

Kilocycle Quiz

James Melton was surprised at how many he missed.

(This quiz is designed to test your familiarity with radio names. If you can answer them all in eight minutes, you can pat yourself on the back and say, "Am I good? Heck no, I'm perfect.")

1. What are the real names of Clara, Lu 'n' Em?
2. Who are Amos 'n' Andy in private life?
3. What are the first names of Burns and Allen?
4. Who is the Maria of NBC's Show Boat?
5. How about Myrt and Marge?
6. And Pic and Pat, the NBC comedians?
7. Who are Gene and Glenn?
8. Is Bing Crosby's name really Bing Crosby? If not, what is it?
9. Who is the Mystery Chef?
10. What is Lowell Thomas' real name?
11. Who is known as Portland Hoffa?
12. Who is Mrs. Don Ross?
13. Now for the first names of Block and Sully?
14. Who is known as "The Singing Lady?"
15. And "The Lullaby Lady?"

(Now try to answer these five questions in two minutes. They're easy.)

1. What product sponsors Rosa Ponselle's Concerts on CBS?
2. Who is the Philco news commentator?
3. What instrument does Dick Leibert play?
4. Who is the tenor on the Jack Benny program?
5. Who is the comedian on the Bakers Broadcast over NBC?

YOU CAN FIND ALL THE ANSWERS ON PAGE 63

To the Lovely Lady IN THIS PICTURE

LADY, you're lovely!

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood.

And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom . . . old as womankind itself . . . and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June. And every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still . . . and to keep her that way!

Among these aids . . . and you're very wise . . . is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose . . . to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health . . . constipation . . . to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And . . . this is so important! . . . Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

And That "Certain Something"

These are the cold facts about Ex-Lax. But there is more than that. It's the ideal combination of all these qualities—combined in the exclusive Ex-Lax way—that gives Ex-Lax a "certain something"—a certain satisfaction—that puts Ex-Lax in a class by itself. Our telling you won't prove that. You must try it yourself to know what we mean!

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!
EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
MM 25 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.
Name _____
Address _____

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

HAVE YOU EVER SUSPECTED THE TRAGEDY THAT HIDES BEHIND THIS JOVIAL BACHELOR'S SONGS?

Frank Munn can be heard over these NBC stations each Sunday at 9:30 p.m. EST: WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, CFCF, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, KSD, WSAI, WOC, WHO, WOW, WIOD, WSM, WFLA, WMC, WSB, WOAI, WJDX, WFAA, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WSMB, KDYL, WKY, KOA, KPRC, KPO, WDAF, WAPI, WRVA, WJAX, WTMJ, KSTP, CRCT, WMAQ, WPTF, WWNC, WIS and over the CBS stations every Tuesday at 8:00 p.m. EST: WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WSPD.

By Ogden Mayer

WHY FRANK MUNN

WHEN FRANK MUNN was twenty-two, he let love pass by. There was a girl then whom he might have held in his arms and married, but he was afraid to ask her to share his poverty. Afraid of what the iron chains of circumstances might do to their ardent young love. For four years he saw her whenever he could—and said nothing. So the years slipped by and she married someone else.

Was Munn very wise or very foolish in letting young love pass by? All of you who are postponing marriage, because you are without jobs or are waiting for times to get better before you take the great gamble, ought to know his story. Why he made the decision he did and the kind of a man that that decision made of him.

Frank Munn himself is very sure that he was wise. So very, very wise, not to take a chance on blasting love's young dream. He saw the right thing to do and he did it.

It would be very nice if life were as simple as that and the right thing and the wrong thing to do always so clear. But I'm afraid Munn is only kidding himself.

For sixteen years he has been saying "No" to life and "No" to love. You can't keep on doing that for all those years without tormenting yourself a great deal.

It isn't easy to explain a man who at thirty-eight has never taken a drink, doesn't smoke. A man who has never been married, but who now for the first time in his life is engaged to a girl he loves.

I can't explain him. All I can do is tell you about him and let you judge for yourself.

Weighing 200 pounds, he looks like one of those fat men you sometimes see in nightclubs, ogling every pretty woman who passes and telling the little blonde with him that she can have anything her li'l heart desires, if she'll only be nice to him.

That's what you expect of plump, jovial bachelors who've passed the thirty-five mark. But Frank Munn is a Sir Galahad with the body of a butcher.

As a boy, he was just like any other chunky youngster, stealing pickles from the grocer, talking behind the teacher's back, pulling the braids of the pretty girl in front of him in school. Once he was almost arrested because he turned in a false fire alarm, and on that occasion he was soundly walloped by his father.

Yet surely there must be some explanation for the fact that when love came to him, he played his hand overcautiously. And I think I know why. His mother died when he was nine days old and he was brought up by his grandmother and his father. Naturally his grandmother smothered him with cookies and kindness, and his father, just a plain, ordinary, everyday cop, smothered

Frank Munn, tenor of both CBS and NBC. After you've read his story you will discover why sadness is sometimes in his voice.

SINGS TO A LOST LOVE

him with sternness. For years he never knew what it meant to call his soul his own. He never went out nights without that eternal barrage of questions from his father, "Where are you going? Whom are you going to see?"

No doubt his father meant it all for the boy's own good, but parents aren't always the best judges of what is best for our immortal souls. Sometimes in trying to protect us from life, they fail to develop in us the courage to make brave and dangerous decisions.

Firm were his father's orders that he must be in at nine o'clock each night. Perhaps if he had resisted them right at the start, fought his father tooth and nail, he might have grown up to be something more than a timid soul. He might have escaped the awful fate of being Sir Galahad in an age that has no use for Galahads.

From the age of fourteen he began to haunt Engine House Eighty-two in New York. There he found the spot of color in his drab life. Inside the fire house was heaven and he'd gleefully sprint miles to help the fire department put out a fire. With a helmet on his head that almost completely covered his face, he'd sit on the back of a fire engine and beg the firemen to let him go to every fire in the neighborhood. This went on from the time he was fourteen until he was twenty-four.

It was while he was chasing fire alarms that he met the first serious love of his life, a girl with dark hair and eyes, who lived on the same street as he did. While he was hanging around the fire house he first noticed her smiling at his antics. Till then he hadn't been interested in women. Women—they were nothing but a bunch of softies, always getting mushy and silly.

Then Ellen, clever little Ellen began to draw him out. She asked him about the fires he'd gone to and whether he ever rescued anyone or anything. When he told her about the parrot he'd saved, she stood there looking at him with eyes that revealed how thrilled she was.

Why, she wasn't a mushy kid at all, he concluded. A chap could have a lot of fun talking to her. Timidly he asked her to go with him to the neighborhood movie. Afterwards they stopped at the corner drug store for a soda.

Girls had never paid much attention to Frank. After all, he was an unprepossessing boy, as chunky as could be, and girls in their 'teens don't try to penetrate beneath an unattractive appearance or give a darn about a boy because his heart is pure.

"Here comes Fatty," they (*Continued on page 61*)

Exposing EDDIE CANTOR, TROUBLE-MAKER

BY GEORGE KENT

FRENCHY, valet to Eddie Cantor, was giving his wee, wispy master his morning rub. It was a massage at the hands of an expert and it made Radio's most popular comedian sigh with a profound satisfaction.

To look at that neat, slim Cantor body and those warm, almost tender, daisy-button eyes, you'd never think this was the tiger of Radio, Broadway and Hollywood. So, we asked him how come a mild little fellow, such as he, was always getting into trouble with people.

Sir Eddie smiled, and with a wink at Frenchy replied: "Frenchy rubs me the right way. I rub them the wrong way."

Not such a bad gag, coming hot pop just like that. But it explained nothing. You see, Eddie Cantor has had a way—almost since the beginning of his career—of breaking into print because of disputes with organizations, officials, and such things like that. It wasn't press-agent stuff. Eddie never has employed one. So it was about time somebody went up to Sir Eddie and asked him point blank, *Why do you fight? How does the lamb become a tiger?*

Before I tell you what he said, let me remind you, just as an example, of his most recent battle. You probably remember it for it was in all the newspapers.

Sol Rosenblatt, Code Authority of the Motion Picture Industry, was about to make a ruling. It would have meant little work and less pay for all the Hollywood extras and chorus girls. Eddie didn't like it a bit. He didn't like it as an individual; he didn't like it officially as President of the Screen Actors Guild. This Guild, by the way, is mixed up with the American Federation of Labor.

When Eddie doesn't like a thing, he hits out—hard! He made it plain to Mr. Rosenblatt that the ruling could not stand. The Code Authority hemmed and he hawed, he puffed and huffed, but finally he gave in to Eddie.

He might have tried to do it diplomatically. He might have tried to kid the man out of what he was trying to do. But no—that's not Cantor's way. Zingo-socko! That's the Cantor technique.

Frenchy went on rubbing the comedian's shoulders as he framed the words to reply to my questions.

"I don't pull my punches," he said. "Because a man who pulls his punches is faking. And fakers get found out sooner or later."

"Fighters can go on faking fights for a little while. But they get found out. The same in ordinary life. And life all around us is a ring and we're fighters.

"When I am right, I go ahead. With all my strength. Regardless of consequences. How do I know I am right? I know. If I promise to give you something and I don't—I am wrong. If I give it to you I am right. It's simple as all that. Let me tell you a story."

The story Eddie told went back to the year 1918. That was the year he was playing for Abe Erlanger—in black-face. He had always played in black-face and smart lad, he knew his future was not very promising as long as he had the burnt cork on his face. So, he wrote a sketch and showed it to Erlanger. It was a skit in which Eddie would play a leading role in white-face.

Erlanger built the scenery, engaged the musicians. He promised Eddie when the show was tried out in Atlantic City, the sketch would

Eddie braves a winter down south with a couple of hundred pounds of Jimmy Wallington.

ZINGO—SOCKO!

THAT'S THE WAY

THIS LITTLE SIXTY-

SIX INCHES OF

COMEDY SETTLES

HIS ARGUMENTS!

also be tried out. But nothing happened in Atlantic City. Erlanger was not keeping his promise. Erlanger was wrong. Eddie was right. He walked into Erlanger's office.

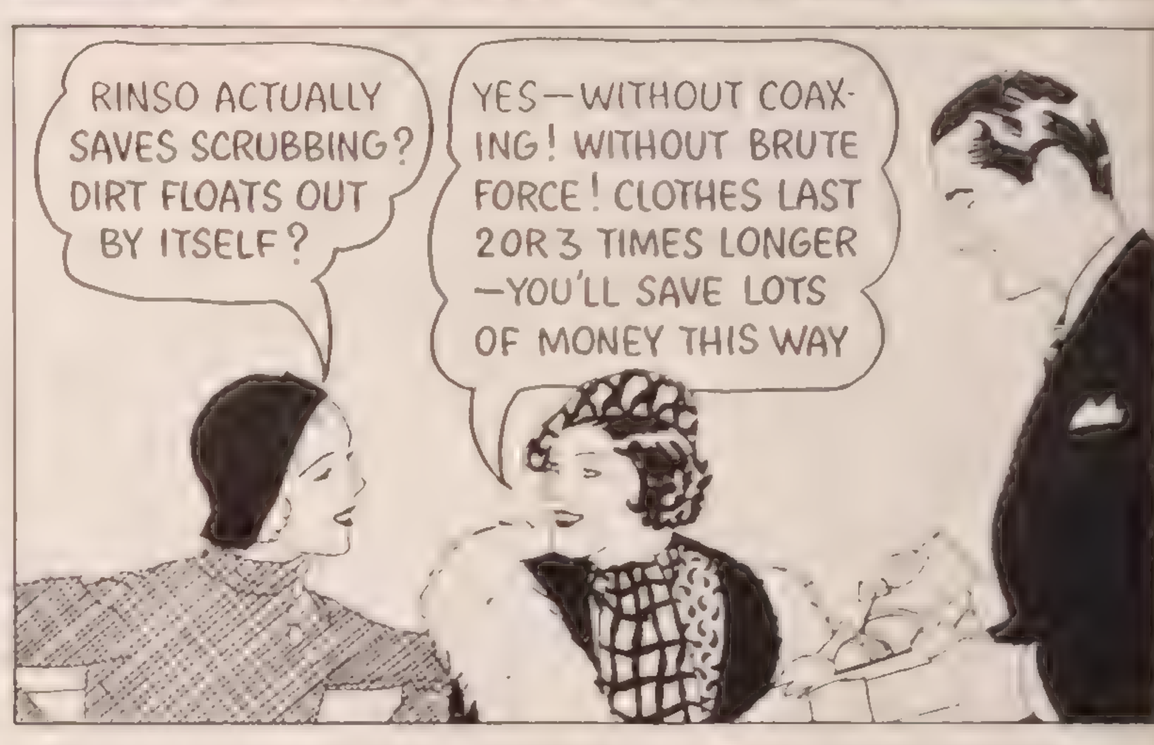
"The sketch goes on as you promised. Or I quit."

Erlanger became a volcano. He erupted and covered Eddie with sulphur and brimstone. He told him he would not only keep him out of all Erlanger shows, he would also see to it that Eddie Cantor was never seen on Broadway again.

Now this wasn't a man talking through his pen-wiper. It was the great Erlanger who owned seventy per cent of the theatres on Broadway, who had a piece in every dramatic and musical pie baked in the Great White Way. But Eddie, who in that threat saw his entire life hammered into bits, stood his ground.

Eye to eye, toe to toe—the skinny little black-face who wanted to be white-face—the big, stout producer who wanted to rule his roost. And Erlanger gave in.

Said Eddie: (*Continued on page 79*)



Keeps colors fresh and bright, too

RINSO is great in washers, too—makers of 34 famed washers recommend it. Tested and approved by Good Housekeeping Institute. Gives lots of rich, lively suds—*even in hardest water*. No matter how long you soak your wash in Rinso suds—for 15 minutes, an hour, overnight—or as long as you think necessary—you can be sure everything will be *safe* Easy on hands. Makes all cleaning easier.

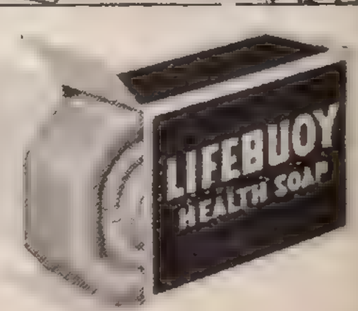
AMERICA'S BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP

AT LAST — A WEDDING GIFT FOR HER!

NRA CODE

A grand complexion soap — Lifebuoy! Its creamy, penetrating lather is super-mild yet extra-cleansing. It gently washes away pore-clogging impurities—freshens dull skins to glowing health.

"B.O." (*body-odor*) is a year-'round problem. Cold days or hot—*play safe!* Bathe often with Lifebuoy. Lathers more freely; purifies and *deodorizes* pores. Its quickly-vanishing, *extra clean* scent tells you Lifebuoy gives *extra* protection. *Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau*



RADIO STARS MAGAZINE *Presents* 1934's BEST ANNOUNCER

O JAMES WALLINGTON GO HE LAURELS FOR THE MOST)UTSTANDING DICTION IN ANNOUNCING

AMES WALLINGTON, we salute you!

For two successive years—the first time it has hap-ened in the history of radio—you have been named e best announcer on the air.

Last year, James Wallington received the gold medal r diction of the Academy of Arts and Letters. This ear, the Board of Review of RADIO STARS Magazine lects him as the stand-out announcer of 1934. And st spring, you will recall, he was first in the popularity ll conducted among RADIO STARS readers.

Several weeks ago, when it became known that the merican Academy of Arts and Letters was discontinu-g its annual custom of giving a diction award, RADIO TARS Magazine announced its own Best Announcer's rophy. Judges were to be the outstanding newspaper dio columnists and editors of America who make up r Board of Review. These radio critics were asked judge the 1934 crop of announcers on the following ints: diction, delivery, microphone personality, ability adapt oneself to the program mood, and versatility.

The story of "Jimmie," as Eddie Cantor has called him r two years, is that of a talented boy who became a an. Around NBC, they formerly called him the "kid nouncer." He was barely out of his teens when he ft Schenectady and WGY to seek his fortune in Gotham. an interview several years ago he said, "Please . . . ease don't say I'm just past twenty-one. I'm way past . I'm twenty-three!" He wanted to grow up very badly.

"Well, he has grown up . . . not too much, but just ough. Not too much to act as stooge for any comedian ho wants an expert foil, and just enough to lend dignity d charm to more sedate occasions. Even yet, he grabs occasional dare-devil announcing assignment just for e fun of it. And even yet he says, "Please don't call e the kid announcer."

We won't, Jimmie. You've won your spurs. Congrat-ations on your two-year reign as the best announcer in merica. And extra special congratulations on being the rst to win RADIO STARS Magazine's Best An-ouncer's Trophy.

Jackson

James Wallington, NBC, reigns supreme in announcing.

Ed Wynn AND "Just Plain Bill"

Pretending he's not a fire chief—can you imagine Ed Wynn doing that? Texaco would hide all top hats if they could see him now. It actually looks as if he deserted his horse and caught a photographer. What a nighter-outer he turned out to be. The night is Tuesday at 9:30 p.m. EST over NBC—as if you didn't know, for Wynn is the national cause making Tuesday an "at home" evening in the U.S.A.

Who hasn't met "Just Plain Bill?" Every town, big or small, has a character like this friendly old barber of Hartville. Arthur Hughes, above, makes him so real that you instantly recognize him as someone you know. If you aren't already acquainted with this well-known actor, you will find him any day from Monday through Friday at 1:00 p.m. EST over Columbia and again on a re-broadcast at 7:15 p.m. EST.

"I'M CHASIN

WHEN DISEASE CLAIMED THIS VICTIM, RADIO, THE HEALER, GAV

I HAD THREE months to live. Three short months! That was my tenure on life and happiness and the successful newspaper career I'd built up for myself in five years. That was what I'd have to tell the girl who'd stood by, through thick and thin, ever since our marriage.

That was all I could think of, as the big Kansas City lung specialist talked on. And that brief reprieve hinged on my giving up my business, my home, my friends, and going west!

It didn't seem worth it. Not until my wife, who, like the grand girl she is, reminded me again that the most insurmountable obstacle is just something to be overcome!

I'd known, of course, for months, that something was wrong. I'd been running down like a clock; driving myself to making a go of my second newspaper venture in spite of a daily temperature of 102; kidding myself that a spring vacation would fix me up. But I never dreamed that I was one more victim of the dreaded T. B. *That* was something that happened to other people, never to one's self.

Unless you've been through it yourself, you'll ne know what it's like to check into a mountain-top sanat ium, exiled, to spend the rest of your earthly days in t That still, white-walled room was my death chambe and I knew it. There was just the intervening time kill, while time killed me!

My wife took a room in the sanatorium to be with those last few months. She pleaded with me not to g up, to fight. Yes, I admit it. In those first black we of illness and desperation, I had just one idea—suici What had I to fight for? A few extra months, a y maybe, of futility and pain. Of utter and absolute h lessness, and enforced inactivity. Interests? Diversi I couldn't even read a newspaper! I, who had breat and thought "newspaper" since I was fourteen. It t precious strength to even hold a newspaper now.

Then one day, after my morning nap, I found a l brown box beside my bed. A miniature radio, with Lilliputian sound-grille. My wife had noticed one

Illustrated by JACK FLOHERTY, JR

Wide World

Wide World

THE CURE . . "

IM COURAGE TO COME BACK FROM THE GRAVE

ther patient's elbow and it had given her an idea.
'd never given two whoops for a radio. My busy life
l precluded every non-essential. The clatter of the
sses, the urgency of long hours under the drive of get-
out a daily paper had made me want a quiet let-
vn when I got home. My wife liked the radio, but
'd simply turn it off as soon as I came in. And now,
e one stood with its tiny dials I could turn with one
nt finger.
Iy doctor grinned at it (*Continued on page 73*)

y H. Clark Rixey

The greatest lung specialist of the country doomed him to die——until radio came to the rescue.

Today's Children are on the following NBC stations daily, except Saturdays and Sundays, at 10:30 a.m. EST: WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WCKY, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WKY, WLS, WBAP, KPRC, WJR, WWNC, WEBC, WRVA, WJAX, WFLA, WPTF, WOAI.

TODAY'S CHILDREN WIT

By C. Anderson Chanin

"A cake to bake and a floor to sweep
And a tired babe to sing to sleep.
What does a woman want but these—
A home, a child, and a man to please."

THERE'S Mother Moran's homely recipe for a woman's happiness. Old fashioned? Well, perhaps. But thousands of listeners to Today's Children write, asking for the little poem that starts with these lines. Many bits of verse they ask Mother Moran to repeat on the air. But this is their favorite. These words, of all her homely bits, they cherish most, because it is in simple accord with their own philosophy of a good life.

Mother Moran lives in a modest home on a quiet, elm-shaded street in the great city, radiating sympathetic understanding, kindliness and generosity to her neighbors

(Below) Actor-author Walter Wicker. (Right) The sweet little kid in pigtails is Lucy Gilman, who is Lucy Moran on the program.

UT THEIR MAKE-UP

O YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO GET THE MOST OUT OF LIFE? HOW TO BE HAPPY? THESE "CHILDREN" WILL TELL YOU

al friends. Surrounding her is her family, a son, who i: married, and her two daughters and their friends. Iey're all young moderns fighting for success in the cnplex maelstrom of big city life. "Today's Children," Mother Moran calls them. In the stress of urban life t'y sometimes rail against her simple and homely losophy.

Her daughters, of course, want love, romance, marriage, ldren—but they demand a career, too.

"When you're paintin' your dreams," Mother Moran minds them, "be careful of the colors you're goin' to be n', 'cause sometimes you make a mistake and the colors t you think are goin' to look good don't look so good in t finished picture. There are only three colors that have sod the test of all the men and women in the world— t' colors of love, family, home."

These are the colors that shed their glow over all the episodes of Today's Children. A dozen flesh and blood characters, typical of average living, dominate the scene, yet none of them is dominant. With consummate skill, Irna Phillips and Walter Wicker, out of whose facile minds the homely episodes and characters who make them are spun, manage always to keep the spotlight on the family.

And the experiences of this intimate group—their hopes and aspirations, their triumphs and failures, their joys and woes keep a tremendous audience glued to their radios every morning. Why, a few months ago the sponsor, yielding to unnumbered requests for pictures of Today's Children, got out a little booklet and invited fans to write in for it. Well, listeners flooded NBC with an avalanche of 320,000 flour (*Continued on page 70*)

(Below) In the foreground, left to right: "Frances Moran," "Judge McCoy," "Bob Crane," "Katherine Crane," "Dorothy Moran," "Lucy Moran," and "Terry Moran."

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR RADIO FAVORITES? HERE IS THE GOSSIP THAT LETS YOU IN ON THEIR SECRETS!

THERE'S a new, blue-eyed, blonde baby girl on Radio Row. She's Joan Benny, recently adopted by Jack Benny and Mary Livingstone. The little girl was taken into the Benny home the last of October and she'll be seven months old the 17th of this month. This is the second couple of comedians to adopt a baby; George Burns and Gracie Allen being the first. Looking to the future, Jack Pearl (the Baron Munchausen) and Mrs. Pearl will probably be next.

James Melton, Baby Rose Marie, Burns and Allen and Nino Martini are the latest to be scheduled for the movies. Tenor Melton is slated to do "New York, London and Paris" or "The Broadway Gondolier" for Warner Brothers. Baby Rose Marie isn't new to the flickers, but she hasn't made a picture for many months. Burns and Allen are already in Hollywood at work. Nino hasn't made up his mind whether to accept his offer or not.

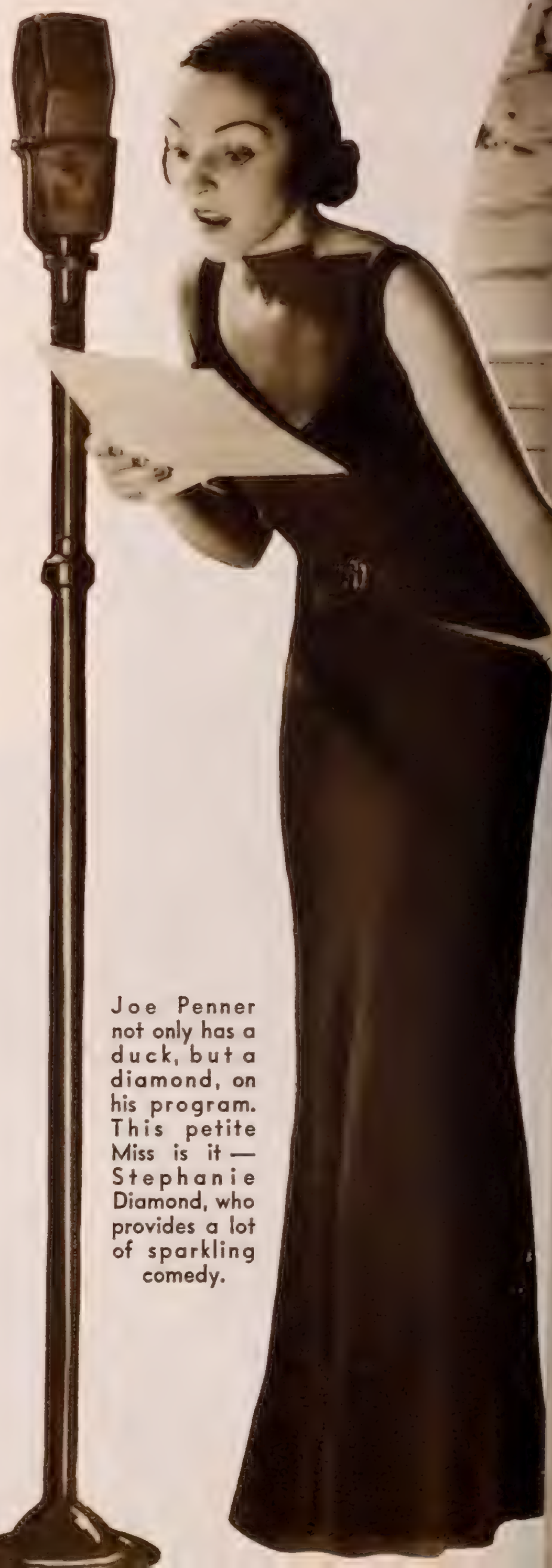
The date of Eddie Cantor's switch to CBS has been set for February 3rd, 8 to 8:30 p. m., EST. His place on the Chase and Sanborn hour on NBC is being taken by a series of light operas.

Rumor says Ken Roberts, CBS announcer recently divorced, is looking longingly toward Vivian Janis, formerly the vocalist with Leon Belasco's band.

It's a boy in the household of Don McNeill, master of ceremonies on the NBC Breakfast Club and the Climalene Carnival.

Amos 'n' Andy are not only smart showmen, but smart business men. Not long ago the boys were in Washington, and called on their friend Jesse Jones, chairman of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. The board was in session, so they had to wait. When only a few minutes remained before their show started, they bucked up and walked in on the meeting. Amos as spokesman said: "Gentlemen of the Deconstruction Finance Corpolation, me and Andy wants to borrow two dollars. We is building Weber City. Dis is a model city where candidates fo' office can make speeches when dey ain't got no chance to talk at no other place. We gives you as security a c'attle mo'gage on de taxicab, our personal note and Andy's hat. And we wants de two bucks right now." Jones turned down the hat, accepted the taxi mortgage and ordered the check drawn. The surprised board members concurred in the decision. Amos said they plan to keep the check as a souvenir.

The mother of Adelaide Moffett, CBS singer featured on Kate Smith's Wednesday matinee hour, came to a tragic death a short time ago. She accidentally fell from her apartment window. Since then Adelaide has moved

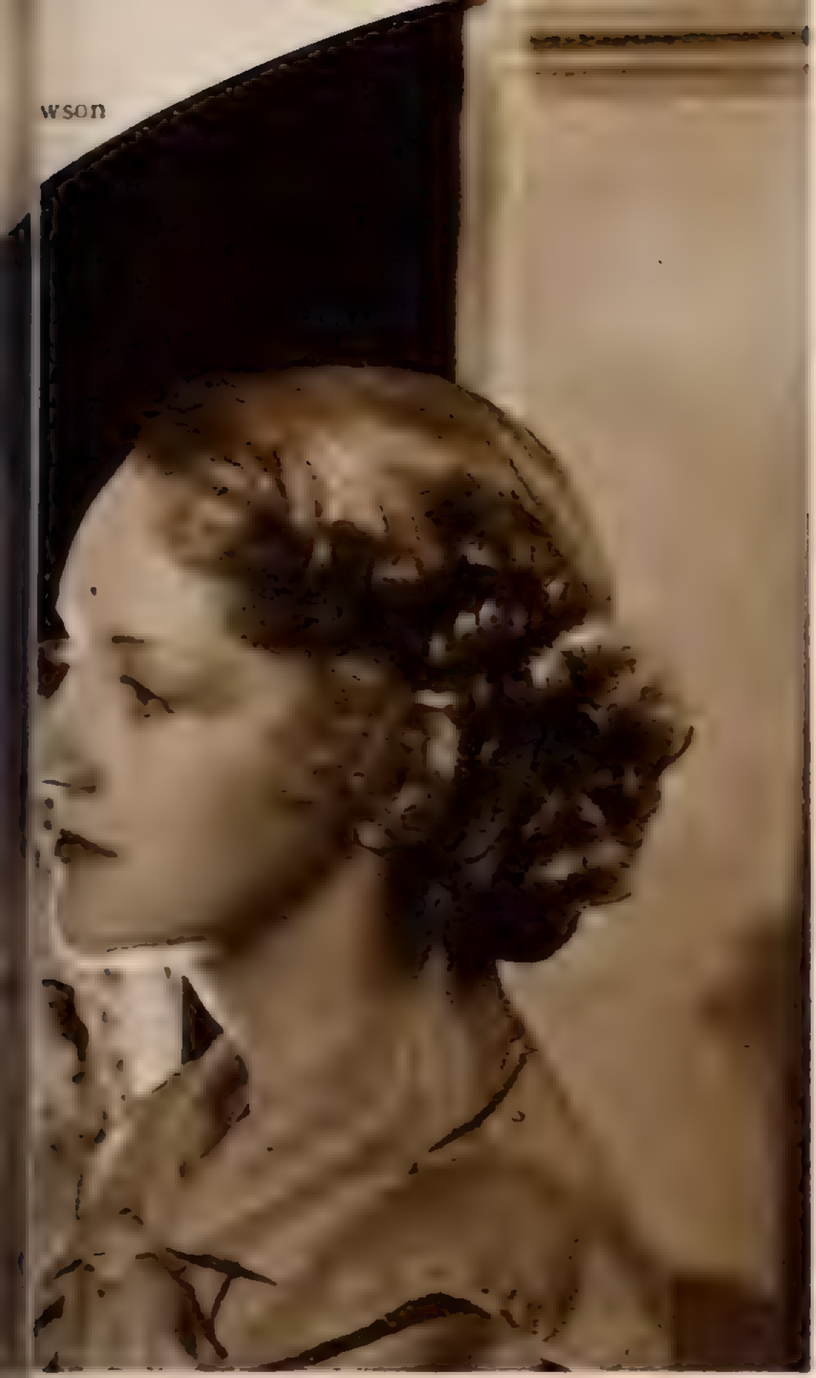


Joe Penner not only has a duck, but a diamond, on his program. This petite Miss is it — Stephanie Diamond, who provides a lot of sparkling comedy.

wson

Seymour

By Wilson Brown



Jackson

Seymour

(Upper left) Golden blonde Vera Van. (Upper right) Vinton Haworth, the big love interest on the air of Marge, of Myrt and Marge. (Lower left) Muriel Wilson. (Lower right) Is she gay! No wonder, for it's Meri Bell, popular movie voice double and CBS warbler.

to Washington, D. C., to be with relatives, and commutes to New York one day each week for her program.

When you read this, the Phil Baker baby should have made its appearance. The Morton Downeys named their's Lorelle Ann.

A real clergyman officiated at the make-believe wedding at Radio City when Cap'n Henry and Nancy Stokes were married on Show Boat. He was the Rev. Dr. George H. Mack, president of Missouri Valley College, Marshall, Missouri. The Show Boat, on its mythical cruise, stopped at Jefferson City, Missouri, that night, only a short distance from Marshall. When the sponsors learned that Dr. Mack was visiting New York, they invited him to be the guest of honor and to perform the ceremony.

In the studios at CBS in Chicago there's an executive ruling against whiskey. Yet whiskey bobbed up in the control rooms—"Whiskey" in the form of a lion cub, the name given the pet of Herb. Green, staff announcer. Despite menacing growls, operators in the control room stood their ground.

A network of 102 stations are now associated with CBS. And all can be linked together in thirty seconds by flipping one half-inch switch.

Wendell Hall, NBC, made more than $50,000 from his song, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More."

January birthdays include these: Freddie Rich, January 20, 1898; Nat Shilkret, *(Continued on page 93)*

McElliott

EXIT EXOTIC

SHOULD SLANTING EYES AND A TASTE FOR CAVIAR LABEL A GIRL AS LA DAME EXOTIQUE? GERTRUDE NIESEN WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

By Mary Watkins Reeves

THE WAY IT all started was the darndest thing. An alarmingly shrill jangle of the telephone wakened a Brooklyn family one winter midnight and a sleepy little girl named Gertrude scrambled out of bed. Up in the front room Mama Niesen nudged Papa Niesen into full consciousness. "Cousin Min's asthma," she whispered in ominous tones, "is starting a spell just as sure as the world. I have a feeling." They sat up to listen.

Silence.

Then a lot of girlish gurglings and Gertrude came bounding up the steps by threes. The Manhattan theatrical agency to which she had made a very secretive application two weeks before wanted her to see them immediately. "Right away, Miss Niesen." A job. Vaudeville.

Well, she'd just simply have to tell them. Perched on the foot of the big four-poster, hugging her nightie about her to keep from shivering, the daughter of the family did a lot of tall explaining to two as wide-eyed parents as ever tried to raise a modern girl.

"You? In *show business?* Well I should say *not!*" Niesen *pere* was being emphatically definite. "My eighteen-year-old daughter go out at this ridiculous hour? I won't consider it. Go on back to bed, Gertrude, before you freeze to death."

"I hope I do," sobbed Gertrude stamping barefoot down the hall, "then you'll be sorry." A door slammed in the back of the house and there was silence again.

A few minutes later Niesen *mere* spoke thoughtfully in the dark, "You might let her go this once, John, and get it out of her system; or else we'll have this to put up with for a long time. You know that child when she sets her mind to something."

"Oh, *all right,*" mumbled the Big Bear, too sleepy to protest. "She'll get fed up with that stuff."

Within a few days New York theatre-goers saw a slim, nervous brunette do a perfectly swell imitation of Lydia Roberti. They clapped a lot because they liked it. Then the same girl sprung a couple choruses of a blues ditty on them. That time they cheered!

Papa Niesen had been exactly fifty per cent right in his prediction. Gertrude was getting "up" but without the "fed," and getting there fast. Miss Roberti had to leave the cast of "You Said It." Whom did they put opposite Lou Holtz? That little Niesen girl—you know, the one that sings. And how that youngster sings!

Now Radio is no slouch at letting perfectly elegant talent go unnoticed. The first thing Gertrude knew she was putting her back-handed John Henry on the foot of a fat year's contract with the Columbia Broadcasting System. You know the rest; she's been taking it in high ever since. To celebrate her first birthday on the air she annexed a new long-term agreement with the CBS Artists' Bureau, a continuation in the starring role of "The Big Show" and some more vaudeville contracts. There was a dramatic role opposite Ernest Truex turned down because she didn't have time for it, but just to be sure of keeping busy she continues her twice-nightly performances at the swanker of the swank Manhattan clubs. Working-Girl Niesen. It agrees with her.

"It was in my first radio days that they started calling me 'exotic.' I couldn't understand it —I was just me, wasn't I? Then once while I was powdering my nose I happened to see something I hadn't even noticed before. 'Gertrude, your eyes slant up' I said. 'That must be it.' "

Gertrude Niesen is on these CBS stations Mondays at 9:30 p.m. EST: WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WISV, WICC, WBT, WBNS, KLZ, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, CKAC, WDSU, KSL

That was it. The schnozzola Durante, the mouth Brown, and the curves West had nothing on those Niesen orbs, thought the publicity man. So they set about making her *La Dame Exotique.* Photographed her draping over a chaise longue, eyebrows on a forty-five degree angle. Gown sophisticatedly decolletage. Expression a little more blase, please. Let's try one with the lips parted this time. Hold it.

Exotic Lady. Exotic singer of exotic melodies. Perfume of oriental incense rising from an alabaster altar. Tempestuous, temperamental, mysteriously aloof. The stories grew after that. You loved it. We all did. *But Gertrude Niesen's not that way!*

We had to laugh the night she came romping into the studio flushed and out of breath. She'd been dinner-dating at a hotel up the avenue a way when suddenly it dawned on her—*Air Time!* Said the Langorous Lady to her young man in an unruffled tone, "My deah, I cawn't imagine! It's eight-thirty." She smoothed the new Vermilion No. 2 across her cupid's bow approvingly, adjusted a faultless finger wave, and slinked through the room careful lest her Lanvin train sweep the carpet too fast to fully impress the other diners. Not Gertrude. "Holy smoke! I gotta go!" She ran lickety-split between the maze of tables, escort in pursuit. And, unnoticed, her flowing white napkin of positively sheet-white proportions had streamed from her arm all the way over to the studio!

Exotic? She'll have none of it. (*Continued on page 65*)

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On this page are the twelve artists and programs which received the Award for Distinguished Service to Radio during the year 1934. They are, with the month of their award: (1) Jack Benny, November; (2) The Gibson Family, December; (3) Fred Waring, May; (4) Jessica Dragonette, January; (5) One Man's Family, October; (6) NBC and Merlin H. Aylesworth, February; (7) Paul Whiteman, March; (8) Admiral Richard E. Byrd, April; (9) Show Boat with Lanny Ross, June; (10) Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout and John Barclay, July; (11) CBS and Johnny Green, September, and (12) Andre Kostelanetz, August.

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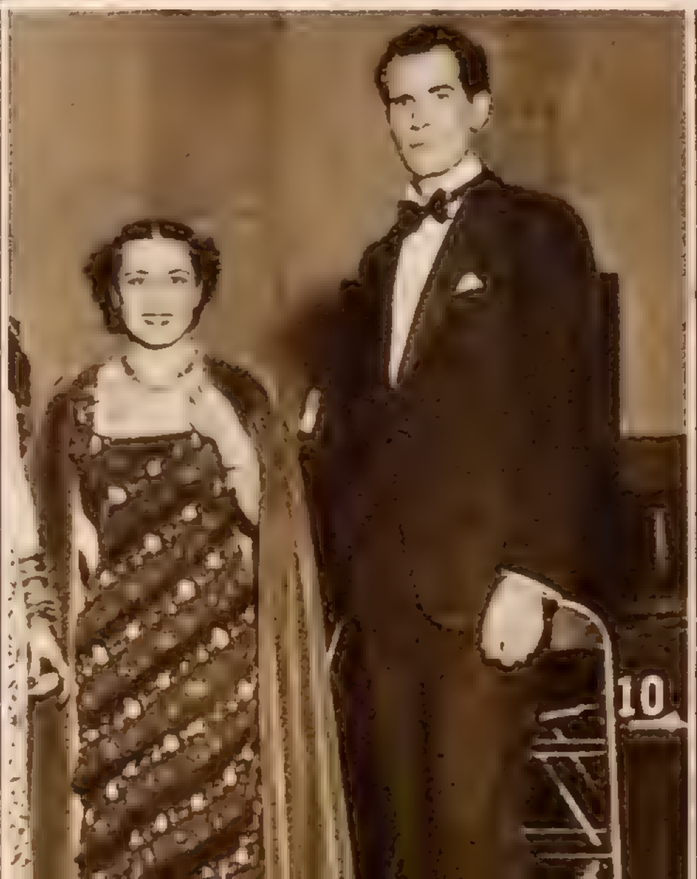
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Wide World

(Top) James Wallington with his first wife, sailing on his yacht, the "WEAF." He is now married to Anita Fuhrmann, like his former wife, a ballet dancer. (Lower) Ted Husing at Miami Beach with his wife, Bubbles, from whom he was divorced a few months ago.

IF AN ANNOUNCER SAID, "I LOVE YOU. WILL YOU MARRY ME?" WOULD YOU ACCEPT? READ THIS STORY BEFORE YOU ANSWER

ANNOUNCER'S WIFE

By John Skinner

are futile and make her question the use of going on.

You can't blame the announcer, but—well, here's an incident in the life of George Hicks. He left his suburban home as usual one morning to go to the New York NBC studios. Mrs. Hicks bade him farewell expecting him home as usual that evening. As he left, she cautioned him:

"Don't forget to go to the department store, now. You know how badly we need that baby carriage. We've got to have it tomorrow."

"I won't, dear. I'll have it home tonight."

Night time came and no baby carriage—nor any George. And the next night and the next. What had happened? An emergency news broadcast had been hastily planned to go on from Chicago. The minute he got to the studios George was assigned to it. He had to rush so to catch his train, he had no time whatsoever to call his wife.

George returned three nights and two days later, still without the baby carriage he had so solemnly promised.

I recall the time James Wallington was broadcasting from a diving bell, a submarine rescue chamber, designed to be lowered to sunken submarines for saving trapped men. The down trip had been made and the chamber containing Wallington was being slowly hauled up through the water. Then the winch raising the chamber halted momentarily as though jammed. An announcer, in whose brain rose pictures of the men in the rescue chamber far below the surface of the sea, cried into his microphone:

"Something's gone wrong. They can't get the chamber up any further."

You can imagine the fear that clutched the heart of Mrs. Wallington as she listened to those words coming through the loudspeaker.

The night of the last great Coney Island fire, Ted Husing returned home, weary and worn after a hard day. His wife, whom he called Bubbles, urged him to rest. He needed little urging.

Back at Columbia Broadcasting (*Continued on page 64*)

mad man ABOUT TOWN

By Alice Frankforter

Wide W

That very pretty girl above is Walter O'Keefe's Missus. They are having a snack at the Gateway Restaurant in Radio City after Walter's program at Columbia. (Below) Preparing for a broadcast.

Walter O'Keefe is on these CBS stations each Tuesday at 10:00 p.m. EST, and Thursday at 9:00 p.m. EST. (West Coast stations on Thursday at 11:30 p.m. EST): WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, WBNS, KRLD, WLBW, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KTSA, WTOC, KSCJ, WMAS, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WKBN, WALA, KWKH, WDNC, KVOR, KLZ, KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KOH, KGKO, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WHAS, KFBL, WIB

WALTER O'KEEFE came to New York to seek his fortune when he and the present century were in their early twenties—they came into the world at about the same time. It wasn't his first venture for he had been independent since his seventeenth year, but it was the most important one, because it decided his future career.

Having taken a room at the Times Square Hotel, he invested practically his entire capital (he had a little over a dollar) in a long telegram to the late Texas Guinan, which he felt quite sure was amusing enough to persuade her to give him a job as entertainer in her nightclub. All that evening Walter sat alone in his dreary hotel room hearing the roar of the city outside his window, waiting for Texas to phone him. And all evening the telephone sat black and smug on its little table without giving so much as a tinkle. At one-fifteen, not knowing that Texas didn't even arrive at her place of business until past midnight, he crept into bed and, heartbroken, cried himself to sleep.

At seven next morning the phone rang its head off. Staggering out of bed he wondered what was wrong. A fire maybe.

"Hello," he croaked sleepily.

"Hello," said a husky, authoritative voice, "this is Texas Guinan. Your telegram gave me some good laughs, young man. Come up tonight and if (*Continued on page 66*)

Law

THEY THUMBED THEIR NOSES AT RADIO

Metropolitan Photo

Who doesn't know this fresh pert team of Block and Sully? (Left) As they arrived in New York after their featured roles in Eddie Cantor's "Kid Millions."

Block and Sully are on CBS each Monday at 9:30 p.m. EST over: WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WICC, WBT, WBNS, KLZ, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, CKAC, WDSU, KSL.

By Martia Mc Clelland

EVE SULLY carried the torch for Jesse Block for ten years, while Jesse carried the torch for some other girl!

What would you do, girls, if the man you were crazy about used your shoulder only as a crying post to pour out his love for the Other Woman? Game little Eve Sully just made up her mind to get her man! And did she? Well, there would be no Block and Sully today, with their mad prattle coming over the airwaves, if she hadn't. When you hear the story of their strange romance and their crazy, see-saw career, you'll learn from them that everything's fair in love and work and nothing is impossible.

About fifteen years ago it was the team of Block and Dunlap which trod up and down the vaudeville boards. Jesse Block was madly in love with his partner, Francine Dunlap. She was tall, blonde and languid. He surely thought she'd marry him, for whenever he asked her, which was often enough, she would look at him out of her limpid blue eyes and smile, "Maybe." And Jesse's heart would skip a beat.

Then one day he walked into his dressing room and found a note. You guessed it. Francine had gone off and married some other man. Did Jesse take it hard? Why, he went out on a jag for a whole week that had his friends worried stiff. To the devil with the act. To the devil with women. To the devil with everything. Nice, quiet Jesse Block carrying on that way over a woman!

His agent, William Morris, called him on the carpet. "See here," he said. "You've got to cut this out. There are plenty of other women."

Jesse looked as sad as a fish out of water for a week. "No," he said morosely. "There's no other woman for me."

Morris winked at his secretary and she opened the door of the reception room.

"Well, Jesse," Morris told (*Continued on page 87*)

SHOOTING THE WORKS WITH OUR CAMERAMAN

(Above) Bill and Ginger (Lynn Murray and Virgin
Baker) and author-announcer, Arthur Bryan. (Belo
Announcer Andre Baruch and Señor Tito Guizc

(Above) Phil Baker starts his young daughter, Margo Eleanor, in the usual Baker manner. (Below) Sweet charity turns Songstress Smith into a sales gal.

(Above) That Fred Waring gang and a Ford. (Below) Seated: Amos (Freeman Gosden) and Lou Holtz. Standing: Frank Buck and Andy (C. Correll).

(Below) Theodore Webb (with hymnal) and the male chorus of the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre. They are on the air each Tuesday evening over NBC.

(Below) When George Olsen opened at Chicago's College Inn, Arthur Tracy, whom you know as the Street Singer, was there with Mary McCormic.

WITH OUR CAMERAMAN

"Everything I Have Is Yours," is what Loretta Clemens is singing. And how we wish it were!

Just an old philosopher. Yes, it's Tony Wons gluing our ears to the loudspeaker.

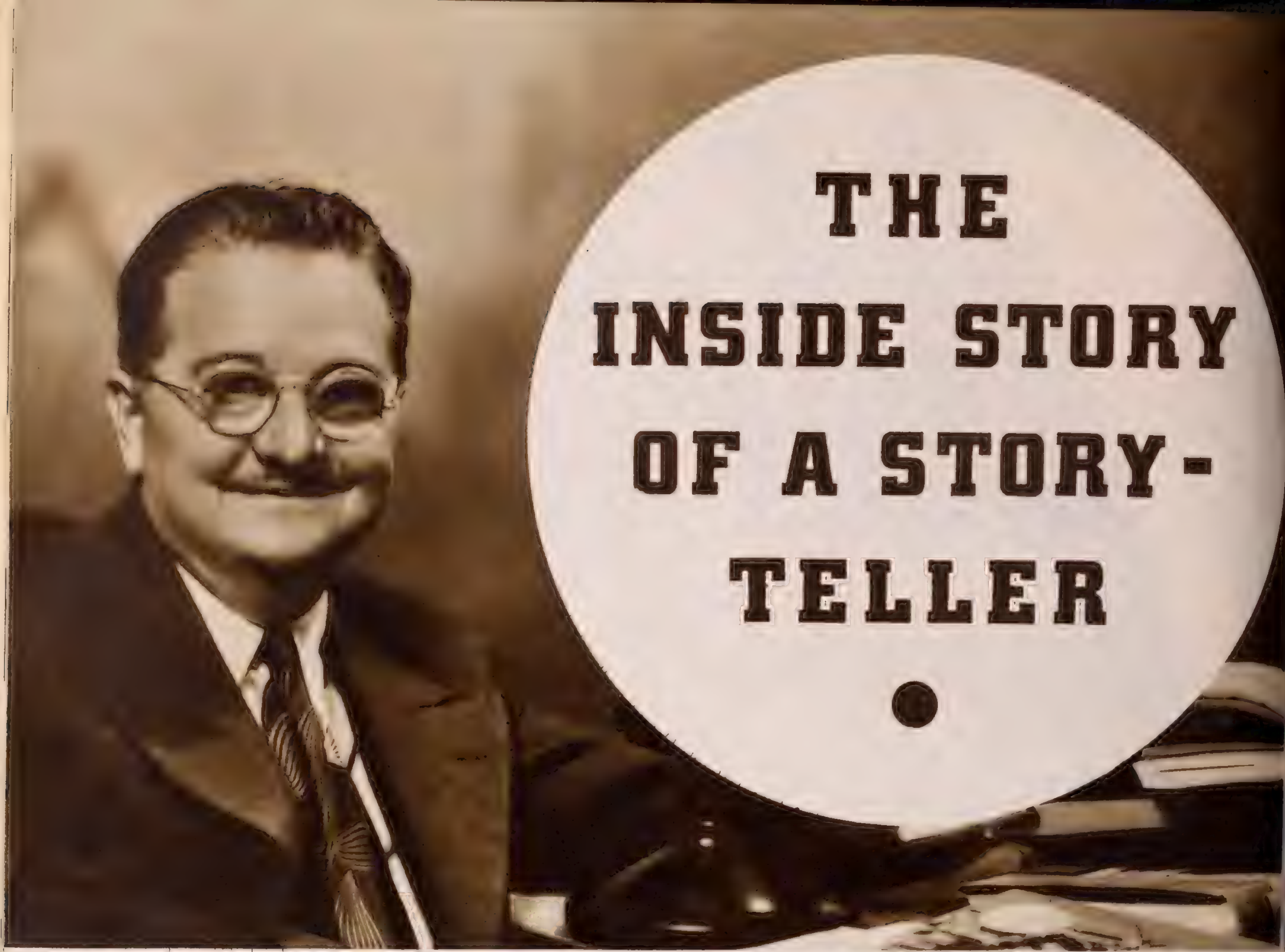
(Below, left) When Radio went to the circus Major Mite took a whack at it. George Hicks is the big fellow. (Below) Connie Gates and Jimmy Brierly, early morning waker-uppers.

SHOOTING THE WORKS

The only guy in radio who dares to hem and haw away air time—Will Rogers!

A nervous wreck? You guessed it, for he's none other than Ernest Truex rehearsing it.

(Below) Very few people know about the devotion of these sisters, Gladys Swarthout and her sister Roma. (Below, right) Whispering Jack Smith.



THE INSIDE STORY OF A STORY-TELLER

Bert Lawson

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT, PRINCE OF SOPHISTICATES, LOVES TO EA

BE LAZY AND PLAY CROQUET—IF HE WINS

By David Ewen

HERE is a man whose life-long ambition has been to become an artist in the art of living, who has always felt that to live well required as much talent as to paint, write or sing well. Therefore, he's devoted his energies towards learning how to master that subtle but precious art.

If on Sunday evenings you listen to Alexander Woollcott, the Town Crier, who comes before the microphone with his bag of stories, you will realize that only a man who enjoys living intensely can bring so much zest and enthusiasm to his audience.

Once each week Alexander Woollcott spins those yarns of the strange events which constitute life, those amazing murder stories which are half-fact and half-fancy, those tales of people with peculiar idiosyncrasies, which so delight his nation-wide audience. Woollcott is radio's story-teller par excellence. Suave, worldly-wise, witty, he is the typical New Yorker (if there is such a thing) deriving a peculiar satisfaction out of merely being alive and being able to see, hear—and tell!

Woollcott himself has the corpulent appearance of a man who enjoys everything. A chubby face with the slightest suggestion of a moustache is always smiling at the quirks of a Fate. He is an epicure, selecting food with the same discrimination that he selects friends. Never does he rush and is always compos sedate and calm. And he is enormously lazy. He wo rather write a book than move his body a hundred f At one time—during his brief career as actor—he p formed the part of a fat, indolent man in S. Behrma "Brief Moment." The character continually sprawled a couch refusing to move an inch no role was ever better done, Woollcott came to his performa with years of experience.

Part of his ability in enjoying ing comes from the fact that he been the prince of New York's le ing sophisticates for so long. H a close friend of those wits of Br way who make the Main Stem the avenue it is—Dor Parker, Harpo Marx, Franklin P. Adams, Hey Broun, George Gershwin, George S. Kaufman and Ir Berlin. During the evenings you can find him at head of the table at the Algonquin Hotel in New Y enchanting his friends with the same sparkle of hu and flow of conversation that enchants a million ra listeners each week.

Like a true sophisticate, he (*Continued on page 7*

Alexander Woollcott is on the following Columbia stations each Sunday at 7:00 p.m. EST: WABC WOKO WCAO WNAC WBBM WHK WDRC WCAU WJAS KMOX WFBL KERN KFRC KDB KHJ KOL KOIN KFPY WHAS KFBK KWG KGB KVI WGR WKRC KMBC WJSV KLZ WCCO KSL KMJ CKLW

Left to right: Milton Korf, Nelson, Katherine Avery, M Maxine Garner Nelson an famous air baby, Sally

THAT FAMOUS BEDSIDE BROADCAST

By James Ellwood, Jr.

THE SHOW MUST go on!

That's the grand tradition of the theatre which radio has also chosen to accept as its own.

Everyone knows about the courage and stamina of actors and entertainers who have gone on with the show despite sickness or great anguish. Nothing keeps them off.

Remember the night Ben Bernie went on the air though he had just learned that his mother had died? There was a heartbreak in "It's a Lonesome Old Town" that evening, yet very few knew why.

Then there was Ritchie Craig, who declined to pose for a drawing for the cover of a weekly magazine because he felt that by the date of publication he would be dead. But he went bravely on with his theatrical engagement.

When Carlton Coon died, Joe Sanders got up from the piano and took his partner's baton, carrying blithely on with the merrymaking at the College Inn in Chicago.

You've all heard stories in similar vein, lots of them.

But how about the leading lady having a baby without stopping the show? Helen Hayes walked out of "Coquette" seven months before her "act of God" baby was born, causing Jed Harris, the producer, to burn up the wires from London to Los Angeles in protest. It did no good. The show folded up, Miss Hayes went into retirement and had her baby. And an ancient precept of the theatre was shattered.

Ah, but in radio it's different. The leading lady has her baby—and never misses a broadcast.

Gasp, as you must, mothers who have traveled the valley of the shadow to bring forth another life. Such a thing could never be. Ridiculous! Preposterous! Impossible, you say. Even if a woman wanted to try such a stunt, well, her physician, her husband, her family wouldn't let her.

But it did happen in Chicago the other day. Maxine Garner set this unbelievable precedent a scant sixteen hours after her baby was born. The Columbia Broadcasting System moved in part to her bedside at Wesley Hospital and her radio sketch went on the air the day after the child was born. And with no ill effects to the mother, thank you.

A modern miracle, we say, if there ever was one. Marriage and a career so deftly woven that not even motherhood, the greatest (*Continued on page* 82)

MAESTROS ON

WANT TO KNOW WHERE THE BATON WAVERS WILL BE THIS WINTER?

• The usual winter shakeup of bands is in progress. Some have already changed, others will. Here's the setup as it probably will be when you read this. Paul Whiteman will be on tour, with Jack Denny replacing him at the Biltmore. Harry Salter will be out of the Park Central and Scott Fisher will be playing there. Don Bestor will not be in a Broadway spot as previously announced. Williard Robison will be out of the St. Moritz Hotel. Guy Lombardo will continue his tour of the states in the interest of Standard Oil at $15,000 per week. Henry King will be in the Waldorf Astoria Hotel. Hal Kemp will continue at the Hotel Pennsylvania. Will Osborne will remain at the Paradise. Ozzie Nelson stays at the New Yorker. Rudy Vallee will be in his second season at the Hollywood Restaurant. Other bands staying in their spots are: Little Jack Little at the Lexington; Eddie Duchin at the Central Park Casino; Felix Ferdinando at the Montclair and Freddie Martin at the St. Regis.

• The record companies are signing artists on all hands. Brunswick grabbed Lanny Ross and Grace Moore and Columbia signed Mlle. Lucienne Boyer, whom you've heard on CBS, and the four Eton Boys. Decca announces Annette Hanshaw as another of its artists.

• Edward Nell, CBS, announces he's in the market for unpublished songs describing typical American scenes. Address him in care of the Columbia Broadcasting System, 485 Madison Avenue, New York City.

• If the Musicians' Union has its way, hotel and restaurant orchestras will broadcast no more than two sustaining programs per week. This ruling, designed to increase employment among musicians, is scheduled to go into effect January 1st or soon thereafter.

• Joe Venuti has returned from Europe, but is going back again soon—this time taking his band.

• Duke Ellington is invading Mexico, while Cab Calloway is touring with his band in Canada.

• Leopold Stokowski has hailed as "of national importance" three new compositions by American composers. "The Santa Fe Trail," by Harl MacDonald, teacher of music composition at the University of Pennsylvania; "Chapultepec," a brilliant tone poem by Manuel Ponce of Mexico; and a new Negro Symphony by William L. Dawson, young colored composer and director of the School of Music at the Tuskegee Institute, Tuskegee, Alabama.

• Ozzie Nelson and Harriet Hilliard attend the football games together, if that means anything, romantically speaking.

• The Casa Loma band has added a player. He's Art Ralston, sax tooter, formerly with Henry Busse's band.

• Leon Belasco has a choralcelo, an organ-like piano using electric current to vibrate the wires. He uses this with his orchestra on rhumbas and tangos.

• Johnny Green is doing vaudeville in New York.

• Yowsah, that baritone with Ben Bernie's orchestra is from the Bluegrass state. The name is John King. Ben picked him up in Kentucky while making one of his transcontinental tours.

• Henry Busse, who once resembled Paul Whiteman, his boss, but now has the sylph-like form of Ted Husing, is going to Hollywood to appear in a cinema musical revue. Busse has played a solid year at the Chez Paree in Chicago with Columbia outlets for his radio programs. Meri

By Nelson Keller

Seigal

(Lower left) Bobby Dolan directs the band for Burns and Allen. (Below) Merriel Abbott, Ted Weems, Mrs. Weems celebrating Ted's happy thirty-third birthday in Chicago.

PARADE

AND WHO'S PAYING COLD CASH FOR SONGS?

Bell and Arthur Beddoes, his soloists, are to go with him.

• Irving Aaronson is occupying the Urban room at the Congress Hotel with NBC outlets. He followed Henry King.

• Roy Shield, midwestern NBC musical director, has succeeded Harold Stokes as maestro of the Climalene Carnival. Stokes lost the job when he became director of popular music for WGN.

• Wayne King left his orchestra recently for three days—the first time since he organized it ten years ago. The Waltz King hopped up to his north woods retreat to do a little hunting.

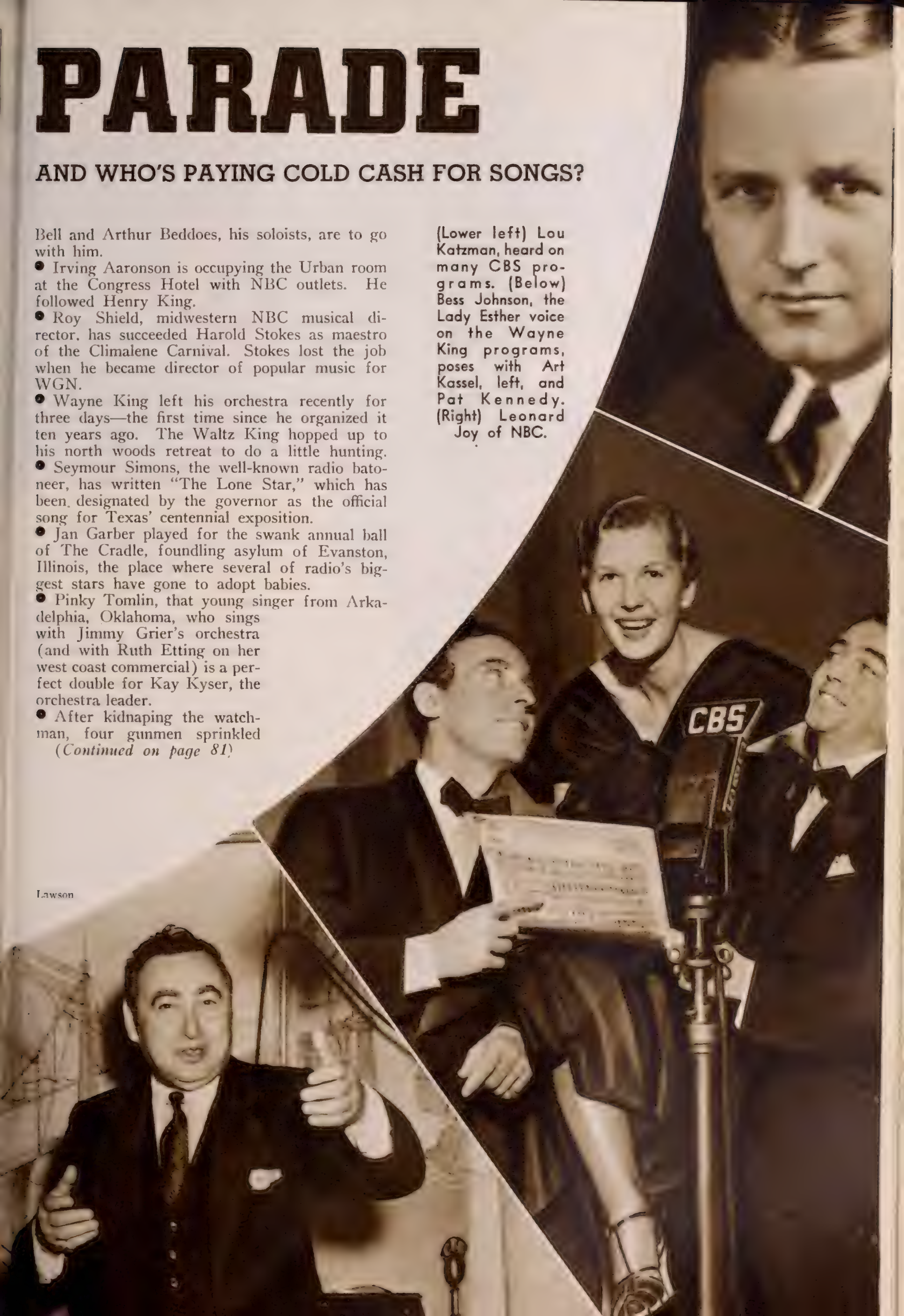
• Seymour Simons, the well-known radio batoneer, has written "The Lone Star," which has been designated by the governor as the official song for Texas' centennial exposition.

• Jan Garber played for the swank annual ball of The Cradle, foundling asylum of Evanston, Illinois, the place where several of radio's biggest stars have gone to adopt babies.

• Pinky Tomlin, that young singer from Arkadelphia, Oklahoma, who sings with Jimmy Grier's orchestra (and with Ruth Etting on her west coast commercial) is a perfect double for Kay Kyser, the orchestra leader.

• After kidnaping the watchman, four gunmen sprinkled

(*Continued on page 81*)



(Lower left) Lou Katzman, heard on many CBS programs. (Below) Bess Johnson, the Lady Esther voice on the Wayne King programs, poses with Art Kassel, left, and Pat Kennedy. (Right) Leonard Joy of NBC.

Lawson

I BELIEVE IN FORTUNE-TELLERS"

Lawson

Beloved artists of the Chesterfield program. Left to right: Nino Martini, Rosa Ponselle, Grete Stueckgold and Andre Kostelanetz.

By Peggy Wells

DO YOU believe in fortune-tellers? Grete Stueckgold does. She has never gone to one, but years ago one was brought to her under strange circumstances and what followed was stranger still.

Madame Stueckgold, whom you've heard on the Chesterfield program, sings the great lyric soprano roles at the Metropolitan Opera in New York and looks as though she were the person the composers (who must get quite dizzy turning in their graves when some of their operas are being produced) had in mind when they wrote parts like Elsa in Lohengrin and Marguerite in Faust. She is blonde and stately and beautiful. She is at the top of the most exciting, glamorous career there is for a woman and for five years she has had a completely happy, successful marriage.

"And nine years ago in Munich," she says in a rather solemn voice, "it was all foretold to me."

When nine years ago she went to visit friends in Munich, Grete Stueckgold was married to her first husband and though she was well known as a concert artist she had never sung in opera. Perhaps just then she had reached the point we all get to sometimes when we feel restless and uncertain. We're sure our lives, instead of going along quietly, are going to take a sudden turn and we'd give a good deal to know in what direction. At any rate when one evening her friends began to talk about a fortune-teller who was getting to be rather famous in the little German city, she listened with a good deal of interest. One girl, it turned out, had actually gone to see the woman. Everyone was amused and curious.

"What's she like?" they wanted to know. "Is it true she's a Tziganne—a Hungarian gypsy? Did you ask her whether she was the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter."

"I don't know," the girl said gravely. "I didn't ask many questions, but if you could see her you wouldn't laugh. There's something about her—she has eyes that aren't like anybody else's. They look through you. And every single thing she told me was true."

Of course in the group there were unbelievers, people who knew just how it's done and would be glad to tell you, but even to them the girl's seriousness was impressive. Suddenly somebody had a brilliant idea. They would bring the fortune-teller to see Grete Stueckgold.

"You're not from Munich," they said, "so she won't have any way of finding out about you beforehand, if that's what she actually does. We won't tell her your name or that you're a singer. We'll find out that way how good she really is. Would you be willing to do it?"

Grete Stueckgold smiled. She didn't believe in that sort of thing, of course. Old women studying the leaves in teacups. Girls crowding around gypsy booths at a fair. "You will get a letter from far away. Beware of a tall, dark man. There is a blonde woman who will bring you bad fortune." She didn't believe, but deep down within her something stirred as it does in all of us.

"Yes," she said. "I'll do it. It will be rather fun."

By the next day she was sure it was nonsense. She was almost ready to call the whole thing off, but the appointment had been made, her friends were all interested and she was—well, a little curious. When the woman came that afternoon her appearance was at first disappointing. Whether or not she had Tziganne blood, she wore no rag-tag gypsy costume. She was a plain, decent woman, plainly and decently dressed. You might pass a hundred like her on the street and not notice one of them, or so you thought, until she looked at you. Her strange, searching gaze was turned on this beautiful young woman whom she had never seen before, whose name she had not been told.

"Good afternoon, Madame Stueckgold," she said as though they had just been introduced. "I'm sorry I have never heard you sing."

Then in a quiet voice, her piercing gaze still fixed on Grete Stueckgold's face she began to tell things that had already happened in the singer's life. Of her early childhood in London where she was born. Of her life in Bremen where, when still very small, she was taken by her German father and English mother. Of her musical career and of events she herself (*Continued on page 90*)

You can see from her expression how Grete Stueckgold loves to sing.

GRETE STUECKGOLD DISCOVERS THAT NOT ALL FAKIRS ARE FAKES

Grete Stueckgold can be heard on these CBS stations each Saturday at 9:00 p.m. EST: WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMBR, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WPG, WLBZ, WBRC, WICC, WBT, WDOD, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WLBW, WBIG, WHP, KTRH, KLRA, WFEA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KOH, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, KSL, KTSA, WTOC, KSCJ, WMAS, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KFH, WSJS, WORC, WNAX, WALA, WKBH, KGMB, WDNC, WGLC, WNOX, WSFA, WMBD, KWKH, WIBX, KGKO.

"I DON'T WANT

THREE TIMES FATE FLUNG MARK WARNOW ASIDE, QUELLING ALL DESIRE FOR SUCCESS

By Lester Gottlieb

SUCCESS is a priceless satisfaction that few of us ever achieve. We strive for it and sometimes even die for it. Often we come within a teasing grasp, then suddenly lose our footing, and crash to earth.

When Mark Warnow, brilliant conductor of Admiral Byrd's program and the "Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood" show, told me his cruel, little story, I began to understand his bitterness and the flaunting last words he defiantly shouted: "I don't want to get ahead!"

"I've learned my lesson," he assured me. "I've seen too much. My life has been like a bad dream and now I've just awakened. My wife and children are satisfied to have three square meals a day and a roof over their heads."

It was all like an epilogue to a stirring drama of despair and disappointment. Let Eugene O'Neill and Elmer Rice concoct their fictitious tragedies. I'll stick to facts and the true story of Mark Warnow.

Three times he lunged for success. Only a miracle could have blocked his determined steps. Yet, three times he missed like a batter in baseball who is up at the plate with the bases full.

Unless the Universal Umpire shuts his eyes and lets the last pitch pass unnoticed, three strikes is out. Mark Warnow got that chance and cracked the next pitch Fate delivered for a home run. But he really didn't want it. He would have been content to keep his bat on his shoulder and return sullenly to the bench—a failure.

But it's time the drama begins. The curtain is going up. I promise you tragedy, comedy, and a happy ending. The cast? A little Russian immigrant. . . . A lot of Broadway villains. . . . An understanding wife. . . . Fate. . . . Lights! Music! Places!

STRIKE ONE: The time: Seven years ago. The place: The Paramount Theatre, New York.

Mark was first violinist in this gold-tinted creation of the cinema. Week after week he fiddled under the baton of a dozen different directors. Some were good, some were bad. They gave Mark ideas, meteoric ideas. Why couldn't he lead this orchestra? Hadn't he studied for years. He was learning music when most of these men were being taught the alphabet. Home in his cramped apartment his wife was awaiting the birth of their second child. It was time for this inspired young Russian to do something about the future.

In the back of his mind was the burning, timeless preaching of his father. America, the old man had said, was rich, a land of opportunity. Russia was no place for genius. So when Mark was six years old, his parents took him to the great country where "gold was in the gutters." They came over in steerage—sleeping, eating and suffering ten days in the bowels of a great ocean liner. Above their heads was success. Mark knew that all he had to do was get up those winding stairs to the upper decks to find it.

When the ship landed, the immigrants found no money-littered streets. Here, too, it was a grim fight for existence. But no Cossacks cracked heavy whips across blood-streamed backs. Young Mark was confident. He had no trade but he had a shiny violin.

From town to town he journeyed, playing his beloved instrument. Long trousers were a novelty to this boy who grew old too fast. At last he got a job in New York. All around him was success. Beautiful women reflecting their expensive faces on a white sheet above his head in the theatre. Eager, talented youths, such as he, perform-

TO GET AHEAD"

Mark Warnow, orchestra leader over the Columbia networks.

Mark Warnow is on the following CBS stations each Wednesday at 10:00 p.m., EST: WABC, KFZ, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WJSV, WQAM, WDAE, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, WGST, WLBZ, WBT, WBNS, KRLD, KLZ, WHP, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBG, WHEC, KSL, KTSA, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KFH, WORC, WNAX **and on these every Thursday at 10 p.m. EST:** WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WKBW, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WBNS, WCCO, WHEC, WLBZ, WICC, WMAS, WADC, WOWO, WORC.

ing on the other side of the footlights were receiving thousands a week. All this rekindled his suppressed flame of desire for fame.

Then, like a bolt from the blue, opportunity came. We meet the star of our play—Fate—for the first time. The conductor took sick. There was no time to engage another. Desperately the manager handed the baton to Mark.

Chalk-white Mark gripped the flimsy stick. A twist of his wrist and fifty men played as one. A feeling of cosmic power electrified his pudgy body. Color came back to his chubby face. His head reeled. He thought of his wife. Would it be a boy or a girl, a girl or a boy . . . how that band played! This was success! Mark drank it like a thirsty traveler from the desert.

"So you want to be the maestro, eh?" retorted the gruff manager when Mark asked for recognition after his fine work. Slowly the enthusiasm slipped out of Mark's body.

"Give you foreigners the slightest encouragement and you jump like rabbits. Well, the theatre has engaged an experienced man. Now get back to the band and play. We don't want any over-ambitious musicians around here."

Mark went back hurt. The crack of a Cossack's whip never cut like this wound to his pride. His violin wailed in protest. Several times the conductor scowled at him. Throughout the dark day, the violinist, who sat next to him, tried to cover Mark's terrible music.

That week he was fired. He didn't go home. He walked up and down Broadway, passing glittering theatres, jazz-filled nightclubs and glowing passers-by. His ears rang with the words: "We don't want any over-ambitious musicians around here."

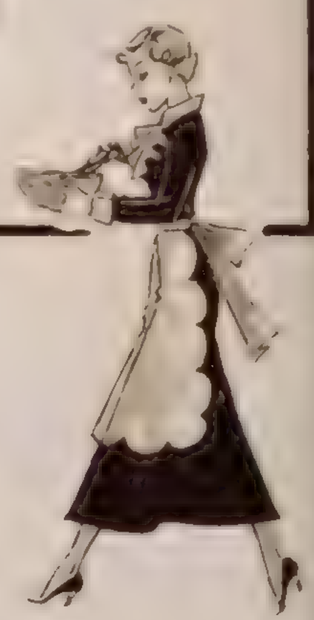
How long he tramped the icy pavement, God knows. He got home eventually. There was nothing to do about the ache in his heart. Two reasons prevented him from telling his wife—the girl he saved from a tenement fire three years ago. First, he dared not burden her with worries in her present condition. And secondly, if her family found out he would never hear the end of it. They had always told him musicians never amounted to much. Before his marriage they tried to poison his wife's mind with dour tales about starvation and unhappiness if she married the fiddler.

He was convinced that he was worthless. Why hadn't he studied to be a lawyer, doctor, or dentist as most Jewish boys had done? For two weeks he searched for work. There was none to be found. Musicians were as plentiful as radio crooners singing "True." Of course, he could appeal to his wife's relations to give him a job, for they were large dress manufacturers (*Continued on page 85*)

Wide World

RADIO STARS' COOKING SCHOOL

By Nancy Wood

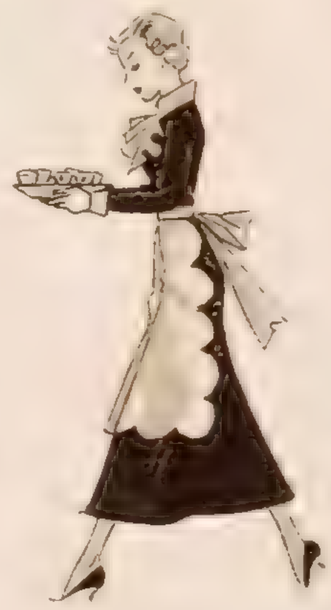


If you want to win the adoration that Hubby Don Ross lavishes on Jane Froman try her "Brunch" suggestions.

GREETINGS friends and Radio Fans:

The other night I heard an announcer describe our Cooking School Guest Star of this month as "Jane Froman of the lovely voice and lovely face" to which I would have added, "and lovely manner, too." For a more gracious person I have never met than the sweet singing star of the Pontiac program. And when I discovered that she could even be gracious before her matutinal coffee, that was indeed something to marvel over.

The only time Jane Froman could give me for our interview was at ten-thirty in the morning. Because of the irregular hours radio performers are forced to observe, I had expected to find her at that hour in a trailing negligee looking languid, sleepy and cross! But not Jane—who came to the door in a business-like little dress made gay with touches of white trimming at the neck, her eyes and teeth sparkling in her bright elfin face.



"You're just in time to have a cup of coffee with Donald and me," she informed me at once, leading the way to the well appointed dining room where I was introduced to Donald Ross, her likeable young husband who also is a radio singer as you doubtless know.

"Is this breakfast or lunch that I am so rudely interrupting?" I inquired, surveying the array of foods, plates and cutlery on the table.

"Both," Jane Froman replied, laughing, "this is Brunch," she went on, "a combination of both lunch and breakfast, retaining the best features of each of them."

"Jane must have learned that word just recently for it's a new one on me," Donald Ross assured me. "However this combination meal is a family institution no matter what name you apply to it. Later on in the day we're both busy and our appointments for rehearsals and broadcasts have a way of conflicting with other regular meal hours. But we always have this meal together—and at our leisure."

"That is if there are no interruptions," I remarked, half apologetically.

"You're not an interruption, you're a guest. Have some orange juice?" replied Jane, hospitably.

"No thanks, I've had the breakfast part of your meal long since," I demurred.

"Then have omelette and biscuits," insisted the man of the family, drawing up an extra chair for me. And with my ready acceptance started one of the gayest, merriest and most delightful meals ever. We ate biscuits that were filled with crunchy bits of bacon and had huge servings of the tastiest of souffles while we drank cup after cup of coffee and discussed radio, singing and countless other things. In this way I had a chance to learn that Jane comes from Missouri where she learned to like large breakfasts because of the hot biscuits, country ham and bacon, honey and thick, thick cream she had at home as a child. Another childhood memory is that of starting singing lessons at the age of five—a study Miss Froman has assiduously pursued ever since, with delightful results as her radio listeners can attest.

"I studied for the concert stage and now I sing heigh-de-ho!" said Jane with a grin. "But I give each song everything I have in me for I feel that years of study can be apparent in the rendition of the so-called 'popular' songs too."

The ar- (*Continued on page 60*)

Jane Froman can be heard over the following NBC stations each Sunday at 10:30 p.m. EST: WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WKBF, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WSOC, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR, WTAR.

HIDDEN SKIN TINTS IN THIS POWDER

do things for your skin

How Science discovered New Powder Shades
An optical machine, which reads the skin, color-analyzed the complexions of over 200 girls. Then it was discovered that the clear, pearly blonde skin held a tint of *bright blue*—the brunette had a note of *brilliant green*. These same beautifying tints, hidden in human skin, Pond's blends invisibly into their new powder shades.

Now you can get the shade of face powder that will make your skin thrilling.

You need not be content with powder that merely covers face shine. Now you can get glamorous new powder shades which actually do things for your skin.

See your skin Transformed

These new shades contain the actual skin tints found in beautiful complexions.

These hidden tints cannot be seen in the powder any more than in the skin. But they are there. Ready to glorify your skin.

Use this powder only *once* and those you know—you love—will compliment your new sparkling loveliness.

These glamorous shades are blended *scientifically* by Pond's. Read the amazing story of their discovery.

Look at the photographs above and see how they flatter girls of every type.

Among these six new shades is just the one you have been looking for.

The moment you film on Pond's Face Powder you will realize its texture is the smoothest. So fine—so closely clinging, Pond's never gives you a powdery look—yet it remains on hours and hours. And it is so inexpensive!

Only 55¢ for a glass jar that contains as much powder as many $1 boxes. In boxes, 10¢, 20¢, 25¢. It's available everywhere.

But we want you to try it FREE. Just mail this coupon. You'll receive, free, three different shades. Select the most flattering. Discover today what this entirely new powder will do for your skin.

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FINEST POSSIBLE INGREDIENTS

3 shades **Free!** *Send for them today*

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Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B 130 Hudson Street, New York

Please send, FREE, one special Boxes of Pond's new Powder and an extra [illegible]

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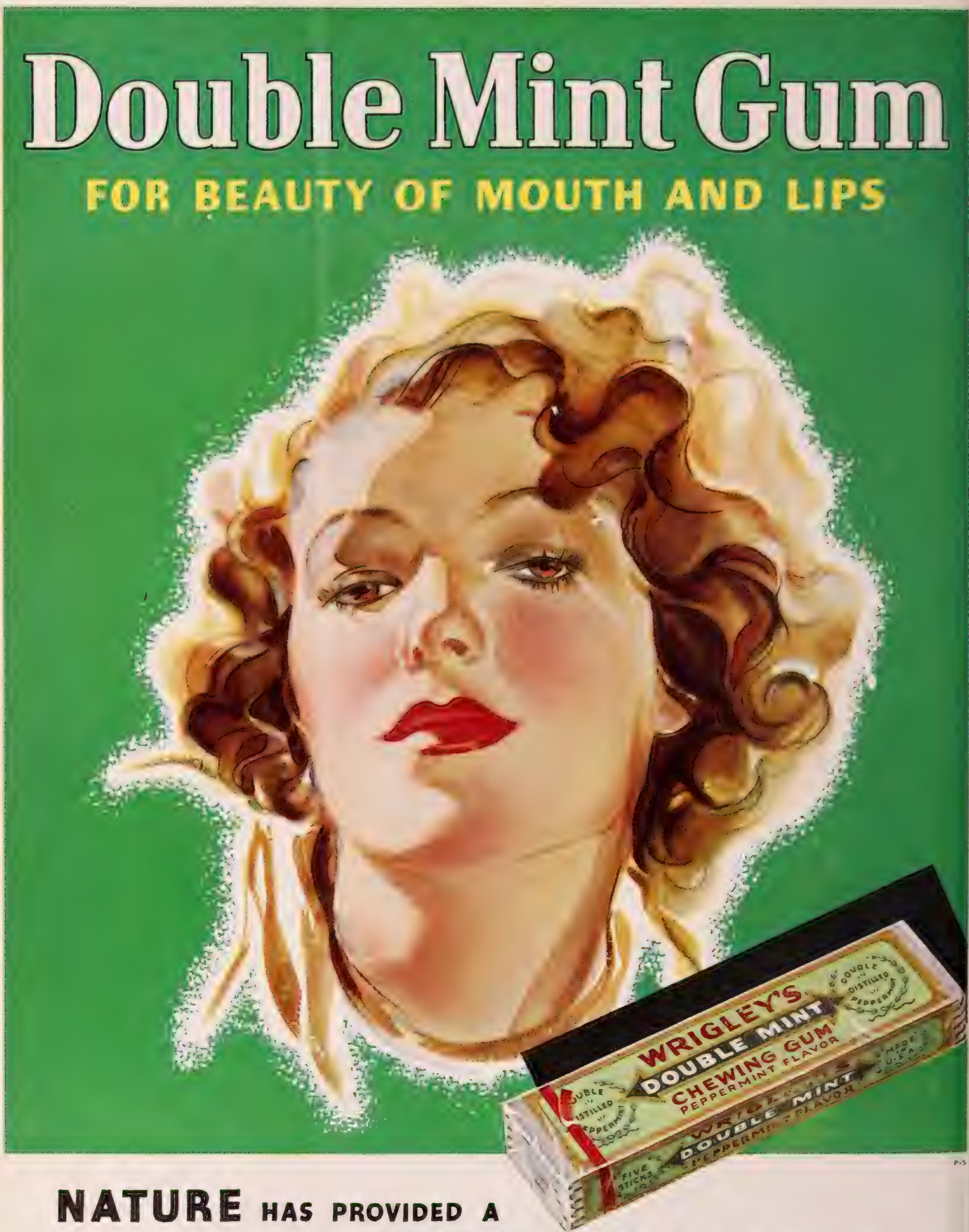
Double Mint Gum

FOR BEAUTY OF MOUTH AND LIPS



NATURE HAS PROVIDED A WAY TO **BEAUTY** through chewing exercise. *That is why* **DOUBLE MINT** *gum is so popular with the* **STARS** *of the screen and stage.*

Programs Day by Day

Limits of that thing called space keep us from listing every network program. So we've tried to give you all of Sunday's shows, since you'll probably be near your radio more on that day, and then give you all of the evening programs which use big networks.

(Right) Josef Pasternack, veteran of the baton, and star of both networks.

SUNDAYS

(January 6th, 13th, 20th and 27th.)

9:00 A.M. EST (½)—The Balladeers. Male chorus and instrumental trio.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

9:00 EST (1)—Sunday Morning at Aunt Susan's. Children's program.
WABC, WNAC, WGR, WGLC, WHK, WBNS, WMBR, WIBX, WCAU, WFBL, WCAO, WDAE, WICC, WHP, WHEC, WWVA, WDNC, WADC, WJAS, WQAM, WSPD, WPG, WLBW, WFEA, WTOC, WSJS, WOKO, CKLW, WEAN, WDBO, WJSV, WLBZ, WBIG, WDBJ, WMAS, WORC. **8:00 CST**—WFBM, KMBC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WISN, WIBW, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KTSA, KSCJ, WACO, WMT, KFH, WNAX, KGKO, WDSU, KWKH, WREC, WNOX. **7:00 MST**—KSL. (Network especially subject to change.)

9:00 EST (1)—Coast to Coast on a Bus. Milton J. Cross, master of ceremonies.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

9:30 EST (¼)—Peerless Trio.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EST (½)—Southernaires Quartet. Poignant melodies of the South.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

10:00 EST (½)—Church of the Air.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WAAB, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WICC, WBT, WLBW, WBIG, WHP, WGLC, WFEA, WDBJ, WTOC, WMAS, WORC, WHK, WBNS, WMBR, WIBX. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, KTRH, KLRA, WDOD, WISN, WCCO, WALA, KFAB, WSFA, WLAC, WMBD, KTSA, KSCJ, WIBW, WACO, KFH, KGKO, WNOX, WDSU, WREC. **8:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL.

10:00 EST (½)—Radio pulpit—Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. Mixed quartet.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

11:00 EST (5 min.)—News Service.
WEAF, WJZ and NBC red and blue networks. Station list unavailable.

11:30 EST (1)—Major Bowes' Capitol Family. Tom McLaughlin, baritone; Hannah Klein, pianist; Nicholas Cosentino, tenor; The Guardsmen, male quartet; symphony orchestra, Waldo Mayo, conductor.
WEAF and an NBC red network. Station list unavailable.

12:00 Noon EST (½)—Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir and Organ.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WJSV, WDAE, WLBW, WBIG, WGLC, WEAN, WBMS, WMBR, WCAO, WIBX, CKLW, WNAC, WHK, WDRC, WQAM, WLBZ, WHP, WMAS, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WDBO, WICC, WFEA, WORC. **11:00 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, KSCJ, WACO, WNAX, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KWKH, WREC, WMBD, KTSA, WIBW, WMT, KFH, KMOX, WNOX, KGKO, WALA. **10:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **9:00 PST**—KOH. (Network especially subject to change. Majority of above stations begin carrying program at 11:30 EST.)

12:30 P.M. EST (1)—Radio City Concert. Symphony orchestra; Glee Club; Soloists.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

12:30 EST (¼)—Tito Guizar singing with his guitar. (Brillo.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WMAS, WCAU, WORC. **11:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX.

1:00 EST (½)—Dale Carnegie gives stories of famous people. Leonard Joy's orchestra. (Maltex.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WTIC, WEEI, WRC, WCAE, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI.

1:00 EST (½)—Church of the Air.
WABC, WAAB, CKLW, WFBL, WQAM, WPG, WDOD, WHP, WSJS, WOKO, WGR, WDRC, WSPD, WFBM, WLBW, WGLC, WBNS, WMBR, WDNC, WIBX, WDBO, WLBZ, WDBJ, WORC, WCAO, WKRC, WJAS, WDAE, WBT, WHEC, WWVA, WDNC. **12:00 Noon CST**—WBBM, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KTSA, KSCJ, WSBT, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KFH, KGKO, WALA, WNOX, WDSU, KWKH, WREC. **11:00 A.M. MST**—KLZ, KSL. **10:00 PST**—KHJ, KOH. (Network especially subject to change.)

1:30 EST (½)—The National Youth Conference—Dr. Daniel A. Poling. Music and male quartet.
WJZ and an NBC blue network. Station list unavailable.

1:30 EST (¼)—Big music from Little Jack Little. (Pinex.)
WABC, WADC, WGR, WBT, WCAU, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, CKLW. **12:30 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, KRLD, WBBM, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO.

1:30 EST (½)—Mary Small, little in years and name. William Wirges orchestra. Guest artists. (B. T. Babbitt and Co.)
WEAF, WFI, WSAI, WRC, WTAG, WFBR, WTAM, WCSH, WWJ, WJAR, WGY, WEEI, WTIC, WBEN, WCAE. **12:30 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KSD.

1:45 EST (¼)—Pat Kennedy with Art Kassel and his Kassels in the Air orchestra. (Grove Laboratories, Inc.)
WABC, WKRC, WCAU, WJSV, WCAO, WHK, WJAS, WBNS, WGR, CKLW, WFBL, WSPD. **12:45 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WCCO, WMT, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, KRLD, WDSU. **11:45 A.M. MST**—KLZ, KSL. **10:45 PST**—KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KERN, KMJ.

2:00 EST (½)—Lazy Dan, the Minstrel Man. (Irving Kaufman.) (Boyle Floor Wax.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WNAC, WKBW, WMBG, WBNS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WDBJ, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WHEC. **1:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KOMA, WIBW, WGST, KRLD, KFAB, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, WMT. **12:00 Noon MST**—KLZ, KSL. **11:00 A.M. PST**—KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

2:00 EST (¼)—Anthony Frome, the Poet Prince; Alwyn Bach, narrator. (M. J. Breitenbach Co., Inc.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WJR. **1:00 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKBF.

2:15 EST (¼)—Facts about Fido. Bob Becker chats about dogs. (John Morrell & Co.)
WJZ, WBZ, WJR, WBAL, WBZA, WMAL, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR. **1:15 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WENR.

2:30 EST (½)—Imperial Hawaiian Dance Band. (Wyeth Chemical Co.)
WABC, WNAC, WHK, WCAU, WFBL, WMBG, WHEC, WADC, WKBW, CKLW, WJAS, WJSV, WDBJ, WCAO, WKRC, WDRC, WEAN, WBT. **1:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WBNS, KMOX, WGST, KRLD, KFAB, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WIBW. **12:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **11:30 A.M. PST**—KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KERN, KVI.

2:30 EST (1)—Lux Radio Theatre. Guest artists. (Lever Bros.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WRVA, WPTF, CFCF, WSYR

(Continued on page 92)

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

CORK-TIPPED

THE FINISHING TOUCH

Ho!..for the season of galoshes, sneezes, sniffles—and overheated rooms. Hurray for KOOLS, the cigarette that refreshes and soothes your sorely tried winter throat! Mildly mentholated: your throat never gets dry. Cork-tipped: KOOLS don't stick to your lips. B & W coupon in each pack good for gilt-edge Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

Ray Heatherton, NBC baritone, with his mother at their Long Island Home.

DEATH GIVES AN AUDITION

A HEART TORN WITH GRIEF WON RAY HEATHERTON A CAREER

ARE all rich men's sons bums? Now wait—that statement isn't as startling as it may sound. Look around at any of the wealthy boys you know. Either they squander money like a sailor on shore leave, or if they work at all I'll wager it's in a pretentious office in dad's place with a high-sounding title and a pretty secretary. I'll admit that some of them even make good at their respective jobs. But how many have the courage to reject the family advantages and go out and fight and struggle on their own? And actually make good? Say, such men are as rare as caviar sandwiches in a cafeteria. You probably noticed that yourself. In radio alone, for instance most of the stars who have reached the top have had to travel via the starvation route. There's Eddie Cantor, Abe Lyman, Frank Parker, Joe Penner—all vivid examples of poor boys who have made good. It proves something, doesn't it?

If poverty is an incentive to hard work, then on the other hand, wealth is a deadening drug to ambition and initiative. (*Continued on page 56*)

"IT'S WONDERFUL!" . . . Peggy Pool, Chicago, says: "I couldn't work. Had indigestion. Headaches. Skin broke out." XR Yeast helped her in a few days!

3 Millions *already* eating "XR" Yeast...!

"RELIEVED IN 3 DAYS!"
South Bend, Ind. Mrs. Opal Haymaker says: "I had constipation. This XR Yeast relieved me *in 3 days!*"

"ACTED IN 72 HOURS!"
Norwood, Pa. David Evans says: "I developed indigestion. This XR Yeast acted in 72 hours."

"NEVER BELIEVED IN LAXATIVES"
Waltham, Mass. Mrs. W. R. Hickler says: "XR Yeast relieved my indigestion in *just a few days!* Headaches left."

"INDIGESTION STOPPED FAST!"
Elizabeth, N. J. Brewster S. Beach writes: "I tried yeast—the XR kind. My indigestion soon disappeared."

"SLUGGISHNESS LEFT IN A FEW DAYS"
Cable, Wis. Margueritte Bro, a writer, says: "I lost appetite, felt drowsy, miserable. Tried laxatives. Finally, I tried XR Yeast. *Have only praise for it!*"

"PIMPLES LEFT IN A HURRY!"
Chicago, Ill. Miss Florence Ryan writes: "Blotches all over my face! In a short time after starting XR Yeast, my pimples weren't noticeable!"

NRA CODE

DOCTORS—CLINICS are enthusiastic about XR Yeast, report: "Quicker than any yeast before!" The noted clinic head, Dr. H. Stevenin (above), says "XR Yeast gives unbelievably quicker results."

EVERYWHERE . . . people are eating this new yeast that corrects common ills twice as quickly!

You see, it's a stronger *kind* of fresh yeast. It speeds up your digestive juices and muscles . . . moves food through you fast.

Thus it banishes constipation and related troubles:—indigestion stops; pimples disappear; headaches cease; you have more appetite, energy—feel much better.

In addition, it supplies Vitamin A *that combats colds!* And it's very rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . *four* vitamins you need to be healthy!

Eat 3 cakes daily. Get some Fleischmann's XR Yeast—at a grocer, restaurant, or soda fountain—now!

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Inc.

FLEISCHMANN'S "XR" YEAST...*acts quicker*

Everyone looks at your *Eyes* first

Make them attractive with

Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

The Approved Mascara

BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so *instantly* with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

BLACK AND BROWN

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

COLORLESS

BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

Death Gives an Audition

(*Continued from page* 54)

That's what I thought, too, until I heard the story about Ray Heatherton.

You see, Ray was a rich man's son. You know the type. Irresponsible, happy-go-lucky and just a bit spoiled. But four times in his carefree life he was faced with momentous decisions . . . four times he was at crossroads with himself. And because of the decisions he did make, today Ray is one of NBC's most popular young baritones. He got there in *spite* of his money. When you learn his story, you'll understand what I mean.

Life was just one gay round of fun and parties to Ray. He lived in a big, rambling house in Floral Park, Long Island, and he tore around with the young Long Island crowd.

I marvel every time I realize that Ray had the nerve to think for himself instead of falling in line with the rest of his friends who merely stepped into soft jobs in their fathers' establishments. It would have been so easy. His father already had a place for Ray in his prosperous building business. But since the first time Ray had sung in the Floral Park Choir, he knew where his future lay.

"A singer? What a silly idea," scoffed his parents. They tore his dream apart with the calloused fingers of scorn and ridicule. On and on went discussions and arguments every night.

Never had Ray had to fight for anything in his life. Since he was a baby, he had merely to ask or cry for a toy and it was deposited right in his lap. That's how it had always been. But if he were to continue in his crazy idea to become a singer, he would have to battle for it by himself.

That was the first important decision Ray had to make in his pampered life. Don't think it was an easy one. Try to put yourself in his place. What would *you* do? That he chose the harder road—the one that led to a career he would have to pioneer by himself—is one fact that almost knocked my harsh ideas about rich men's sons right into a cocked hat. I wonder how many of those sons would have had the nerve to go ahead with their plans in spite of the powerful persuasions of their parents?

He hung around Floral Park theatres and the lesser radio stations until he got small jobs here and there. Then came the Paul Whiteman auditions. Remember the time Paul was holding these auditions in towns all over the country? Well, there was a storm in the Heatherton household when Ray announced that he was entering it.

"This is going too far," said Heatherton Senior. There were words on both sides, but in the end Ray won his point. He could enter the auditions, but if he failed—no more foolish ideas about becoming a singer.

Those were high stakes to Ray. As he sat in the audition room waiting his turn, he looked around at the other anxious-eyed, frightened kids there. What a peculiar setup! All these others had to win because they needed the money. He didn't need the money, but he had to win to trample down the big objections to his career.

You can imagine the nervous strain of going through any audition. All of his hopes, all of his ambitions he put into the song. There was a plaintive fervor and determined ring to his voice. That intensity must have made a hit with the judges, for—you guessed it—he won.

His parents stood by their word. Now they were firmly in back of him, with all of their worldly resources to make things smooth. Ray blithely stepped into a few small jobs at WABC. With all of the obstacles out of his way, his old carefree spirit returned. He thought that now he would soar to the top in one swift swoop. He didn't know that careers aren't made so easily. How could he? So far, he had uprooted every snag. His old self-indulgent, cocky mannerisms returned. Once again he was Ray Heatherton, the rich man's son.

Life was sweet and rosy to Ray now. He was riding on the crest of a wave—and heading straight for a fall.

He was a gay spender and a good sport, you know, the fellow who always picked up the checks in the restaurant. He was constantly surrounded by hangers-on who told him what a grand guy he was. What he didn't hear were the comments of the older, radio-wise folks who were saying, "Ray Heatherton could be an excellent singer, but he has had things too easy. His voice lacks character. He must suffer and struggle and live to give it a mature, dramatic strength."

Those folks, I guess, were right. Before he realized it, Ray found that his programs had dwindled away to nothing at all. It seems strange, doesn't it, to think that every time Ray was under the influence of money it proved to be a drawback to him?

He rushed home to seek the advice and comfort of his family, but the scene that confronted him stopped him short. His father looked pale and drawn, his mother had a false cheerfulness.

Then he learned the whole wretched fact. His father's real estate and building investments to which he had clung during all those tumultuous years were suddenly wiped out. His white face told more than words what this disaster had done to him.

"You'll have to be the man of the family now, son," he told Ray.

Now, Ray Heatherton was a poor boy! How would he take it? How would most rich men's sons act? Bewildered? Arrogant? Bitter? Blustering?

Ray looked for a job. He stormed the radio portals just like any fervent newcomer. But his luck had deserted him, just when he needed it most. Even the audition doors were closed to him. He knew now that if he were to have another chance, he'd hold on to a job. But nobody was willing to give it to him.

Every night when he returned home weary and heartsick from a discouraging day, he would summon a forced smile for the benefit of the family. One day he bumped into the family doctor coming out

(*Continued on page* 58)

A leading American Dermatologist says:
"Their Skin is years younger than their Age"

MRS. PAUL REVERE III
of Boston and Cohasset, Massachusetts

• "Not a hint of sallowness. Skin supple—firm. Appears a full ten years younger than her age"—*Dermatologist's report.*
• Mrs. Paul Revere III, speaking of Pond's Cold Cream, says: "It smooths away little lines around my eyes—keeps my skin soft."

MRS. ALEXANDER COCHRANE FORBES
Grandniece of MRS. JAMES ROOSEVELT

• "No blemishes. No lines. Her skin has the fresh radiance of the early teens"—*Dermatologist's report.*
• Mrs. Forbes says: "Pond's Cold Cream frees my skin of blackheads, coarse pores, blemishes."

You, too, can keep your skin flawless . . . Young

BEAUTIFUL SKIN depends very little upon your age. Haven't you seen women of 40 with skin as fresh and blooming as that of girls in their teens?

Skin youth—skin beauty—is determined by conditions within the skin itself, dermatologists say.

An active circulation—vigorously functioning oil glands—firm, full tissue and elastic muscles—these make your skin look young, though your actual age may be sixteen or sixty.

These youthful conditions are often subject to the care you give your skin. Dermatologists' examinations prove this astounding fact—that women who use Pond's Cold Cream really keep their skin years younger than their age.

There is a scientific reason for this amazing power of Pond's Cold Cream to keep skin free from blemishes—enchantingly fresh and young.

This luxurious cream is rich in specially processed oils. It is exactly what the skin needs for deep-down cleansing. To revive depleted tissue. Its use stimulates flaccid muscles. And—most important—it recharges glands and cells.

Never let a night pass without cleansing your skin with Pond's Cold Cream. Always pat it in every morning—before you make up during the day.

Lines . . . Pores . . . Blackheads . . . disappear

As you use this oil-rich cream, you'll see your skin grow younger—lovelier. You can actually watch lines and crepiness fade. Blackheads, coarse pores disappear. Even drooping contours firm. While to your skin will come that fresh bloom—that silken texture—which invariably distinguish the flawless skin of the women who use Pond's Cold Cream. This same allure—a glorious gardenia skin—can be yours through the years.

Start *now* to use Pond's Cold Cream regularly. This coupon will bring you a generous gift package.

POND'S LIQUEFYING CREAM contains the same effective ingredients. It melts instantly on the skin. Cleanses thoroughly. Corrects skin faults. Delightfully prepares for powder.

Send for generous 3 DAYS' TEST

Pond's Extract Company, Dept. B-128, Hudson Street, New York City . . . I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for 3 days' supply of Pond's Cold Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder.

I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder ☐
I prefer 3 different DARK shades ☐

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1935, Pond's Extract Company

Bid That COLD Be Gone!

Oust It Promptly with this 4-Way Remedy!

A COLD is no joke and Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine treats it as none!

It goes right to the seat of the trouble, an infection within the system. Surface remedies are largely makeshift.

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is speedy and effective because it is expressly a cold remedy and because it is direct and internal—and COMPLETE!

Four Things in One!

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine and only Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine does the four things necessary.

It opens the bowels. It combats the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever. It relieves the headache and grippy feeling. It tones and fortifies the entire system.

That's the treatment a cold requires and anything less is taking chances.

When you feel a cold coming on, get busy at once with Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine. For sale by all druggists, 35c and 50c. The 50c size is the more economical "buy".

Ask for it by the full name—Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine—and resent a substitute.

World's Standard

Listen to Pat Kennedy, the Unmasked Tenor and Art Kassel and his Kassels-in-the-Air Orchestra every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, 1:45 p. m., Eastern Standard Time, Columbia Coast-to-Coast Network.

(*Continued from page 56*)

of the house. Ray hurried in. His father was in bed, seriously ill. Heart trouble

More than ever Ray felt the heavy responsibility that was suddenly thrust upon him. His shoulders which were unaccustomed to bear anything heavier than the hand of a dancing partner now supported a household of a mother, father and younger sister. It changed him. He became a more serious, a more manly Heatherton. His friends hardly recognized him. No more parties. No more fun. He passed endless hours in the studios waiting for the promise of an audition. But he never got beyond the promise stage.

He got tired of waiting. Something inside of him rebelled. A certain vague plan was formulating inside of his mind. It was a bold scheme, and it might get him the audition. But he would have to drag his pride in the dust behind him. He was desperate, don't forget, and desperation is no respector of pride. In the end he decided upon the deliberate move.

Unannounced he walked into a studio where James Melton was rehearsing. Face to face with the great tenor he told him his whole disappointing fight for another chance.

"I can't afford to wait, you see. That's why I came to you. As soon as I get the audition I know I'll have a good chance of getting a job. And I need the job now!"

Ray was surprised at his own audacity. A few months ago he would never have dreamed of doing this.

I imagine Melton must have seen the sincerity and desperation in Ray's frank eyes. Jimmy's a good judge of character and he must have liked the way this youngster before him held up his chin under the load of his new-found troubles.

Melton took him to the audition director and when Ray left he was as happy as his old self once more. He was to report for an audition the following Monday evening.

Here was his chance. He knew only too well that it was the most important moment in his life. His future, the future of the small Heatherton family all rested on the outcome of this audition. It was his last hope.

He rushed home, happy, to tell the news. It was the Saturday before the audition. He expected to find them enthused. Instead, he found death. His father had breathed his last.

Death in itself is tragic. But this time it added to the tragedy of the moment by the cruel timing of its stroke. Sorrow was heaped upon sorrow.

Here was Ray, his heart torn with grief, and the audition coming off in two days. Could he keep the appointment now? For a moment he felt like phoning the studio and calling it off. Then he saw his mother and sister silently weeping. In that fleeting instant he realized that all decisions now would have to be made by himself. He was the head of the family. He turned the problem over in his harassed brain. It boiled down to one thing. What good would an emotional display such as that do these two who were depending on him? He made up his mind.

Monday evening he was in the studios waiting his turn. His eyes were glassy with unshed tears, his lips trembled with emotion and he clasped and unclasped his hands feverishly. That afternoon he had seen his father buried. He had just come from a scene that was filled with the wails and tears of his mother and sister. And now he was supposed to be calm and steady. He bit his lips.

For some unexplainable reason, he was the last to be called. As he sat on the hard bench, waiting, he had too much time to think. It was near midnight when he was called in, and his nerves had almost reached the breaking point.

The atmosphere of the studio at that hour of the night was eerie and silent as Ray took his place at the mike. He pulled himself together and started his first number, "The Trumpeter." It was his father's favorite song. A flood of memories engulfed him as he poured all of his pent-up suffering into that melody. Ray Heatherton sang that night as he never sung before. His voice was richer, warmer, more understanding. The executives listening in were thrilled and astounded. They couldn't believe that those mature, vibrant notes were coming from the young, collegiate chap standing all alone in the bare room.

They had him sing again and again just to make sure it was no mistake. Scarcely did he hear what the program director said to him when he left, for his mind was almost numb.

He was still confused when the director phoned him early the next morning. As though it were all a dream he heard the fellow tell him that he was being placed on a sustaining program of his own to begin that very week!

Are rich men's sons bums? Well, I'm right back to where I started. I'm not attempting to answer this question. I just told you the story of one rich man's son. Now, what do you think?

The March RADIO STARS

brings you a grand surprise! The cover portrait will be of Gladys Swarthout and will be painted by that famous artist, Earl Christy.

$10,000.00 IN PRIZES FREE

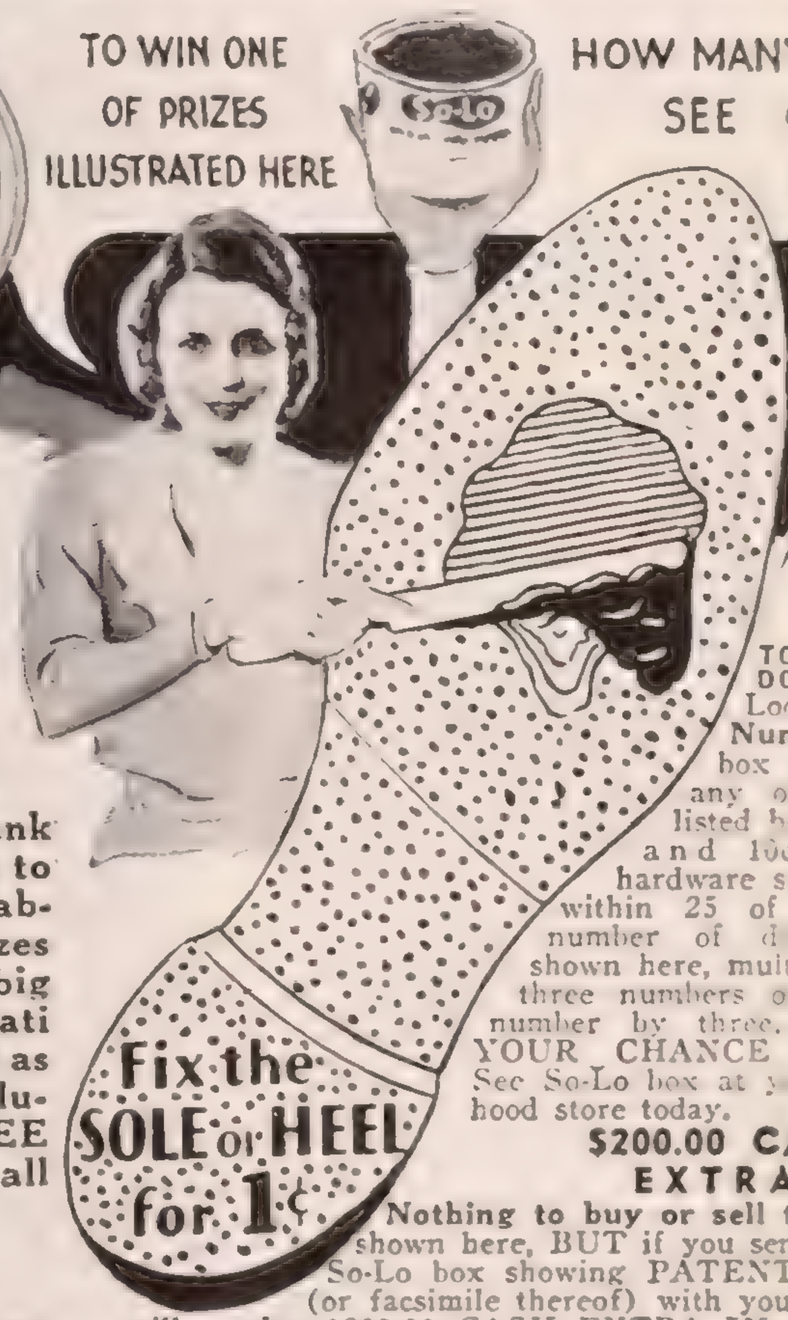
WILL BE OFFERED

"JUST COUNT DOTS ON SHOE

AND GIVE ONE OF BEST ANSWERS TO QUESTION 'WHAT IS SO-LO?'"

TO WIN ONE OF PRIZES ILLUSTRATED HERE

HOW MANY DOTS? SEE CLUE BELOW



Important CLUE

TO NUMBER OF DOTS ON SHOE

Look at Patent Number on the box of So-Lo at any of the stores listed below, or at 5 and 10c stores, or hardware stores. To get within 25 of the correct number of dots on shoe shown here, multiply the first three numbers of the patent number by three. IMPROVE YOUR CHANCE TO WIN: See So-Lo box at your neighborhood store today.

$200.00 CASH EXTRA!

Nothing to buy or sell to win prizes shown here, BUT if you send in part of So-Lo box showing PATENT NUMBER (or facsimile thereof) with your entry, you will receive $200.00 CASH EXTRA IN ADDITION to Plymouth Auto if you are declared winner of First Prize. Hurry—don't wait. Rush your entry today.

HOW TO WIN

PRIZES SHOWN HERE

Honest Judges — See Paragraph 4

Easy, different, new kind of thrilling contest! Nothing to buy or sell to win any of 3 big prizes. Read how easy:

1. Count number of DOTS on shoe pictured here. Write number on Blank. (See IMPORTANT CLUE above the coupon.)
2. Answer Question: "What Is So-Lo?" Write answer in 25 words or less on separate piece of paper. Any answer about the economy feature, convenience, etc., of So-Lo, in your own words, may win — like: "World's lowest priced shoe repair," or "It's economical — just spread on like butter." (Note: Do not send the above answers—they are only examples.) Bad spelling won't count against you. Write in pencil, if you wish.
3. Prizes will be awarded primarily on the basis of the nearest correct number of dots; secondarily on the best answers (for advertising purposes) to the question, "What Is So-Lo." In event of ties for any prize, identical prizes will be awarded to tying contestants.
4. Entries will be judged by impartial committee: Miss Mary Marshall, Home Economics Editor, Tower Magazines; Miss Marjorie Deen, Home Economics Editor, Modern Magazines; E. H. Brown, President, E. H. Brown Advertising Agency, Chicago. Judges' decisions will be final.
5. All entries must be postmarked before midnight, February 28, 1935. Prize winners will be notified shortly after close of contest.
6. So-Lo Works employees or their relatives not eligible to enter. Only 1 entry to a family.

This offer WILL NOT appear again. ACT NOW — *Mail Entry Coupon!*

EASY!

ANYBODY MAY WIN

YOU may be the one to receive a telegram announcing that you've won the 1935 Plymouth! Send in the Entry Blank now. No tricks, no "schemes," nothing to buy or sell, no other puzzles to solve, absolutely nothing else to do to win prizes shown here. Money to buy these 3 big prizes is deposited in biggest Cincinnati bank now. Your chance to win as good as anybody's. Hundreds of other big, valuable, surprize prizes will be offered FREE OF CHARGE. Entry blank brings all sensational details. Act now!

WHAT IS So-Lo?

So-Lo, the amazing plastic, mends the Sole or Heel, 1c a repair! Spreads on half-soles as low as 8c a pair. *Easy—just dig out a chunk of So-Lo and spread on sole like butter on bread.* Dries hard, tough, and smooth—waterproof, flexible, non-skid. Guaranteed to outwear ordinary leather or rubber. One kit can save as much as $6.00 to $25.00. Over 5,000,000 families now use So-Lo to fix cuts in tires, holes in auto tops, hot water bottles, and over 247 other uses.

See So-Lo at WOOLWORTH'S, KRESGE'S, KRESS', W. T. GRANT'S, NEISNER'S, McCRORY'S, MURPHY'S, McLELLAN'S, WALGREEN'S, SCOTT'S, BEN FRANKLIN, MONTGOMERY WARD'S, SEARS ROEBUCK'S, 5 AND 10c STORES, OR HARDWARE STORES

"Also at Newberry's and Green's"

SO-LO WORKS

World's Largest Makers of Money-Savers

CINCINNATI, OHIO

SEND NO MONEY··MAIL THIS TODAY

PRIZE CONTEST ENTRY BLANK

SO-LO WORKS, "RED" Appleton, Contest Manager, Cincinnati, Ohio.

☐ Check here if sending in part of So-Lo box.

Dear "Red":—

I want to win the FREE 1935 PLYMOUTH AUTOMOBILE, the G. E. ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR, or the COLSON BICYCLE. Here is my entry:

There are.....dots on the So-Lo Shoe. My answer to the question "What Is So-Lo?" in 25 words or less is written on attached piece of paper.

NAME .....

(Print Plainly. Use pencil if you prefer)

ADDRESS .....

TOWN ..... STATE.....M .

Gay **TABLE** *Dishes . . . yet*

you can bake in them

YOU never saw table dishes like these OvenServe dishes before. Every last piece . . . the serving dishes, platters, bowls, the smart one-handled French casseroles, even the very cups, saucers and plates . . . is built to stand oven heat. Their buttercup yellow color stays bright and fresh, too. They don't "craze," nor get brown and cooked looking.

You can oven-bake in OvenServe dishes and pop them direct from oven to table. Simplifies serving. And oh, how it cuts down on the dishwashing!

Another use is in the refrigerator. They stand cold as well as they do heat.

You can buy them by the piece or in complete service.

Guaranteed
To Withstand Changes of
Oven and Refrigerator Temperatures
OVENSERVE
"The Oven Ware for Table Service"
The Homer Laughlin China Co.
Newell, W. Va.

OVENSERVE

SOLD AT KRESGE 5 and 10¢ STORES AND OTHER 5¢—10¢ and $1 STORES

Radio Stars' Cooking School

(*Continued from page 50*)

rival of another plate of biscuits at that point brought the conversation back to the subject of food and I made it my business to learn from Jane some of her food preferences and culinary accomplishments.

I don't mean to suggest for a minute that Jane Froman is a splendid all 'round cook. No, she has neither time nor energy for that. But she prides herself on a few dishes which find their way to the morning "Brunch" table—simple dishes, really, but noteworthy for their excellence as I discovered for myself by partaking of the egg dish and biscuits served the morning I called. Then, too, Donald Ross recommended other Froman specialties quite as highly as those we sampled that day. However, I was suspicious that his opinion was a prejudiced one so I tried out the other recipes I secured from Jane in my own test kitchen and found them to be entirely worthy of Mr. Ross' hearty praises. Thanks to that delightful meal, therefore, I am able to promise you four recipes that I'm sure you'll love having: Bacon Biscuits, Ham Souffle, Popovers and Waffle Iron Omelette. These may be served for an 11 a. m. Brunch as Jane Froman serves them and they are delicious for other meals as well.

The Bacon Biscuits (a Missouri specialty, I learned) make a splendid luncheon hot bread, for instance, while the Popovers will be welcomed at any time because of their crispy goodness.

The Ham Souffle has a wonderful texture and stands up after leaving the oven —quite an accomplishment for any souffle you will admit. It makes an ideal Sunday supper treat, as well as a filling dish for the meal for which it was originally intended.

The Waffle Iron Omelette is a new idea and provides a novel use for your electric waffle iron. This omelette is the most versatile of all Jane Froman's pet recipes. It can be served for breakfast or Brunch with jelly, jam or creamed chipped beef; it is perfect for lunch or supper with a cheese sauce and it can even appear at the dinner table accompanied by a generous bowl of creamed chicken, ham or fish. (Shrimps are an elegant choice.)

Recipes for all these marvelous foods may be secured simply by filling out the coupon as you already should know. If you *don't* know about these wonderful free recipes sent out monthly by the Radio Stars' Cooking School, it's high time you learned about them. I know of no better time to send in for your booklet than right now, at once and immediately! For Jane Froman's recipes are so extremely simple that even those just learning to cook will be able to follow them, while the experienced housewives will find these new egg dishes and hot breads welcome additions to their files. Meanwhile let's go into a few major requirements for the first meal of the day, whether one calls it "breakfast" or "Brunch."

Of first importance to my way of thinking is a *good* cup of *good* coffee. Perhaps two "goods" in one sentence may seem unduly emphatic to *you*, but I know of no other way to impress upon you what I consider to be a crying need for buying a reputable brand of coffee and of brewing it carefully and correctly. You may not share my enthusiasm for coffee made by the drip method (I use this coffee making method exclusively), but I hope you agree with me that only a perfect cup of coffee should be tolerated at your table, regardless of the way you make it.

Another breakfast necessity is the fruit course. This may consist of raw fruit, generally in the form of orange juice. A growing knowledge of the true value of this fruit from the standpoint of health is daily adding to its popularity. You may add the juice of half a lemon for novelty and piquancy, but with or without the lemon always serve *freshly squeezed* orange juice since some of its flavor is lost when it stands.

At this season of the year stewed fruits are popular, especially prunes. Here too lemons supply a distinct improvement to the flavor. Add the lemon during the cooking in the form of very thin slices.

Occasionally serve a Cranberry Juice Cocktail for the fruit course. It will provide a welcome change. Here is a simple recipe for this beverage.

CRANBERRY JUICE COCKTAIL

4 cups cranberries
4 cups boiling water
1 cup sugar
juice of ½ lemon

Wash and carefully pick over cranberries. Add cranberries to boiling water. Cook until all pop open (about 5 minutes). Strain through cheese cloth. Bring strained juice to a boil, add sugar and boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat, add lemon juice. Chill thoroughly. Serve very cold.

Sounds good, doesn't it? Well, all of the recipes in this month's booklet are just as good, so why not send for them? Then one of these winter Sundays you can surprise your family with a Jane Froman Brunch. They'll love it! Here then are two complete menus to follow when you have gotten your recipes.

FIRST MENU

Chilled Orange Juice
Ready-to-eat cereal with top milk or cream
Ham Souffle
Coffee Popovers Milk

SECOND MENU

Cranberry Juice Cocktail
Ready-to-eat cereal with honey and milk
Waffle Iron Omelette with Creamed Chicken
Bacon Biscuits
Coffee Milk

There you are! Now all you need is the new Radio Stars' Cooking School booklet containing the recipes for all the Froman Favorites. Send in the coupon—and they are yours!

Why Frank Munn Sings to a Lost Love

(*Continued from page 15*)

would grin, laughing as he passed, and even the boys called him the Ox because he was so big. He took it all good-naturedly, but who can tell what resentment those jibes kindled in him. So Ellen, with her artful flattery and her sweetness, was a welcome change. At first, he wasn't aware of her as a girl at all, and when he was, it was too late. Love for which he hadn't planned or dreamed, had sneaked up on him.

Never did he ask Ellen who her other suitors were or demand that she go only with him. How could he, when he had nothing to offer? Perhaps he should have spoken his mind and heart to her. But he had a funny code. Call it honor or foolishness or what you will, but he had an idea of what was right and he stuck to it.

When he was nineteen his father died and a few years later the grandmother he had loved and worshipped. Without a blood relation in the world, he had to fight his battles alone. There were times when he was shabby and hungry, when he knew the pinch of poverty and the bitter heartache of trudging from place to place begging for a job and being curtly refused. All this time, though he sang in the church choir, he never realized that he had a voice which one day would lift him far above shabbiness and poverty.

HE had seen other lives wrecked by the shrewishness and the nagging that seemed inevitable in those marriages where the pennies had to be counted. Even when he was given a job in a munitions factory, building turbine engines at twenty-seven dollars a week, pride still sealed his lips, for other men were making fabulous salaries in industries boosted by the War. What did he have to offer Ellen that she did not already have, he asked himself. Never did he realize that there were things other than a comfortable existence that a man could give to a woman—the joy of youthful love consummated and the right to fight side by side with the man she loves, the right to help him build his castle of dreams.

Then came the end of the War. Flags were waving and brass bands playing and the air was filled with cheers for the heroes who were on their way home from the War. There was one of them who gathered Ellen into his arms and spoke to her the words of love that Frank had been too timid to speak.

When Ellen married this man, Frank's world toppled. What he had been waiting or hoping for he hardly knew himself, but in his blind grief it must have seemed to him that Ellen had failed him. So easily do men deceive themselves about the part they play in a love drama, that he said to me once, in an unguarded moment, "I guess she was carried away by his uniform." What in the name of all saints did he expect Ellen to do? After all, she had known him for four years,

Small FOR HER AGE AND UNDERWEIGHT TOO

but you ought to see the way Betty is shooting up now!

EVEN ON tiptoes, Betty was smaller than the smallest playmate of her own age. While other youngsters shot up, filled out, gained in height and weight—Betty remained thin, scrawny, small for her age—because she did not drink enough milk.

But you ought to see Betty now! How she has added inches to her height—how strong, sturdy, well-proportioned she has become. And the reason is that Betty is now drinking every day, *a quart of milk mixed with Cocomalt.*

Milk is the almost perfect food for children. Mixed with Cocomalt, it provides *extra* carbohydrates for body heat and physical activity; *extra* proteins for solid flesh and muscle; *extra* food-calcium, food-phosphorus and Sunshine Vitamin D for the formation of strong bones, sound teeth.

Help your child gain *as he* grows

The famous Lanarkshire milk experiment in 1930 among 20,000 school children shows definitely that children who received milk daily during the test grew faster and were healthier than those who did not.

If milk alone can aid growth and improve nutrition, think what an advantage your child will have if you give him Cocomalt in milk. For, made as directed, Cocomalt almost DOUBLES the food-energy value of every glass or cup of milk.

Cocomalt is accepted by the American Medical Association, Committee on Foods.

Wonderful for adults, too

Not only does Cocomalt and milk help children thrive, but for grown-ups, with its nutritional value and extra food-energy, it is a pleasant way to maintain and restore strength. A hot drink promotes relaxation for sound, restful sleep, drink Cocomalt HOT before retiring.

Cocomalt is sold at grocery, drug and department stores in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 5-lb. hospital-size air-tight cans.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER: For a trial-size can of Cocomalt, send name and address (with 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing) to R. B. Davis Co., Dept. MA-2 Hoboken, N. J.

Cocomalt

Prepared as directed, adds 70% more food-energy to milk

Cocomalt is accepted by the Committee on Foods of the American Medical Association. Produced by an exclusive process under scientific control, Cocomalt is composed of sucrose, skim milk, selected cocoa, barley malt extract, flavoring and added Sunshine Vitamin D. (Irradiated ergosterol.)

Reduce...
YOUR WAIST AND HIPS
3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS
with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer...Act Today!

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days at our expense.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 532 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N.Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name _____

Address _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

and four years, she may have figured, are long enough for a man to hang around a girl without signing on the dotted line.

At first, no doubt, in bitter disappointment and empty frustration, Frank wondered if he had been so all-fired wise. But time dulled his disappointment, and he told himself that he had known the right thing to do and had done it.

The years flew by, and his friends married, and stayed up all night walking their bawling infants around. And they said to Frank, "Isn't it time, old boy, that you got married? It wouldn't be so bad if you went in for plenty of good times, but what are you getting out of life this way?"

Frank only smiled and told them, "You know how I feel about marriage. There's nothing in the world that's easier than getting married and nothing that's harder than being happy though married. I'm certainly not going to marry just for the sake of calling myself a married man. I'll wait till I'm in a position to give everything to my wife."

Meanwhile his life changed completely. All of a sudden he discovered that he had a voice, and that his voice might be his fortune. While working in the turbine factory, he hurried the hours by singing. One day the foreman of the place heard him. As the man passed, Frank stopped suddenly, shivering with the fear that he might lose his job. But instead of reprimanding him, the foreman only grinned and said, "You seem to be enjoying yourself."

After that Frank was frequently called upon to sing at entertainments, but still he never believed that he could earn a living from his voice, until an accident in the factory threw him into the hospital. It seemed such an unimportant accident at the time, just a little injury to his finger when it got caught in a machine, but the bone underneath decayed and he suffered the most excruciating agony. In his pain and bewilderment, he learned that he would not be able to work again for a year and a half.

NOT until then, when he was half mad with fear and worry, did the thought come to him that his voice could be trained and that perhaps he could earn a living by singing. So he went to see Dudley Buck, the music teacher. He had no money with which to pay for lessons, but Dudley was so impressed with his voice that he offered to train him until he landed a position, and when he did, Munn could repay him. For two and a half years he taught Munn and gave him the courage to start his life anew.

His first chance came when he got an audition to make phonographic records for the New Brunswick Phonograph Company. Later, when Gus Haenschen heard those records, he realized that Frank was a find and worked his head off trying to get him a chance in radio. Ten years ago he started his second life, singing over WJZ in a program called "Sixty White Minutes." Since then he has appeared on dozens of programs. Probably you heard him a few years ago on the old Palmolive program when he and Virginia Rea were billed as Paul Oliver and Olive Palmer. For four and a half years they were buried alive under names that were not their own, now both of them have gone back to their real names. At last Frank Munn seems to be on the way to achieving something in life.

More than that, life, which he passed by, is no longer passing him by. In a beautiful dark-haired girl, who was the secretary to an executive in the musical world, he has found the answer to his dreams of romance. At last he is ready to marry, now that he can lay the world at her feet.

He is thirty-eight and for a man who has found his place in the world, that isn't very old. But he has denied himself so much, the thrill of consummated first love, the passion and beauty that they say come only once. He has been so very wise and so very, very cautious and he says he is happy now. Certainly he doesn't pity himself, yet for all his fame and for all his success I feel rather sorry for him.

Youth comes only once, and he passed it by, and it will never come his way again. Life offered him love when he was very young and in the spring of life, and he passed it by. Sixteen years have come and gone since then, and his waistline has grown broader, and his cheeks chubbier and certainly he isn't a romantic figure. Love he may know and romance, but it will never be the same again. He had a chance to gamble on marriage with poverty, and he didn't take it, and he will never be twenty-two again. Never will he know the joy and the salty bitterness of having a woman he loves fight side by side with him, for undoubtedly his future will be secure and safe. He might have married at twenty-two and known either bitter unhappiness or sublime ecstasy. But he did not take the gamble. Those who do not grasp at promised joy when it passes, miss all the bitter-sweets of life. Poor Galahad!

Want to Know What
LANNY ROSS LIKES TO EAT?

Nancy Wood of RADIO STARS' Cooking School tells you and gives you the recipes for his favorite dishes in the next issue.

Kilocycle Quiz

(*Continued from page* 13)

(Answers to the first section of the quiz.)

1. Clara is Louise Starkey or (if you use her married name) Mrs. Paul Mead. Lu is Isabel Carothers or Mrs. Howard Berolzheimer. Em is Helen King or Mrs. J. M. Miller.
2. Amos is Freeman F. Gosden. Andy is Charles J. Correll.
3. George Burns and Gracie Allen.
4. Irene Hubbard.
5. Myrt is Myrtle Vail. Marge is Donna Damerel.
6. Pic is Pic Malone and Pat is Pat Padgett.
7. Gene Carroll and Glenn Rowell.
8. No. To be exact, it's Harry Lillis Crosby, Jr.
9. John MacPherson.
10. Lowell Thomas.
11. Mrs. Fred Allen. (The real name is Mrs. John Florence Sullivan.)
12. Jane Froman.
13. Jesse Block and Eve Sully.
14. Ireene Wicker. (Or Mrs. Walter Wicker.)
15. Karolyn Harris.

(Answers to the second section of the quiz.)

1. Chesterfield Cigarettes.
2. Boake Carter.
3. Organ.
4. Frank Parker.
5. Joe Penner.

Jackson

The lovely lady is Mildred Monson, who sings with Jolly Coburn's orchestra each Sunday at 6:15 p.m. EST over NBC.

FREE

Just mail coupon for the most complete book ever written on eye make-up. Note also trial offer.

• • •

A MESSAGE FROM LOUISE ROSS

DO YOUR EYES ATTRACT OR REPULSE MEN?

No girl, I assert, need have dull, uninviting eyes—it's a handicap to happiness. In 40 seconds you can give your eyes depth, glamour, sparkle—that "come hither" look is *yours* when you Winx your lashes. No need to be jealous of other girls. You can make *your* eyes alluring.

Like magic, Winx Mascara, the superior lash darkener, improves your appearance! You'll wonder why you didn't accept my help sooner. Your friends—particularly "he"—will find you doubly attractive.

TO MAKE MEN STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN

I want every girl to give herself a chance on the road to romance—to win real happiness. Remember, your eyes are your fortune. So buy a box of my Winx Mascara *today*—it's super-fine, safe, non-smarting, smudge-proof—the perfection of years of experience.

Winx Mascara and my other Winx Eye Beautifiers are presented in generous purse sizes at 10c. Millions of smart girls prefer them to ordinary ones. So will you, I'm sure.

To learn all the precious secrets of Eye Beauty, mail the coupon for my book—"Lovely Eyes—How To Have Them." It's free. Also send for a trial box, if a 10c. counter is not handy.

Louise Ross

WINX 10¢

EYE BEAUTIFIERS

Winx Eyebrow Pencil molds brows into charming curves.

Winx Cake Mascara darkens Lashes instantly, perfectly.

Winx Liquid Mascara preferred by many — easy to apply. Waterproof.

Winx Eye Shadow gives depth and glamour — a fine cream.

Winx Eyelash Grower promotes luxurious soft lashes.

FREE Merely send Coupon for "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them"

Mail to LOUISE ROSS, M-2-35
243 W. 17th St., New York City

Name

Street

City.....*State*

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c. checking whether you wish ☐ cake or ☐ liquid ☐ Black or ☐ Brown

Keep your hair aglow with the glory of "youth". The "Sheen of Youth" is every woman's birthright and it's a distinctive beauty asset, too. Make your friends wonder how you obtained that joyous, youthful, vibrant color tone so necessary for beautiful hair.

If your hair is old or faded looking, regain its "Sheen of Youth" by using ColoRinse—use immediately after the shampoo. It doesn't dye or bleach, for it is only a harmless vegetable compound. Yet one ColoRinse—ten tints to choose from—will give your hair that sparkle and lustre, that soft, shimmering loveliness, which is the youthful lure of naturally healthy hair.

Also ask for **Nestle SuperSet, Nestle Golden Shampoo or Nestle Henna Shampoo.**

Pity the Poor Announcer's Wife

(*Continued from page 35*)

System press department headquarters, things were happening. A news flash had just come in that Coney Island was afire and that a high wind threatened the destruction of many buildings.

Press department men called high CBS officials at their home for permission to broadcast a description of the scene from a dirigible. Short minutes later, Husing's phone rang.

"Get over to Holmes airport at top speed. You're going on a news broadcast from a dirigible."

"Right," snapped Ted.

Bubbles knew what was up. "You worked hard all day and came home all worn out. Won't you ever be able to find some time to spend at home with me?"

But fifteen minutes later, Ted was high in the air, speeding toward Coney Island.

That's the sort of thing an announcer's wife has to face. It makes life pretty difficult, what with their husband's coming and going at all hours, elaborate dinners going to waste before they can get home—and when they do, they're often almost too exhausted to talk. You can't blame a man for being irritable after having worked that hard, but it makes it no less easy for the wife. And there are other things.

It was the McNamee rift that first attracted wide attention to the home life of announcers.

He'd met his former wife, Josephine Garrett, before he'd become an announcer. It was at a rehearsal of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta in which they both had singing roles. He hadn't been introduced to her, he hid his copy of the score in his pocket and went over to ask her if he could sing from her music. She consented and the romance began.

They become very devoted. After he became an announcer she listened to each broadcast, after which he called up to ask: "How was it, dear?"

"Sometimes it is difficult for me to criticize him," she once said to an interviewer. "I know whatever I say, he will be cross. But I don't like to hurt his feelings."

It was but a few months before Mrs. McNamee brought suit for divorce that she asked her husband: "Why do you think our marriage has turned out so well?"

"Because," answered Graham, "you're so good and I'm so bad."

"That's a silly answer," she said. "It's because I'm so bad and you're so good."

"That's a silly answer too," replied Graham.

About that time she also asserted: "It's up to a wife to keep her husband pepped up, to send him off to his work whatever it is—knowing that she is all for him."

Despite all she said she felt, Mrs. McNamee apparently couldn't stand the strain on family ties. After eleven years of childless marriage, Graham was notified on May 1, 1931, that she was bringing suit for divorce.

Graham was said to have been making about $50,000 a year at that time. In court, the referee asked her if she expected alimony.

"Of course I desire alimony," she answered. We have reached an agreement on that out of court."

"Did your husband," he asked, "when you made this agreement, agree not to defend this action for divorce?"

"Oh, no. Of course not," she replied.

So the divorce was granted. Since then, as you know, McNamee has married Ann Lee Sims, an actress.

James Wallington and his Polish ballet dancer wife, Stanislawa Butkiewicz, seemed happy and gay as pups when he married her while working as announcer at WGY in Schenectady, New York. After they came to New York, Jimmy bought a fine home in Bayside, Long Island, and "Statia" as he called her, devoted herself to the task of furnishing it. But something happened.

Last July 2nd, the Wallingtons were granted a divorce in Reno. Just another evidence of how incompatibility can rear its head in an announcer's home.

In September, Jimmy married Anita Fuhrmann, a dancer in the Rockettes, that marvelously drilled ballet group in the Radio City Theatre. She was formerly Captain of the Roxyettes when the group was known by that name. Curious, isn't it, that fate should separate Jimmy from one ballet dancer, only to bring him together with another. Let's hope that life will be kinder this time and that they'll be happy the rest of their lives.

It was just about two weeks before the Wallington divorce that Helen Husing established residence in Reno in anticipation of suing for a divorce from Ted. She charged extreme cruelty, which, of course, can in such cases, indicate mental upsets resulting from the irregular home life which an announcer's position certainly forces him to lead.

On July 19th, she won the divorce uncontested. She was awarded the custody of their nine-year-old daughter, Peggy Mae Husing. Thus did Ted and Bubbles come to the parting of the ways last summer.

You can understand then, how it is that Paul Douglas and Kenneth Roberts have had to separate from their wives. Paul himself told me that the crazy galloping about the country he had to do, contributed largely to the impossibility of their continuing.

Such are the causes which lie behind the discords and divorces in the families of radio announcers. It reminds me of the statement Mrs. McNamee once made:

"There was never any question about it. It was a love affair from the first time we met. We always have such a good time together. We like the same things—music, of course, but shows too. We even like the same jokes."

It set me wondering whether she now laughs at Ed Wynn's jokes when Graham guffaws from the other side of the loudspeaker.

Exit Exotic

(*Continued from page 29*)

"If I were naturally that way I wouldn't mind. But I'd never think of cultivating any pose even if I had time to."

Clothes? "They don't matter much to me. Mother does every bit of my shopping, even hats and shoes. She knows exactly what I like so I never bother. Heavens! If I had to select my own things I'd probably be running around in this dress five years from now. What does it matter when anything'll do? I'd rather be swimming or playing with Smokey." Smokey being the laziest, fuzziest old Persian cat that ever clawed your approaching hand.

Men? "Of course I like men, all different kinds of them. I have very little time to date, but when I can go out I enjoy it. If I fall uncontrollably in love I hope to marry, but I've not the least idea of trying to 'catch' a rich fellow. I've a feeling I prefer brains."

Hobbies? Take her on for tennis some morning. A well-known maestro told Gertrude's dad one day that he bet he could beat her game six to two. After the first set that box of cigars was in order, because this gal can wield as wicked a serve as you ever tried to return. She's lightning on a tennis court.

Same goes for deep sea fishing too. Recently the Niesen family accompanied Mr. Ralph Wonders, CBS Artists Bureau manager, on a fishing trip in Long Island Sound. For all the hearty males on board little Niesen landed the prize fish. "It was as long as from there to there!" Seriously. She points to the east and west walls of Studio Six. Come on now, Gertrude, you don't expect us to believe *that*.

Wealth? "Somehow I never think of wealth. I have the things I want, which are not a great deal, and I never pay any attention to the rest. Dad handles all my financial affairs." (And right here and now let it be known that Mr. and Mrs. Niesen are two of the nicest persons you'll ever meet. They're delightful people, good sports and Mrs. Niesen is musician-composer behind many of her daughter's novel arrangements.)

Ambitions? "I just want to keep on singing. As long as I can do that I'll be happy. Singing and working. I want people to like me."

Well, they will. Because you and I like 'just folks.' Gertrude Niesen is the girl next door who wants to go on the stage; one of your sorority sisters; runner-upper in the Community Club's tennis finals; the sweet little brunette you dated at the beach last summer—you remember, the one who had freckles and pep and sort of clowned around. Any girl. Most every girl.

As exotic as a ham on rye. As aloof as one's thumb. Wholesome as milk toast.

That's what La Niesen is.

Whose picture would you like to see in RADIO STARS? Tell the editor.

Amazing New Way

to beautify yourself almost instantly

Nose too large, too small? Face too narrow, too round? Chin too prominent, too weak?

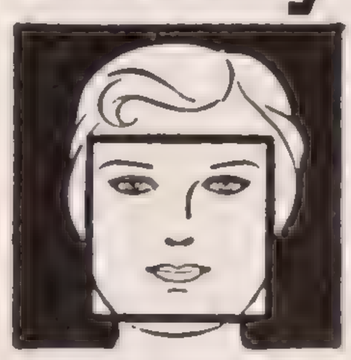
Which face is yours?

ROUND

Mold a *darker* shade on the lower side of the jaws, blending into neck.

TRIANGULAR

Mold a *lighter* shade on the lower side of the jaws, blending into neck.



SQUARE

Darker shading should be done on the lower jaws and on sides of forehead.

NORMAL

Use only the *one* shade of Soft-tone that matches your skin coloring.

How to bring out your best features

How to "Shadow" your handicaps

NOW comes a scientific discovery of vast importance to women, the greatest step in modern make-up.

. . . A way so simple, so practical that you'll be amazed . . . A way that costs so little that you'll be delighted. No plastic surgery. No long, costly treatments.

This wonderful discovery is called Mello-glo Modeling, a new and exclusive way to apply face powders . . . now instead of using only one shade of powder, you get an utterly changed, alluring effect by using *two* different, related shades.

Authentic charts and diagrams, based on practices of artists and sculptors, show you exactly what to do, how to do it. Now you can model your face as you wish, highlighting your best features, subduing your handicaps. The results are truly satisfying.

This revolutionary contribution—worked out after years of research and experiment—is offered by the staff of Mello-glo experts, and approved by all leading beauty specialists and consultants. It is today's sensation in beauty circles.

Once you try Mello-glo Modeling, you'll agree that it creates wonderful effects. Here's how to prove it. Buy one box of the shade that matches your complexion in general. Then buy another box—*lighter* if you wish to accent certain features, *darker*, if you want to shadow them.

For instance, if your nose is too small, and therefore needs accent, use a lighter Mello-glo powder than on the rest of your face—if your nose is too prominent and needs to be subdued, use a darker shade.

Then stand off 5 feet from your mirror and note the artistic effect — how the shades blend unnoticeably yet give that artistic oval effect.

Try the various Mello-glo Modelings — how to widen or narrow your face, how to bring out or shadow features, how to normalize your contour, how to create new interest. The whole fascinating, easy method of Mello-glo Modeling is told in our free booklet, "The New Vogue in Powdering." Don't wait, send for a copy *NOW*.

Then try Mello-glo Modeling—introductory packages of the new Soft-tone Mello-glo Powder may be had at all 10c counters. Buy your two needed shades. For only 20c you can glorify your face, your features, as never before.

EXCLUSIVE

Mello-glo Modeling is made possible by the creation of a completely new face powder called Soft-tone Mello-glo, a super-powder that permits two-shade modeling never before possible. Now the shades blend together perfectly because Mello-glo is *stratified*, that is, rolled into tiny, clinging wafers. Hence Mello-glo Modeling can be achieved only with Soft-tone Mello-glo — not with ordinary powders.

New SOFT-TONE MELLO-GLO

the close-up powder that gives an UN-powdered look

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Merely send Coupon for fascinating booklet: "The New Vogue in Powdering". **FREE**

The Mello-glo Co., Boston, Mass. M.-2-35

Name .....

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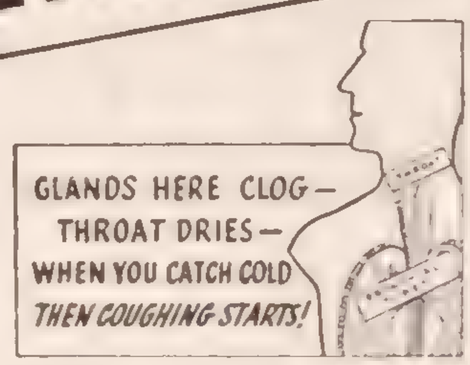
City ..... State .....

For a generous package (not a sample) of new Soft-tone Mello-glo, enclose 10c, checking shade you wish:

☐ Ivory ☐ Flesh Pink ☐ Natural ☐ Rachel ☐ Brunette.

"LITTLE ANN COUGHED SO HARD," says Mrs. Betty Kammerling, of Columbus, O. "Doctor said 'Pertussin.' The first spoonful soothed the irritation; in 3 days Ann's cough was completely gone!"

"Baby's Cough disappeared in 3 days," by "MOIST-THROAT" METHOD!



Pertussin quickly *stimulates* these glands!

THIS extract of a famous medicinal herb stimulates the throat glands, restores throat's *natural moisture* quickly, safely! Doctors advise it.

When you cough, it's usually because your throat's moisture glands have clogged. Then your throat dries, because infection has changed the character of your glands' secretion. Thick mucus collects. First you feel a tickling—then you cough!

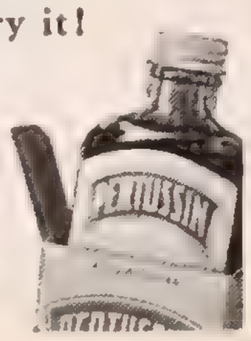
Stimulate your throat's moisture glands. Take PERTUSSIN! The very first spoonful increases the flow of natural moisture. Throat and bronchial tissues are lubricated, soothed. Sticky phlegm loosens. Germ-infected mucus is easily "raised" and cleared away. Relief!

Pertussin contains no harsh or injurious drugs. It is safe even for babies. Won't upset the stomach. "It is wonderful for coughs"—"I give it to my own children," say doctors. Get a bottle from your druggist and use it—freely—today!

DOCTORS EVERYWHERE have prescribed Pertussin for over 30 years. Try it!

PERTUSSIN

Tastes good, acts quickly and safely



Mad Man About Town

(*Continued from page 36*)

you can give as many laughs to my crowd up here, you're hired."

At that moment he stopped being sleepy and if he was a little scared when he went up that evening, nobody knew it. He got the laughs and he got the job.

Getting a laugh is one thing Walter O'Keefe takes rather seriously, but he is not Pagliacci, hiding a secret sorrow. He lives hard with unbounded energy and enthusiasm that sometimes get him into trouble, but are even better at getting him out again. He works hard because work is fun and his enjoyment of life is irrepressible. It is characteristic that when he was getting over infantile paralysis he sat up in bed and wrote a comedy. He submitted it for a contest John Golden, the producer, was holding and, though it didn't win a prize, it was placed among the first ten.

When he wants a thing he goes for it so wholeheartedly that nothing else matters. Being determined and very, very persuasive he usually gets it, but if, as sometimes happens, the joke is on him, nobody enjoys it more than Walter. Talking of his radio career he'll quite forget to mention the things his friends like him to tell about, such as the fact that in his early appearances as guest star on Rudy Vallee's program he was the only one asked to appear four times, or about his later successes. Instead he'll tell with great delight about his *first* broadcast. It happened very suddenly and dashing out of the office he pressed five dollars into the hands of his startled sister, who'd come with him.

"Telegraph everybody," he commanded royally. "Telegraph Aunt Kate and Cousin Mamie and Uncle Joe . . ." he named over practically all his living relatives. "Tell them to listen in tonight. I'm going to broadcast."

That night something went wrong and the broadcast was terrible. It was so magnificently bad he didn't even finish his program.

"And when my contract was cancelled," he says, "the reason they gave was 'at performer's request.' I certainly got a laugh out of that."

It seems natural that his first job after graduating from Notre Dame should have been on a newspaper, for he has the reporter's instinct that always gets him into the middle of any important excitement going on at the moment. He first showed it back in 1917 when, still a student at St. Thomas Academy, he decided that since there was a war he'd better get in it. Of course he didn't keep this important decision to himself and in no time everyone in Hartford knew that the O'Keefes' oldest was going to New York to enlist in the Marines. They said he was a hero and probably he felt like one when all the town saw him off at the station and the papers ran long stories about how proud Hartford was of her gallant son. In New York he went straight to the recruiting station.

"Age?" snapped the officer.

"Seventeen," said Walter innocently.

Wide World

At a recent "Hollywood Hotel" broadcast (Fridays at 9:30 p.m. EST over CBS), left to right: Mary Pickford, Louella Parsons, Hollywood columnist, Claudette Colbert, Warren William and Dick Powell.

"Too young," said the officer. Maybe the well-known O'Keefe persuasiveness was less developed than it is now or perhaps it was just that he was up against the U. S. government.

"Will you still be here in twenty minutes?" he asked at last.

"Yes, and it won't do you a bit of good," the officer assured him. But Walter had already gone. Like a homing pigeon he flew straight for the nearest newsstand and in fifteen minutes he was back with a handful of clippings from Hartford papers which he flung desperately, almost tearfully, on the desk.

"Read those," he demanded. "You see I simply *can't* go back."

The officer saw and if Walter wasn't a hero for his country, he came near dying for it, of influenza at the Marine base at Quantico.

The second year at Texas Guinan's she moved her club to Miami for the winter and when she went back to New York, Walter did not go with her. The Florida land boom was on, fortunes were being made—and lost—with speed that would have made a Monte Carlo gambler dizzy and Walter had to be in it. He, Ben Hecht and J. P. McEvoy found a backer and took over Key Largo, the biggest key off the Florida coast with practically nothing on it except mosquitoes which, Walter says, were so thick they got black and blue just bumping into each other. To help business he wrote a song, "I'm going to Key Largo" which the firm bought for $2,500, but the millions they were prepared to make didn't materialize. Discouraged, perhaps by the mosquitoes, customers went away without buying and at last their backers, discouraged too, backed out.

Still fascinated, apparently, by the idea of being a businessman, Walter, for a while, joined a New York real estate firm. He sold them a theme song too, called by a coincidence, "I'm going to Long Island."

He was a master of ceremonies at Barney Gallant's famous club, writing his own songs and getting a reputation as one of the best lyric writers in the country. When he and Bobbie Dolan had an offer to go to Hollywood, which in those early years of sound pictures, was a kind of golden madhouse with money spurting in all directions like water from a burst hose and nobody very clear as to what was being bought with it. They wrote songs for one picture which were never used because the well-known actress for whom they were written didn't sing—nobody had thought to ask her beforehand.

In fourteen feverish days they wrote words and music for "Sweet Kittie Bellairs" for Warner Brothers. They spent another month, at great expense to the same company, writing a play for Marilyn Miller, which so far as they know was never read, because in the meantime the producers had bought "Sunny" for her. Over their new contract they quarreled with the company, walked out without signing it and discovered that although they'd made a great deal of money they'd neglected to save any. They were gloriously broke and the fact merely raised their high spirits.

Hearing of a job as master of ceremonies in one of Warner Brothers theatres (the irony of it!) they drove down, very

Little Stories
behind headaches

Mr. and Mrs. N. went to a party . . . at the Browns' last night, and the next morning woke with a bit of a head.

But Bromo-Seltzer soon fixed all that. Those citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are fine for building up a depleted alkaline reserve!

When Mr. R. awoke this morning . . . he had a dull headache and the symptoms of a nasty cold. He took a Bromo-Seltzer the first thing . . . another at noon. Now here he is back home and feeling fine, thanks to the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer with their helpful alkalizing effect.

Effective after the *Fizz Stops*

as well as while it's *Fizzing*

THE BALANCED RELIEF

Bromo-Seltzer is a balanced compound of five medicinal ingredients, each having a special purpose. It does so much more than products containing fewer ingredients. Relieves headache and its after-effects. *Calms you. And builds up depleted alkalinity. A stand-by for over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics, never upsets the stomach. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore, Md.*

In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause is unknown to you, of course, consult your physician.

BROMO-SELTZER

Listen to "THE INTIMATE REVUE" *every Friday, 8:30 E. S. T.*

B R I G H T

EYE DEAS

by Jane Heath

CAN EVERY MAN you know name the color of your eyes, this minute? If not, you are not making good in the beauty game and it's time to *take steps*. You might take to *Kurlash* too. Slip your lashes into this fascinating little implement—press for an instant—and presto! They're curled back like a movie star's, looking *twice* as long, dark and glamorous. Notice how they frame your eyes, deepening and accentuating the color! No heat—no practice—no cosmetics . . . and Kurlash costs just $1 too!

Art in Archery

JANE L. is right when she writes that it's worth the trouble to pluck her brows slightly along the upper line because it makes her eyes seem larger. But the reddened skin and discomfort she complains about are caused by using an old-fashioned tweezer. Do you know *Tweezette?* It works automatically, plucking out the straggly offending hair, accurately and instantly, without even a twinge. It costs $1 in any good store.

100 Strokes in a Jar!

RUTH W. brushes her eyelashes when she does her hair. Not 100 strokes a day—simply an instant's brushing with a compound of beneficial oils called Kurlene ($1). You'll be surprised how much silkier, softer and darker looking it will make yours too!

Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department G-2, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

Copyright 1934 T. K. Co.

blithe and elegant in their smart sports roadster to look it over. The office was in the middle of a no parking district and on a building across the street was a sign, "Cars Parked, twenty-five cents." Bobbie looked at Walter, who shook his head. They couldn't possibly afford to waste that quarter. Having driven practically to the edge of town where they could park free, they gravely walked back—and turned down the job, because they were offered $250 less a month than they felt they should have.

BEFORE coming east Walter sang for a short time on a West Coast radio program with Bing Crosby, who one day brought over some victrola records of old songs. One in particular was so good Walter made his own arrangement of the music, rewrote the words and back in New York sang it at Barney Gallant's where it was an instant success. Later it was one of his hits in "The Third Little Show"—maybe you've heard it. It's called "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze!"

O'Keefe is tall, dark and good looking, wears faintly English looking clothes, carries a cane and would probably be recognized anywhere as Irish. He enjoys his own humor, but lets other people do the laughing. When he says something particularly good his manner is almost wistful, as if he did so hope you'd like that one. He can work at any hour, usually gets the idea for a song after he gets home at night, writes it immediately and then likes to go driving all alone, singing his latest work at the top of his lungs. On one such occasion, at five in the morning, he was stopped by a policeman for speeding. Walter was friendly and regretful. "I was lost in song," he explained. "It's a new one I've just written. Listen I'll sing it for you."

And there on the street, in the first pale light of dawn, he sang the song—it was 'Little by Little"—to a dazed, but admiring cop.

"How do you like it?" he inquired anxiously when he finished.

"Fine," said the policeman. "That's a fine one. Uh, you can drive on. Only try to be more careful the next time you get lost in song.'

He reads a lot, seldom puts down a book he's begun until he finishes it and when he was at Barney Gallant's used to go through more than thirty newspapers a day. Much of his reading is done in taxis which he always inspects before getting in to see if there's a good light. When not curled up with a book, he sends taxi drivers almost crazy, partly because his sociable interest in what's going on makes him a pleasant, but persistent backseat driver, partly because he never tells them where he's going.

"Just weave over to that big building on Fifty-first Street," he says, and leaves them to guess that he means the Columbia Broadcasting Building. Then he settles back and gives them advice about how to weave.

He loves having quantities of very important business appointments, preferably about one every fifteen minutes. Due to this trait and to his genial sociability the O'Keefe apartment has had all the peace and privacy of the Grand Central Station. This year, however, his wife has protested and they have taken a place so arranged that at least they won't have his miscellaneous visitors all but sitting in their laps at breakfast.

Roberta Robinson, who was in "Band-

Wide World

Radio's Little Orphan Annie flashes her identification bracelet on Joe Corntassel. They are principal characters of the program. The identification discs and wrist chains are free to any child requesting them and Annie hopes by this means to reduce the number of children lost each year.

Wagon," is his wife. Beside being beautiful and gifted, she also shares his sense of humor. One night last winter not long before he was to go on the air there was a phone call from the studio. The script, a worried voice said, called in one place for the crowing of a rooster and nobody there knew how to crow. Walter was undisturbed.

"It's all right," he said soothingly. "I've got somebody who can do it. Don't worry."

Walter's broadcasts, as you probably know, are not by any means stilted. By the same friendly magic he used at Barney Gallant's he makes the studio audience part of the program, even getting them to join in on some of his songs. That night they were mystified by a very beautiful lady, resplendent in full evening dress who sat on the stage looking as though she might be expected to sing an aria. At a signal she rose, swept with complete poise and grace to the microphone. The audience was breathless.

"Cock a doodle doo," she crowed ably and realistically. "Cock a doodle doo."

The audience rocked with delight as Walter bowed gravely courteous acknowledgement and, her poise still unshaken, Mrs. Walter O'Keefe swept back to her seat.

Their real home, which Walter loves so that he can hardly be torn away to come back to New York, is their summer place at Cherryfield, Maine. Here they have not only the ocean, but a river and a lake as well, all touching their property. There are three dogs, Barney a Scotch terrier, Louisa the airedale, and a distinguished Chow, who leads a gay, unfettered existence. Last summer Walter bought a disused lighthouse from the Government. His friends wonder anxiously how the Government dared to trust him with a lighthouse, even a disused one, but Walter declares he's going to fix it up next year and live in it. He's going to call it "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."

Perhaps no description of Walter O'Keefe can be complete without mention of one person whom he himself so often mentions, that genial, charming, red haired old vaudeville trouper known to his son's countless friends as Mike O'Keefe. It is not enough to say that Walter, oldest of four children, is a good son and brother; he enjoys his family because they are people who would delight him if he'd only met them yesterday and between father and son there is an especially deep, unsentimental affection. They're terribly proud of each other and love to tell stories about each other. When Walter was in Hollywood his entire family spent the winter in Los Angeles and often coming down stairs around nine in the morning he would find his father, very ruddy and brisk, having a spot of breakfast in the kitchen.

"Just thought I'd like a bit of a walk," Mike would explain breezily, seeing nothing remarkable in the fact that the bit of a walk was ten miles or more to his boy's place. He has always been a great walker and perhaps it didn't seem far to a man hungry for a visit with the son whose success must lie especially close to the famous old trouper's heart. Close enough perhaps to make up for whatever regret his deeply religious parents may have felt when, in his early teens, Walter decided that he was not destined to be a priest.

"I can't be bothered with sticky hand lotions"

Mrs Frank Buck

Even in the jungle, helping "Bring 'em Back Alive," she keeps her hands beautiful this quick, modern way

"WHEN I check supplies for one of our trips," says Mrs. Buck, "I make sure that I have plenty of Pacquin's Hand Cream. Tropical countries are dreadfully hard on the hands. My hands would be leathery and wrinkled if I didn't care for them with Pacquin's. It is so quick, so sure, the skin absorbs it at once...and I don't have to wait for my hands to dry as you do with those sticky lotions. I can use it anywhere, any time. I advise any woman with busy hands to use Pacquin's."

Women who use their hands a lot do find Pacquin's a blessing. It takes literally no time to dry—your skin seems to absorb this soothing cream instantly. Pacquin's *feeds* the skin because it goes into the underlayers. So different from old-fashioned lotions that stay on the *surface* of your hands and keep you waiting until they evaporate. Send for the introductory jar of Pacquin's.

PACQUIN LABORATORIES CORPORATION
Dept. 6-C, 101 West 31st Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me your generous trial jar of Pacquin's Hand Cream for which I enclose 10¢.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....State.....

Pacquin's *Hand Cream*

"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

America's best-loved Radio Family

Now Sponsors Kentucky Winners

. . . the milder cigarette that *can't* get stale

HERE'S welcome news to millions of radio fans! "One Man's Family"—that interesting, lovable, human drama of American life—is now on the air from coast to coast for Kentucky Winners . . . the milder cigarette that CAN'T get stale.

To millions of men and women "One Man's Family" means an evening of entertainment and heart warming drama.

And to millions of men and women, Kentucky Winners mean perfect enjoyment and smoking pleasure. To begin with, Winners are the mildest, freshest cigarettes you ever smoked. They're made of the finest tobaccos. But in addition—and this is mighty important—each individual cigarette is made with moisture-proof paper. This remarkable paper SEALS IN the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. That means they can't dry out—can't become "dusty" and cause coughing. The tobacco remains moist and pliant. Made of the finest tobaccos. They can't stick to the lips or cause ugly yellow finger stains. For a fair trial—get a carton or at least three packs.

Listen in to

"ONE MAN'S FAMILY"

Every Wed. Night—
10:30 to 11:00 E. S. T
NBC — WEAF
and associated stations—Consult your local newspaper

KENTUCKY WINNERS

Today's Children Without Their Make-up

(*Continued from page* 25)

sacks—or at least pieces of them. This response is said to be an all time mail pulling record.

To hundreds of thousands of persons the daily activities of Mother Moran, Bob Crane, Kay Crane, Frances, Eileen and Little Lucy are as real as the events in their own family circles.

The players are just bright young people who live the kind of lives they portray in the radio serial. Not that Bob Crane's role is an accurate reflection of Walter Wicker's life. But every major episode, every vital situation in Today's Children has its counterpart in reality in their lives or those of their friends and acquaintances.

Why once Irna and Walter changed their whole plot to try to help save a marriage that was just about on the ash heap. Remember when Frances Moran was considering marrying her boss in the sketch? It was the plan of the writers to let the man get his divorce and marry Frances. Then one day a letter came:

"I know this is asking a lot of you, Mother Moran, but this letter comes from the heart of one who is in torment. I beg of you, please have your story turn out so that the man goes back to his wife. I have a very dear friend whose husband has become infatuated with a girl in his office. Now my friend and her husband both listen to your program, they are following it now. And I am sure if you would have your story turn out so that Ralph Martin would go back to his wife, this man would see the error of his ways and would give up the girl in his office and return to his wife."

Irna and Walter made a real effort to save this broken home. It was a lot of work. The script had been prepared for several weeks ahead. It required a lot of revamping, but they did it because they felt it was worth while to help salvage a shattered love.

All the actors have a hand in the creation of Today's Children. The lines are not just arbitrarily written for reading on the air. They are drawn for the character who will speak them before the microphone. When you hear Terry on the air he is speaking precisely as Fred Von Ammon speaks the minute he's out of the studio.

Here's how the show is written. Walter and Irna get together and plot out the story for several weeks ahead. Thereupon Irna writes the first draft of the actual dialogue. A good impersonator, she dictates her lines to a stenographer as the other characters might read them. Then at rehearsal every player is invited to make any changes which he feels will make his lines more vital and natural.

When the show finally hits the air there is likely to be a bit of ad libbing. Today's Children, like Amos 'n' Andy, goes on the air in little studio F. And, like Amos 'n' Andy, is not open to visitors. But one morning I slipped into the control room and sneaked a backstage view of the show. It was a revelation. Little Lucy Gilman, whom Walter Wicker calls the best trouper in the show, happened to miss a cue. So Fred Von Ammon ad libbed, "'Smatter, Lucy, you studying your spelling lesson," and got her attention instantly.

There's a feeling that seeing a young woman in the part of Mother Moran would tend to shatter the illusion created by this

Duryea

Don Bestor and all his boys. The fair young lady is Joy Lynn. The gentleman flying through the air is the much-discussed work of art in the sunken gardens of Radio City.

homely character. At any rate the identity of Mother Moran is kept secret. The morning I saw her she never quite faced the control room, but I could tell that she's definitely a young person with brown hair, slim, and of medium height, and modishly turned out in a wine colored ensemble.

But perhaps you'll say you have seen pictures of Mother Moran. Yes, and those pictures were made from a painting of Mother Moran as Walter Wicker's mother, Mrs. Mary H. Wicker, conceives her. Mrs. Wicker is one of Chicago's best known portrait painters and she used as a model for her impression of Mother Moran Irna Phillips' mother, though it is in no sense a portrait of her.

Folks, you ought to know Irna Phillips. Interesting as her role of Kay is on the air, it can't touch her real life story. Youngest of a family of ten children, she found herself four years ago a school teacher and more too keen about that profession. For she was a radio fan.

She admired Pat Barnes and his character, "Old Timer." One day she walked blithely into the studios where he was working and introduced herself. Pat thought she was just another girl looking for a job.

"I suppose you are looking for an audition," he asked. Irna had no more notion of getting into radio at that moment than Rudy Vallee has of getting out of it. So she was a little bit startled to hear her voice say, "Yes, of course."

Well, Pat turned her over to Harry Gilman, an assistant manager, and she actually was offered a job. A few months later she ditched teaching and took it.

Pat, that genial philosopher of radio, gave her a bit of shrewd counsel then and there: "Never be ahead of the parade—nor be marching in it." Good advice, certainly, and she took it. Not that she had ever been covetous of the drum major's job in the big broadcast parade. All she hoped for was a break in the ranks somewhere near the rear so that she might hop in and try to keep step.

Patricia Dunlap, who plays the role of Katherine Carter in Today's Children.

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES

THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

• BY *Lady Esther*

If there's one thing women fool themselves about, it's face powder shades.

Many women select face powder tints on the wrong basis altogether. They try to get a face powder that simply matches their type instead of one that enhances or flatters it.

Any actress will tell you that certain stage lights can make you look older or younger. The same holds true for face powder shades. One shade can make you look ten to twenty years older while another can make you look years younger.

It's a common saying that brunettes look older than blondes. There is no truth in it. The reason for the statement is that many brunettes make a mistake in the shade of the face powder they use. They simply choose a brunette face powder shade or one that merely matches their type instead of one that goes with the tone of their skin. A girl may be a brunette and still have an olive or white skin.

One of Five Shades is the Right Shade!

Colorists will tell you that the idea of numberless shades of face powder is all wrong. They will tell you that one of five shades will answer every tone of skin.

I make Lady Esther Face Powder in five shades only, when I could just as well make ten or twenty-five shades. But I know that five are all that are necessary and I know that one of these five will prove just the right shade of face powder for your skin.

I want you to find out if you are using the right shade of face powder for your skin. I want you to find out if the shade you are using is making you look older or younger.

One Way to Tell!

There is only one way to find out and this is to try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder—and that is what I want you to do at my expense.

One of these shades, you will find, will instantly prove the right shade for you. One will immediately make you look years younger. You won't have to be told that. Your mirror will cry it aloud to you.

Write today for all the five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder that I offer free of charge and obligation. Make the shade test before your mirror. Notice how instantly the right shade tells itself. Mark, too, how soft and smooth my face powder; also, how long it clings.

Mail Coupon

One test will reveal that Lady Esther Face Powder is a unique face powder, unparalleled by anything in face powders you have ever known.

Mail the coupon or a letter today for the free supply of all five shades that I offer.

FREE

(Paste this coupon on a penny postcard)

LADY ESTHER
2010 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

(If you live in Canada write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

SHE NEEDS THIS NEW *and* DIFFERENT *Face Powder*

YOU can't blame a man for misjudging! That constant powdering *does* look shallow, frivolous and a trifle common! Of course it's usually the result of *nervousness*—fear of an ordinary powder that won't stick. But how is a man to know that?

It's so needless to run the risk of being misjudged! Thousands of women have said good-bye to "nervous powdering" since they discovered the amazing new Golden Peacock Face Powder! It has two vital new features. In the first place it is really moisture-proof—made with finest French ingredients. Skin moisture cannot take the powder off; and it cannot "cake" it into pore-clogging, coarsening blackheads.

Four Times Finer!

But more than that, Golden Peacock powder is four times finer than any other powder we know about! This super-fineness makes it blend with your skin perfectly. No more artificial "powdered-up" look; instead, your skin presents that flawless, natural peach-bloom look that is the sign of dewy youth. Entrancing!

Just try Golden Peacock Face Powder and see. You may get the 50-cent size at any drug or department store; and the generous purse size is only 10 cents at all 5-and-10c stores. Or, send 6 cents in stamps to Golden Peacock, Inc., Paris, Tennessee, for a generous size box sufficient for three weeks. Please specify shade you use. There is a complete range of ravishing, flattering shades.

At Drug and Department Stores, 25c-50c
At All 5 and 10c Stores, 10c

Golden Peacock
Face Powder

It was a little tough finding that opening. When she first took Today's Children around to WMAQ the bosses said, "No." With Walter Wicker she offered to put it on for nine weeks without pay. After seven weeks with no sponsor in sight, the verdict was that it would have to go off the air. But Irna was determined that she would not have Today's Children treated like stepchildren. She went to bat for the show, got an O.K. on a poll asking listeners whether they wanted it to continue. There was a mighty chorus—10,000 voices—of "Yes."

Soon they had a sponsor. The first was a General Foods product. It ran thirteen weeks and then they went sustaining for three months until the present sponsor, Pillsbury Flour, signed. Pillsbury had not been entirely happy about radio prior to this. But if ever a program had an enthusiastic sponsor Today's Children has it now. For the life of them they can't figure out how the first angel ever came to drop it.

As you know, Walter Wicker takes the part of Bob Crane, a young lawyer who is Kay's husband. Kay, you recall, lived in the Moran household before her marriage. Walter of course in real life is the husband of Ireene Wicker, who plays Eileen Moran and is also famed from coast to coast as NBC's "Singing Lady."

When they were mere youngsters—undergraduates at the University of Illinois—Walter and Ireene were married. They took the step between halves at an Illinois-Ohio State football game. Walter was consecutively a realty salesman and advertising man and then dipped into politics. Ireene became associated with the Goodman Theatre of the Chicago Art Institute and its repertory company. In the last four years both have carved their niches deep in radio annals.

Walter also writes the successful network show, "Song of the City," in which Irna Phillips and Ireene also appear, and with Miss Phillips he is co-author of the new dramatic series titled, "The Little Church Around the Corner." Withal he never gives the appearance of being hurried, or even busy. He finds time to hunt, fish and do lots of motoring.

Just about perfectly cast is Bess Johnson as Frances Moran, the elder daughter, a typical business woman of today, ambitious, sophisticated, and self-assured. In private life she is the wife of a North Shore physician and the mother of a youngster. But she takes her business and professional career seriously. You know her as Lady Esther, the "voice" of Wayne King's programs. As Frances does in the sketch, so Miss Johnson in real life works for an advertising agency—Stack-Goble's.

As Eileen, Ireene Wicker, has a role that reflects to a considerable extent, her own personality and experiences. Eileen is made of softer, finer fabric than her sister, Frances. Eileen is artistically inclined. She sings, has been perfecting her voice abroad, and is now hoping to become a radio star. Ireene, you recall, was an actress on the airways long before she became the "Singing Lady."

Freddie Von Ammon, who portrays Terry Moran, is a handsome young fellow, who got his start in radio as a pianist. He used to be accompanist for Art Jarrett. His wife is played by Jean MacGregor, a wisp of a Scotch girl, whom Ireene used to know back in the days at the Goodman theatre.

Then there's Lucy Moran, who is really nine-year-old Lucy Gilman, a sweet little redheaded girl in pigtails. "She's just marvelous," Walter insists. And she is. One of the sweetest youngsters that ever piped into a microphone. She's the daughter of Harry Gilman who gave Irna her first radio job.

One other redhead graces the fold. She is Bernice Yanacek, pianist. Bobby Moran, Lucy's baby brother, is interpreted by Dolores Gillen when she isn't out in Hollywood getting a start in pictures, as she happens to be right now. Dolores is great at gurgling and crying like a baby. But she also happens to be beautiful. So the movies grabbed her. When I last listened, Bobby apparently had been written out of the sketch.

Bill Farnum plays Dick Crane, Bob's brother. Farnum has acted in a flock of shows. He created the role of Harold Teen on the air a few years back. Stanley Andrews is Judge McCoy and Mr. Edwards is interpreted by Philip Lord, who, of course, is not Phillips Lord of Seth Parker fame. Louis Roen is the announcer.

A happy family that profits much by the shrewd counsel of Mother Moran. But the scene of the sketch is really wider than Mother Moran's own horizon, just as in real life each member of a family has his own problems and interests that extend beyond the home circle. That's why Miss Phillips and Walter keep three plots moving at the same time. One may be at its climax, another nearing full swing, and a third barely in formation.

"It's peculiar in radio," Miss Phillips says. "You never can reach a real climax as you can in a short story or a novel. A radio serial is like real life; each day may have its high point for any individual. Life does not reach a true climax until death."

And as Irna Phillips, Walter Wicker, Bess Johnson and Ireene Wicker are indeed in the midst of life, they manage to keep their radio characters in Today's Children moving along well in the middle of the radio parade with a legion of interested spectators watching and cheering them on.

"Do You Want Love?"

If you do, watch for the March issue of RADIO STARS.

It tells you how to get it

"I'm Chasing the Cure"

(*Continued from page 23*)

he came in to make his morning call. "Good stuff!" he said. "You've got to have a hobby, you know. Any kind of hobby. You must have some vital interest to occupy your time and thought."

I glared at him. "Occupy my time?" I laughed. "There's less than three months now, Doc. My job is to lie here and wait for the old man with the scythe, isn't it?"

This doctor—he's known all over the world for his knowledge and experience in fighting tuberculosis—smiled. "Hold on," he said. "You're not dead yet, by a long shot. Maybe we'll force the old man to a detour. But—" His keen grey eyes bored into mine, "you'll have to help."

"Help what?" I said.

"Help yourself. You've got to stop stewing and fretting!"

"Easily said!" I scoffed.

"I know," he nodded. "You're not the first man of promise and ability to take the count. But you can help or hinder in the fight. You can aid in the chase of the cure we're trying to make if you want to!"

He glanced at his watch, snapped the radio switch and twirled the dial. "There's a dandy program," he said. "You might be interested to know that the man who writes the advertising and continuity for it was in this same sanatorium five years ago."

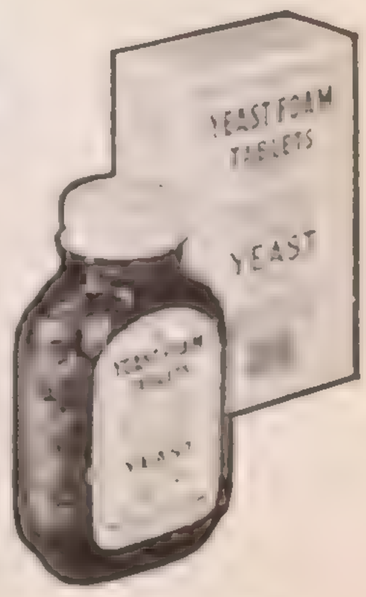
Interest wasn't the word for the tingling awareness that ran through me. "Writes" . . . . the word was like a whiff of smoke to an old fire-horse that's doomed to the soap vat. I'd never write again and I envied the guy who did with a sickening surge of despair. And yet—I was listening to a program put together by a man who'd lain in one of these same beds . . . .

This is the handsome baritone soloist, Nelson Eddy, of the Voice of Firestone Concert, Monday evenings over NBC.

WHAT Yeast Foam Tablets did for Sue, they should do for you. A muddy, blotchy or pimply skin results from a disordered condition of your system—usually constipation or nervous fatigue. Both of these common ailments are often caused by the recently recognized shortage of vitamins B and G in the average diet. To correct this shortage, you need a food super-rich in these health-building elements.

Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are pure, pasteurized yeast — and pure yeast is the richest known food source of vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is the envy of men and women everywhere.

You can get Yeast Foam Tablets at any druggist's. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. Get a bottle now. Then watch the improvement in the way you look and feel! Northwestern Yeast Co., 1750 N. Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.



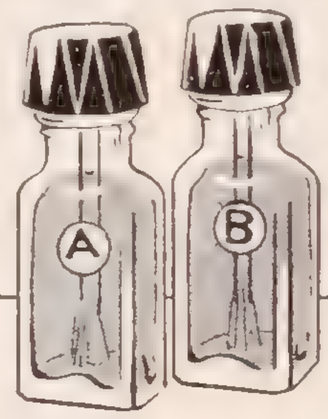
162 HANDS TALK IN 7-DAY MANICURE TEST

Test proves Chic Nail Polish equal to "salon" polishes costing 75c or more

This test was made with Chic, costing only 10c, on one hand and an expensive "salon" polish on the other. The polishes were supplied in plain unlabeled bottles, simply marked "A" and "B." The women testing them did not know which was which.

"A"—expensive "salon" polish

"B"—Chic Nail Polish



After 7 days' wear the results show—

81% find Chic equal to costly salon polishes or better . . . and two out of three of them say Chic is actually better and give definite reasons for saying so!

This test proved to them that Chic Nail Polish applied evenly and did not crack or peel . . . that Chic retained its color . . . that its luster was of lasting quality.

You can make this simple test yourself and discover a really fine polish for only 10c.

5 CHIC SHADES

CLEAR
PINK
CORAL
RUBY
DEEP

• ALSO •

Chic Creme Polish
Chic Cuticle Remover
Chic Polish Remover
Chic Oily Polish Remover

AT THE 10c STORES

The doctor went on his rounds.

A tenor voice—I'd never had a yen for tenors—began "Auf Wiedersehn." Maybe I was wrong about tenors. There was a peculiarly beautiful timbre in the tones that floated out of the little brown box. When he had finished the last lovely refrain, I grinned at the radio and said: "Okay, until we meet again! I'll be here. Hope you get around soon. You know your stuff."

Three melodic chimes closed that program. It was too much effort to reach out and shut off the radio, so I lay and listened to the blamed thing. Listened to household hints, child training, farm problems and stock reports! Until the nurse came in with my mid-morning nourishment and snapped off the set with the smiling admonishment: "Not too much to begin with."

The strains of the song I had heard kept lilting through my mind. I'd listen to that bird again, I thought, and dropped off into a restful doze.

The next afternoon during quiet hour, a compulsory rest period for all, I broke the rules and reached for the dials. I could just make it.

"Hello, there!" a warm, cheery voice greeted me. "Busy . . . .No? Well, mind if we come in for a few minutes and visit?"

Cheeky, I thought. But I'll see why you're here.

He talked on. And with my eyes shut, the illusion of a friendly, vital personality right there in the room was complete. Then he read a bit of poetry about "Where do the lilacs go" that was to stick in my head. I was sorry at his "Goodbye. Be back tomorrow along about a quarter of . . . ."

Yeah, I'd be here when he came back. Bitterness swooped down upon me again. Oh, yes, I'd be here. For three months. Maybe . . . .

The days passed. My interest in the radio increased. I found myself playing with it as a child plays with a new toy. Looking forward from program to program. My body still lay sick and helpless, but my mind had turned the corner.

I was no longer a shut-in, no longer mentally ill and despairing. I couldn't go out into the world, but now the world could come to me. The little brown box brought me, not only an absorbing interest, but a new set of friends.

First, the announcers with their pleasing voices, gay and friendly, their perfect diction, that never grated on a sick man's ear. I liked them so much that I began to play a game with myself. That's so and so, I'd say at the start of a program. And pretty soon I was patting myself on the back at my ability to put names with voices—and get 'em right.

Then, I liked the swift patter of the sports announcers. I'd never had my fill of baseball and football. In the old days, I had to leave a game, inevitably, before it was over to cover an assignment or make a dead-line. Now I enjoyed the world series—sans expensive admission—right through. I never missed a play because some fat man obscured my vision. I held my breath on tricky plays, and sank back on my pillows at the game's close instead of battling crowds for a street-car strap!

And bands! All my life I've had a kid's hankering for parades—plus some uncanny power of stilling the bands as they drew near. Now they swung through my white-walled room, giving me my long-desired fill of lusty martial music, of drum-beat and fife! I've thought since, that those swinging marches I kept time to did a lot for me. There's the beat of victory in every good march.

In time I knew every splendid program that comes over the networks. I boarded Captain Henry's Show Boat on the Mississippi; I went to the Little Theatre off Times' Square; I waited, impatiently, for Admiral Byrd to drop in from the South Pole. Vicarious living, maybe—but living!

I'd been in the San nine weeks when my doctor lingered at my bedside, past the routine call.

"Well, young fellow." His eyes glinted through his glasses. "You're not doing so badly. I don't think the old man with the scythe will get here in the prophesied three months."

My mouth was dry. I couldn't ask him what he meant. Couldn't ask him if I had a reprieve from early doom. He went on:

"Just keep up the good work, and I may have some pretty good news for you. In the meantime, what about something to read? Not too much—something light and interesting?"

"I'd like some radio magazines," I told him. Something to read, when I'd been starved for the printed word for so long! "These friends of mine who come to me over the air are good friends. I want to know them better."

And at the end of three months: "I don't have to tell you that you're better," he said brusquely. "You've got a long way to go yet, but you're going to get there, son!"

"You mean—get well?" I asked.

"Can do." As far as I was concerned, he spoke with the tongue of angels. "When the radio and I began on you, we hadn't much to work on. You'd given up. Mind you, I'm not blaming you. . . . But now—now you've got an interest. You've learned to relax, listen and rest while the healing process goes on." He grinned cherubically. "You're licking those bugs. You're pretty much of a guy, after all."

"You tell my wife that," I whispered. "Yes—I'm going to get there, Doc . . . ."

We were both right. From that day on, my condition improved incredibly. Now, I'm well on the road to complete recovery. So much so that two weeks ago I went back to Kansas City for a short visit. And on my return to the San, the check-up examination gave me the best news I've ever heard.

One lung is completely healed; the other is healing fast. A few months more, and I'll be able to resume a normal life. My wife and I are already planning our new home; the purchasing of another newspaper out here in the glorious west; the rebuilding of our life together.

And that, you radio people, is what you've done for me. You've given plenty of pleasure to all the millions who tune in on you, nightly. But to me, infinitely more.

I wasn't just down and out. I was doomed. And you gave me my reprieve!

one of the most ardent pacifists in America today. And he has done everything in his power to publicize such works as "All Quiet On The Western Front" and "Journey's End" which, as he phrased it so remarkably one evening over the radio, "took the nose of the world and rubbed it on war."

Returning from overseas, he became the dramatic critic of the *New York Tribune*, and subsequently the *New York World*. It was at this time that he was fired with ambition to master the fine art of living. Feeling strongly that an artist of life is not a man of one interest, but rather a person of wide versatility, Woollcott directed his talents through many varied channels.

Besides being an excellent newspaperman and critic, he distinguished himself as an author of a number of books on the theatre, as well as one of dog stories. In collaboration with George S. Kaufman, he wrote a play which did not remain long enough on the boards to bring him over from the critical to the creative side of the theatre, but the playwriting germ was not exterminated by this unsuccessful experience. Recently another play of his, again written with the ubiquitous George S. Kaufman, was produced and subsequently appeared in the movies as "The Man With Two Faces," with Edward G. Robinson in the principal role. And as though these achievements were not sufficient to round out a man's activities, Woollcott also distinguished himself as a teacher of drama, as a lecturer and as an actor—if sprawling on a couch for three acts of a play can be called acting!

It had long been Woollcott's threat, during his days on the *New York World*, that he would some day leave Broadway forever to accept the offer of professorship which his alma mater, Hamilton College, was persistently urging on him. He rather fancied the sound of "Professor Alexander Woollcott." When he left the *New York World*, at last, it was with the avowed intention of taking up the academic cudgels. But to seclude himself in a college did not fit into his philosophy of making an art of life. For he felt that to enjoy living as fully and as richly as he wished, he would have to remain on what his colleague, Walter Winchell, calls the grandest of the grand canyons. The lure of the first night and the appeal of his innumerable friends were important factors in making Woollcott's life artistically successful.

One of the chief charms of Woollcott is that, in spite of the years of contact with the hardest-boiled of streets, Broadway, and the two hardest-boiled of professions, journalism and the theatre, he, himself, is by no means hard-boiled. He has an infinite capacity for softness and sentimentality that are contagious. He has one of the most tender hearts along Broadway. Probably that is only because a fellow who enjoys life and living as much as Woollcott does, cannot possess hardness towards anyone.

If you were to ask Alexander Woollcott his formula for making living a fine art, he would probably sum up his philosophy—a result of his own life experience—as "Being enthusiastic about everything in the world—and bored by nothing!"

The thrill of smooth HANDS goes to his HEART!

What a thrill! He loves to touch excitingly smooth hands. So get that smoothness *quickly* and surely with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream—

Hinds does real *good* to the hands because it actually *soaks* the skin with rich fragrant balms. It is the truly *penetrating* liquid cream—it soothes dry or chapped hands—gives your hands that thrilling smoothness men adore!

Use Hinds on your hands after they've been in water, and at bedtime. It gives inexpensive beauty care —25¢ and 50¢ sizes at your drug store, 10¢ size at the dime store!

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Hinds Honey and Almond Cream

Alone *at first,*

popular *at last*

Blue Waltz brought me happiness

If you're lonely . . . as I used to be . . . if you long to have more dates, let Blue Waltz Perfume lead you to happiness, as it did me.

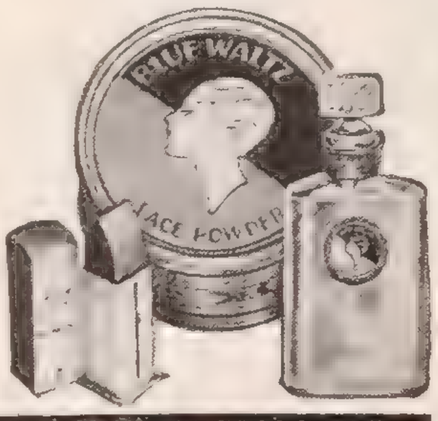
Like music in moonlight, this exquisite fragrance creates enchantment...and gives you a glamorous charm that turns men's thoughts to romance.

And do try all the Blue Waltz Cosmetics. They made me more beautiful than I'd ever imagined I could be! You'll be surprised at how much these wonderful preparations will improve *your* beauty.

Blue Waltz Lipstick makes your lips look luscious...there are four ravishing shades to choose from. And you'll love Blue Waltz Face Powder! It feels so fine and soft on your skin and it gives you a fresh, young, radiant complexion that wins admiration.

Make your dreams of romance come true ...as mine have. Buy Blue Waltz Perfume and Cosmetics today. For your protection, they are "certified to be pure" and they are only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.

Now you can ensemble your beauty preparations. You find the same alluring fragrance in Blue Waltz Perfume, Face Powder, Lipstick, Cream Rouge, Brilliantine, Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Toilet Water, Talcum Powder. Only 10c each at your 5 and 10c store.



Blue Waltz
PERFUME AND COSMETICS
FIFTH AVENUE · NEW YORK

Keep Young and Beautiful

(*Continued from page 6*)

an active mind which reflects itself in dramatic facial expression. Every day droves of pretty girls knock at the studio doors of artists, but precious few get as far as the model's stand. Facial expression alone is not enough, a dramatic body is also necessary . . . one that is alive and responsive to the very tips of the fingers and the ends of the toes. Quite a large order for Radio's Queen to measure up to, but she does . . . every five feet six inches of her one hundred and twenty pounds!

That leads me to the point I want to stress, for the "alive, vital" quality which is so much a part of Miss Page's personality is due to a great extent to perfect health, exuberant, buoyant health! Few of Dorothy's admirers would suspect that she was a Tartar of a girl in her growing-up stage, and that at sixteen she was passing Red Cross life tests that enabled her, eight years ago, to save the life of a nineteen-year-old girl who fell into the Lehigh River in Pennsylvania, Dorothy's home state. For one hour Dorothy struggled to bring her to safety. We didn't get this story from the modest Dorothy . . . but she did admit to a sincere belief in swimming as the most perfect health (and figure) exercise you can take. It develops all the muscles, instead of concentrating on the over-development of a few of the muscles, and thus contributes to the development of a beautifully rounded figure. From diving boards to beauty thrones was not such a long jump for Dorothy.

The Radio Queen loves tennis, horseback riding, bicycle riding, and flying. During her school days she devoted much of her extra-curricular activities to athletics, once winning a cup as a member of a track team. We're telling all her secrets! But we want all you athletically inclined girls to take new pride in your prowess, and some of you exercise-backsliders to take a word of advice from the throne. Beauty goes hand-in-hand with health.

Not until the advent of the talkies and the radio, was the importance of a beautiful voice fully realized. Miss Page has a lovely throaty voice with a musical lilt that seems to fit her personality. If only all of us could listen to a recording of our voices, what surprises would be in store for us. Such a chopping off of words, and slovenly pronunciation! Undoubtedly we would be a bit tense in our excitement while we were talking into the microphone, and the result would only intensify the shrill qualities in our voices. Keep yourself and your voice relaxed; that is the first rule for a successful audition before the radio or on the stage. Don't swallow your words. Pronounce the "ings" and "r's." Watch yourself. Catch yourself up everytime your voice fades away into indistinct nothingness when you're talking to someone, or heightens into grating shrillness. A low voice is well worth cultivating—for your own sake and others, and so is distinct enunciation.

Of course you're interested in the kind of complexion that goes with the Titian hair . . . and how Dorothy enhances it. Her complexion is fair, with the clarity of health and perfect cleansing. She lives a simple, healthful life in her attractive North Side apartment in Chicago, and her complexion is the result of wise diet, exercise, and perfect care; her make-up the result of skill. She uses an eyebrow pencil just enough to give her brows a firm arched line, which she plucks very little, and which conforms to the natural contour of her brows. She is very careful to maintain her own beautiful lip line, and her lipstick only outlines it. She blends her eyeshadow from the edge of the eyelid where it is deepest, out toward the brow subtly shading it off into the skin as it gets nearer the brow.

Miss Page's use of make-up reminds me of the story a very famous artist's model once told me. She said that when she got her first call asking her to come to pose, she spent two hours making up her face and getting ready generally to make a great hit. She fixed up her lashes and smeared rouge on her lips, and arranged her hair in a cross between the old Theda Bara vamp style and Mary Pickford's curls. Ordinarily she wore her hair in soft, loose waves like those of Miss Page. What happened? When she went in the artist told her to wash her face and start making-up to be herself! Make up should enhance *you* . . . the personality that is *yours!*

Cosmetic manufacturers have done a lot within the past several years to help guide us in the selection of the right shades of lipstick, rouge, powder, and eyeshadow for our various colorings and skin color-tones. Eye make-up especially has achieved a natural effect over the old artificial brittleness of days of yore. We've discovered a couple of grand eyelash growers, a mascara that is smudge proof and won't flake off, and a regular professional eyebrow brush. Now you can be equipped to groom yourselves with the care of royalty, even though you never expect a Titian halo for your efforts. You can use the soap that is the favorite of many radio stars, and faithful cleansing may help you to a fair and princess-white complexion. We're very much sold on royal titles this month . . . and on Miss Dorothy Page . . . our Young and Beautiful Radio Queen. Long may she rule. Her slim white, exquisitely groomed hands are well fitted to wield the sceptre.

If you want to know more about hints for regal beauty in the winter, then don't forget to write me for my leaflet on "The Zero Hour of Beauty." Please inclose stamped self-addressed envelope.

Fat or thin? Tall or short? Young or old? It doesn't matter, for whatever you are you can be attractive. In the next issue Mary Biddle tells you what world-famous people do to achieve charm

Exposing Eddie Cantor, Trouble-Maker

(*Continued from page* 17)

"He gave in because he was wrong. I have had many arguments, but I never knew a big man who was not willing to admit he was wrong if he was. It's the test of bigness."

A year later Eddie was again in a situation. He did not pull his punches.

That was in 1919, when the Actors Equity was striking in New York. Eddie was playing in the Follies, not as the lead, "but in a very good part."

But there was this strike business. It worried Eddie. A great many of his friends were involved. He went up to Ziegfeld and asked him if he, the great Ziegfeld, was aligned with the other managers. Ziegfeld replied that of course he was. And Eddie, certain that he was right, didn't think, but swung—with all his might. He swung on his heel, turned his back on the Follies. The Follies, apex of any comedian's career in those days.

As he talked, he forgot his exercise, to the great displeasure of Frenchy. But Eddie disregarded his valet and went on talking. He told the story now of his resignation from the Presidency of the National Vaudeville Association.

The Association was hard up, trying to raise money. They passed baskets up and down the aisles of the theatres. Eddie didn't like this very much. He said it lowered the prestige of the actors, disturbed the audience, annoyed the managers. He thought the Association could raise the money it needed through benefits. The Committee in charge of the fund raising promised him there would be no more basket collections. They didn't keep their word.

Mitchell

Beatrice Lillie, one of the many stars on the Nash program Christmas and New Years afternoons over all CBS stations.

Pain stops...and healing begins when you treat a burn this way

Unguentine wastes no time. It relieves the agonizing pain . . . *quickly!* It soothes . . . *at once!*

But that is only *one* virtue of this famous first-aid necessity. Unguentine is a *trustworthy, effective, germ-destroying antiseptic* for all types of skin injuries. Hospitals use it. So do doctors and first-aid nurses in industrial plants. It is the ideal first-aid dressing—because it not only allays pain but stays on the job continuously to safeguard against infection.

FIRST THOUGHT IN FIRST AID

For burns, scalds, cuts, scrapes, scratches, pimples, irritations, any *skin injury.*

Unguentine is the first thought of millions of people in first aid. It is the *all-purpose* antiseptic. It will not smart or sting. It will not stain the skin. Nor will Unguentine dressings grow into the wound, stick to the scab, cause needless pain and interrupt healing, when you remove them.

Unguentine, *the antiseptic in ointment form*, stays in prolonged and effective contact, soothing the hurt, excluding air from the sensitive area, and safeguarding against infection and dread re-infection.

CONTAINS PARAHYDRECIN

Unguentine is reliably antiseptic because it contains powerful antiseptic ingredients, notably *Parahydrecin.* This remarkable substance is destructive to germs in a dilution as great as 1 part to 10,000 parts yet does not harm or irritate human or animal tissue. Parahydrecin, the discovery of the Norwich laboratories, is exclusively confined to Norwich products: Unguentine, Norforms and Norwich Nose Drops. No other products contain it. *Remember that.*

Unguentine

The Norwich Pharmacal Company, makers of *Unguentine* offer a variety of other medicine cabinet necessities bearing the famous Norwich seal. They are of *known* high standard and uniformity.

1885 *Fiftieth* Norwich *Anniversary* 1935

FIFTY YEARS IN THE SERVICE OF BETTER HEALTH

■ A dog has *three* eyelids—the third, an inner lid with which *all* animals are provided for "super-protection."

In a very real sense, Campana's Italian Balm gives to your skin the same kind of super-protection. This *Original* Skin Softener is guaranteed to banish dry, rough, red and chapped skin more quickly than anything you have ever used before.

Why not start using Italian Balm today and get the genuine kind of skin protection that has made Italian Balm the largest selling skin protector in Canada (for over 40 years)—and in thousands of cities in the United States? Italian Balm costs less than ½c a day to use liberally. Get your Vanity Gift Bottle now. Use the coupon. (At drug and department stores—10c, 35c, 60c and $1.00 in bottles—25c in tubes.)

Now also in tubes, 25c

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When Eddie found out, there was the devil and all his imps to pay. Eddie wound up his tirade with the ancient salutation to a boss—"I quit." He did.

Right now Eddie is at war with the radio critics of several of New York's newspapers. Where and when and how the dispute began no one seems to know definitely. Eddie himself is not quite clear.

The story comes to me, that Eddie, after due or undue reflection, stated baldly that New York's radio critics were a tribe of log-rollers. That was just one man's opinion. But apparently it was poison to the critics. They have either ignored or attacked him ever since.

Eddie said that he used the old Cantor technique only after he had been reading their columns of criticism for many months. It was plain to this graduate from Broadway that the critics tooted the horn loudly for each other's radio favorites, using their bad words for plays and performances of other people, folks who stood outside the charmed circle.

He called them log-rollers. Which, after all, is no great insult inasmuch as we are all log-rollers, more or less. If you don't know what the expression means: A log-roller is a man who says to you—you help me roll my log and when you have a log to roll, I'll help you. Log-rolling is just human nature and nothing to get excited about.

The critics, however, are still peeved. Not so long ago, just about the time Eddie was in Hollywood making a picture, one of them ran a line in his column to the effect that Cantor was being threatened by kidnappers. Mrs. Cantor, back in New York, read it. The whole family read it. They were frantic, threw things into suitcases and got ready to fly to California.

Over the telephone Eddie assured them that the line in the paper was pure invention. Then he swung. He called Washington, complained to the Attorney General. And lo, the critic who penned the line was sent for—warned not to repeat the offense.

While this conversation was in progress, Frenchy has pummeled the Cantor stomach, kneaded the arms and legs, put his master through a series of abdominal exercises. As this goes on, the telephone rings constantly. Names prominent in theatrical life are on the wire.

"Get that song," Eddie orders. In another case, he remarks, "It would be swell if he could get the chorus. Yes, rehearse it." The telephone rings again and the speaker is someone far from Broadway and you are shocked to hear this city-bred man say into the transmitter, "Yes, I want three Guernsey calves, the best you have." So Eddie has gone in for farming!

Exercise and massage over, Eddie gets off the bed and goes to the bathroom. I waited for him in the bedroom and I can swear that Eddie Cantor does not sing in the bathtub. Out of the bath he comes at length, steps into shorts, slips on a purple bathrobe and is prepared to go below where several people are waiting for him.

All this takes place in the broad rectangular bedroom overlooking Central Park. The room is careless with clothes scattered here, there and on the chairs. The hour is 12:30 and Eddie has not been up very long. He goes to the dresser, puts some brilliantine on his finger tips and the Cantor mop of black curly hair becomes sleek and shiny as we all know it.

The door opens and in scampers a daughter, leaps into Papa's arms. They hug each other. He spanks her playfully, then shoos her off with "Goodbye Sloppy."

Down the baronial stairs goes Eddie. Tapestries hang in the foyer. Off the foyer, his guests are waiting. They wait in a drawing-room eighty feet long. Eddie is still in his bathrobe. The day for Cantor has begun.

Wide World

Eddie Cantor and his "gang"—mama and all the little Cantors. Eddie bids them so long till he returns from Europe where he is vacationing this month.

Maestros on Parade

(*Continued from page 45*)

gasoline throughout The Dells, Chicago's most widely known roadhouse, and set fire to it. The roadhouse from which Jake Factor was kidnapped eighteen months ago burned to the ground with a loss of $150,000. The fire was believed to be the result of warfare between gangsters having an interest in reopening it. A dozen or more night clubs have been destroyed in Chicago the last two years with a loss of more than a million dollars. Among these have been the Granada Cafe, where Guy Lombardo first made history; the Frolics where Abe Lyman got his start; the 225 Club where Sophie Tucker often played; the Winter Garden, the Opera Club and the Moulin Rouge.

All of these spots had radio lines in them except the 225 Club. But most famous for its radio associations was the Dells. During the prohibition days Coon-Sanders held forth summer after summer there. Ted Weems, Ben Bernie, and Carlos Molina were some of the others. The Factor kidnapping occurred during the Lombardo's tenure. Last summer Eddie Duchin was engaged to play there, but on the opening night, States Attorney Courtney prevented it from opening.

Late last summer it finally was opened under the aegis of Al Goodman, proprietor of New York's famous Woodmansten Inn, with Carlos Molina providing the music. But it flopped because it was unable to secure a liquor license. Such is the history of the famed Dells.

Dick Messner, New York's Hotel Lincoln maestro, is the new musical director of Sound Reproductions, a firm dealing in recording and electrical transcriptions.

Another one of those girl directed orchestras has sprung up on the network. This time it's the Pickens Sisters Orchestra, with orchestrations by Jane.

Those vocalists on the three-hour dance show over NBC every Saturday night are: Connie Gates (heretofore a CBS girl), Helen Ward, Frank Luther (Your Lover), Phil Duey, Jack Parker, Carmen Castillo and Luis Alvarez. Luther, Duey and Parker make up the trio, formerly known as the Men About Town and the Happy Wonder Bakers. It's up to them to give variety to the tunes of Kel Murray, Benny Goodman and Xavier Cugat, the three bands alternating during the show.

George Olsen, Jr., five years old, is certainly no publicity hound. The day he arrived with his mother, Ethel Shutta, and brother, Charles, seven years old, to join his father in Chicago, there were several reporters and photographers at the station to greet them. A camera man was about to set up his tripod in front of the Olsen clan when the five-year-old held up his hand in protest. "No pictures, today," he announced.

There was a rumor when this was written that Morton Downey was forming his own band and might be in the Rainbow Room in Radio City, to succeed Jolly Coburn.

If a very small shoulder carries a chip . . .

DEFIANT . . . cross as a bear . . . when your child has "days" like this, take warning!

You may think it is "just a passing mood." But all too often there's a physical cause for a child's naughtiness. And usually it is simply —constipation.

Give a Child's Laxative

Or perhaps your child has sour stomach. Maybe she is catching cold. In any event it is a wise precaution to give her a laxative. Not an adult laxative which may cause her griping pain, or leave her more upset than before . . . but a *child's* laxative. Give her Fletcher's Castoria!

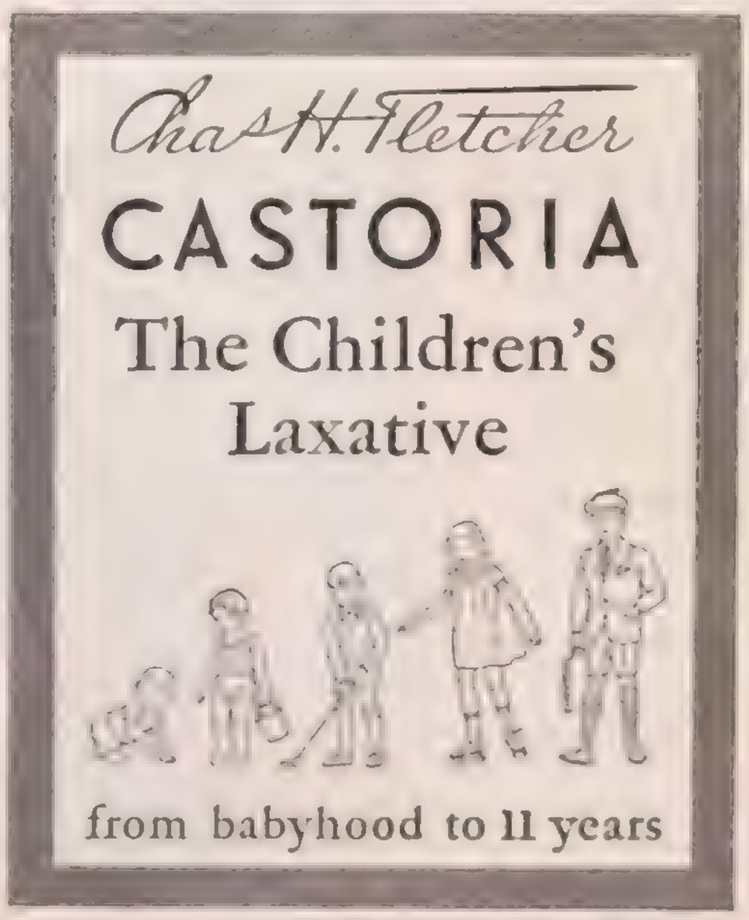
Fletcher's Castoria is made *especially for children*—from babyhood to 11 years. It is safe—contains no harsh purgatives, no narcotics. It is gentle. It is effective. And it has a pleasant taste, so that children take it without a struggle . . . actually enjoy taking it!

Ask your doctor

Next time you see your doctor for your child's regular health examination, ask him about Fletcher's Castoria. He will assure you that Fletcher's Castoria contains only such ingredients as are suitable for a child's system.

Buy a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria tonight. (If you're thrifty you'll buy the family-size bottle.) Keep it handy, always, for relieving colic due to gas, diarrhea due to improper diet, sour stomach, flatulence and constipation. And give it as a first aid at the first sign of a cold. The signature *Chas. H. Fletcher* is always right on the carton.

Roxy and his Gang — *Every Saturday night your radio is the ticket window to a grand new show—musical surprises presented by that master showman—Roxy. Tune in this Saturday. Let the children listen, too. Columbia Broadcasting System—8 o'clock E.S.T.*



Do you tire easily ?

✓ no appetite
✓ losing weight
✓ nervous
✓ sleepless
✓ pale

then don't gamble with your body

Life insurance companies tell us that the gradual breakdown of the human body causes more deaths every year than disease germs

IF your physical let-down is caused by a lowered red-blood-cell and hemo-glo-bin content in the blood—then S.S.S. is waiting to help you . . . though, if you suspect an organic trouble, you will, of course, want to consult a physician or surgeon.

S.S.S. is not just a so-called tonic. It is a tonic specially designed to stimulate gastric secretions, and also has the mineral elements so very, very necessary in rebuilding the oxygen-carrying hemo-glo-bin of the blood.

This two-fold purpose is important. Digestion is improved . . . food is better utilized . . . and thus you are enabled to better "carry on" without exhaustion—as you should.

You should feel and look years younger with life giving and purifying blood surging through your body. You owe this to yourself and friends.

Make S.S.S. your health safeguard and, unless your case is exceptional, you should soon enjoy again the satisfaction of appetizing food . . . sound sleep . . . and renewed strength.

S.S.S. is sold by all drug stores in two convenient sizes. The $2 economy size is twice as large as the $1.25 regular size and is sufficient for two weeks treatment. Begin on the uproad today.

Do not be blinded by the efforts of a few unethical dealers who may suggest that you gamble with substitutes. You have a right to insist that S.S.S. be supplied you on request. Its long years of preference is your guarantee of satisfaction.

S.S.S.

the world's great blood medicine

Makes you feel like yourself again

© S.S.S. Co.

They say that Leon Belasco and Julia Bruner, actress, are romancing.

After one night stands over the country, Enoc Light is at the swank Rooney-Plaza in Miami with a CBS wire.

Carlos Molina held a contest to select a new songster. More than 400 applied. Molina finally narrowed the choice down to a girl and a boy, but he couldn't decide which he liked best. So he kept both. They are Russell Byrd and Loraine Anderson. Molina opened at the Miami Biltmore on Christmas day.

Frank LaMarr, whose dance orchestra was featured from night clubs last year over CBS, is working this season as assistant director to Ferde Grofe.

Bill Huggins, who sings for Enoc Light, is being sued in New York for old debts.

Leon Belasco's contract with the sponsors of Phil Baker's Friday night NBC show has been renewed.

The very next day after finishing their engagement at the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, Albert Kavelin and his orchestra began playing at the new Tavern-on-the-Green in Central Park, New York City. CBS airs the music.

That Famous Bedside Broadcast

(*Continued from page 43*)

experience in any woman's life, caused even so much of a ripple of intrusion on her professional career.

Of what stuff is such a woman made? You know, of course, that she has pluck, nerve, stamina and strength. Maxine Garner has much more than that. She has quiet self-assurance, great determination, unswerving faith and that cheerful optimism that springs of perfect physical and emotional health. No, there is not an ounce of foolhardiness in her. You see, she had the full sanction of her physician in doing this dramatic thing. Probably these broadcasts from the bedside of a brand-new mother would never have come to pass if that physician had not been a woman herself. With her woman's intuition she saw that what would have been an impossible ordeal for 999 women would be only a postscript to a normal experience for Maxine Garner. Her physician put over the point of view that motherhood is the most normal and natural thing in a woman's life, confirming Maxine's feeling in this matter, as no man could have done.

And when the moment came to be taken to the delivery room, though she was in great agony, a voice within her spoke quietly: "Everything will be all right."

But let me tell this story from the beginning. Maxine Garner and Louis Nelson were happily married. Of course, the first flush of romance was gone after a half dozen years together. Maxine was honest with herself. She wanted a career, yes, but she wanted also what every woman wants—motherhood.

When she learned that she was going to have a baby, she and her husband became the happiest pair in the world. Louis wanted a boy. Maxine wanted to please him. And soon she believed that her baby would surely be a boy. After all, Katharine Avery, her radio partner, had had two boys by merely deciding that's what they would be. (So *she* said.)

Life began to take on new meaning. Maxine started making things for the precious child that was to be hers. And as she dreamed, her radio work began to take on added importance, too.

Her air show, the Derma drama which is heard in the Chicago area, was a daytime sketch directed mainly to housewives and mothers. Motherhood is the biggest thing in every woman's life. Why not dramatize this great experience for her radio audience? Wouldn't it intrigue them far more than the adventures of a girl dancer and a reporter with which they were concerning themselves in the sketch?

Katharine Avery told the sponsor how much Maxine wanted to stay on even though she was going to have a baby. So she was told she might have whatever time off that she needed when the baby came. Perhaps that could be cut to a minimum by installing microphones at the bedside. Katharine volunteered, acting on a suggestion from Maxine. The sponsor approved, as did CBS.

So the baby theme was promptly introduced into the script. The leading characters—Sally (Miss Garner) and June (Miss Avery) learned that their friend Poppy Lee Harrington (also played by Miss Garner) was soon to have a baby. Considerable suspense was built up over the sex of the expected youngster and much depended on it, for a grandson was necessary to reconcile Richard Harrington, Sr., to his daughter-in-law, Poppy.

It's easy enough to handle a prospective baby in a radio sketch. But an expected baby in real life is something else again. It brings on plenty of complications even in the life of a woman who has no cares on her hands.

Put yourself in Maxine's place during that last month of waiting. Every day she had to go to the studios at a set time no matter how she felt. Sensitive as outsiders are about the appearance of a woman about to become a mother, she herself, is tenfold more self-conscious. Much mental courage, as well as the sheer physical effort involved, was required to face the many persons she knew about the studios.

Engineers, production men, sound effects experts are a pretty hard-shelled lot. There's not much feeling in them ordinarily. But actually they were sorry for Maxine. They liked her and were worried for fear that she had tackled something she couldn't finish—they wondered where it would all end.

But prospective babies are no respecters of plots. They refuse to let either sex or time of arrival to be influenced. One day the doctor announced that the baby was likely to appear earlier than expected. So events in the plot were speeded up. But the doctor happened to be wrong and there were long days of dismal waiting.

Two weeks dragged on. Then came a certain Saturday. There were unmistak

able signs. Any other woman would have called her physician and probably been rushed to the hospital.

"Can I get through today?" Maxine asked herself. She thought of those stories of babies born in taxicabs—a dire sort of prospect.

Call it intuition, a hunch, or whatever you will. Maxine had the feeling that the baby wouldn't be born until Sunday, the only day she wasn't on the air.

Ignoring pain and swallowing pride, she dragged herself to the studios. The episode for that day was made to chronicle Poppy's going to the hospital to have her baby.

It was a nerve-wracking day for everyone concerned—everybody had the jitters. Katharine decided to go to the country and just wait. The production men ordered the equipment installed in Room 525 at Wesley Hospital where reservations had been made.

The engineering department elected Milton Korf to handle the technical end of the broadcast. The bachelors were a little skittish about tackling such an assignment, so they prevailed on their boss to pick Korf, the husband of an ex-nurse, as the technician most likely to have the proper bedside manner.

The pains eased after the broadcast and Maxine returned home for the night, still confident, however, that the next day would bring her baby.

At noon Sunday her husband took her to the hospital. Even as she lay in the great white room suffering, she was sustained subconsciously by this thing she had determined to do. Swimming in and out of a great twilight, she was aware of much pain, and also a consciousness of her baby boy and of her radio plans, "a great big thing that I wanted very much to go on doing."

Her husband paced the corridors, as has many a man on the brink of paternity, in high nervousness and suspense, wishing devoutly that such pain need not be.

At nine-thirty in the evening the baby was born. It was a girl.

"I had such a funny feeling," Maxine said later, "when they told me it was a girl. I was so bewildered. Then I started crying. . . ."

When she opened her eyes her husband was patting her hand.

"I'll try to do better the next time," she said she told him. "I thought I was an utter failure."

But she was buoyed up when she saw the youngster. "You know it seemed to me there was an understanding grin on her face when they held her up for me."

They named her Sally June for the two leading characters in the sketch.

"I want to go back on the air tomorrow," Maxine told her husband. He felt that it would be O.K. if the physician approved. Privately Louis was tickled pink over her pluck. He felt it would keep her cheerful in the face of disappointment.

Only her mother's approval was lacking. She felt that Maxine would be taking a needless hazard. Besides, her mother lives down in Dixie where any didoes that lend themselves to publicity are frowned upon. (Maxine had intended to keep the whole broadcasting plan secret. It was only through the sheerest chance that I learned about it.)

"I keep my teeth brilliantly white for only . . .

$1 A YEAR!"

Actual Size
Ten Cents

"I HAVE found a marvelous toothpaste that costs only 10¢ for a tube as big as the regular 25¢ size—and it lasts me more than a month!" You can have teeth so white that they sparkle and save up to $5 a year by merely asking for Kay Milk of Magnesia Toothpaste at any Kresge store. It is the choice of hundreds of thousands who want just the kind of tooth protection that Kay Toothpaste gives.

Containing over 50% milk of magnesia, Kay Toothpaste fights the acid that is so ruinous to brilliant teeth. Leading dental books agree that tooth decay begins with acidity. Kay proves that a toothpaste need not be expensive to keep teeth clean and sparkling. No toothpaste contains finer cleansing and polishing ingredients, free from grit, than Kay.

If you have been waiting for cut-rate toothpaste sales, you need wait no longer. Kay Toothpaste, in a tube as large as the ordinary 25¢ size, is only 10¢ at any time in any Kresge store. You can also buy Kay Toothpaste in a tube more than double the 10¢ size for only 20¢. Ask for it by name; identify it by the red, white and black tube, and remember that Kay Toothpaste is for sale only in Kresge stores.

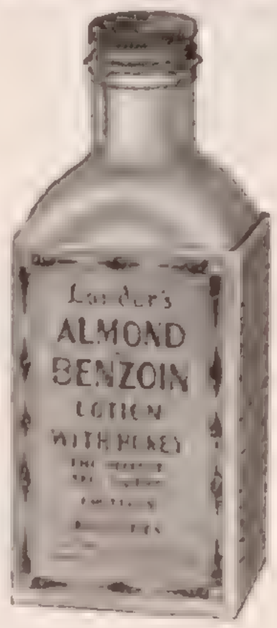
· · · no finer, purer toiletries, at any price · than LANDER's

for a beautiful skin

If you had a MILLION, and could afford the most expensive toiletries, you could not buy a finer, purer skin lotion! Softens, smoothes, beautifies. Banishes red, rough skin.

10¢

AT ALL 10c STORES



for hand beauty

Quick, sure, economical! This unusually large bottle contains the beauty-secret of a master chemist. You'll find nothing superior, for chasing "dishpan hands" and keeping the skin youthfully soft and inviting.

10¢

AT ALL 10c STORES

Lander, inc.

NEW YORK MEMPHIS BINGHAMTON

NEW EASY WAY

10¢ JUSTRITE PUSH-CLIP

KEEP WIRES OFF FLOOR
(LAMPS AND RADIO)

A neat job instantly. No damage to woodwork. No tools needed. Set of eight colored clips to match your cords, 10c. At Kresge's

AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

New Remington Portable only 10c a day

10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

Only 10c a day buys this latest model machine. Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand *new* regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters.* Carrying case *free.* Lowest prices in history . . . absolutely the biggest value ever offered! Try it in your home or office 10 days free. If you do not agree that it is the finest portable at any price return it at our expense. Don't delay. We pay cost of shipment direct from the factory to you. You save on the purchase price, *you don't risk a cent.* Write now!

FREE TYPEWRITER COURSE

Write Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 140-2, Buffalo, N.Y.

At nine o'clock Monday morning Katharine Avery got the shock of her life. Sleeping late, she was roused by a telephone call. It was Maxine Garner. "I'm all right and Dr. Gregory says we can broadcast. You better come right down."

Katharine gulped—and finally managed to stutter a few words and say that she would hurry.

"Frankly, I wasn't so brave myself when I had my babies," Katharine confided. "I wondered whether Maxine could go through with it."

She hurriedly rewrote the script, giving Poppy Harrington's baby the name of the real baby, Sally June. And then sped to the hospital.

Certainly the laughing and jesting Maxine who greeted her seemed perfectly equal to the ordeal of going on the air.

With a couple of satchels of equipment, Korf put in an appearance and set about placing the microphones, stringing wires and raising complaints about echoes from the bare walls. Maxine pointed out screens to absorb the sound. A microphone was suspended from a cord over her head like a Damoclean sword.

She reminded Katharine to call up the switchboard so that no calls would be put through and to arrange for the X-ray machines to be shut off lest they interfere with the broadcast equipment. Less than a day removed from childbirth, she thought of everything.

The girls ran over their lines as Korf tested their voices. Katharine almost swooned when she suddenly realized that she had so written the script that Maxine must triple in roles. But Maxine didn't mind.

If all those women who were waiting at their radios for this episode of the Derma drama might have viewed this scene wouldn't their hearts have skipped a flock of beats, though?

Finally came the two rings from the studio—"get ready." The little madonna of the microphone was completely equal to the task she had set herself. She was in high spirits. Her face looked a little flushed, she was excited and she was happy.

"I'd like to do it this way all the time," Maxine confided, settling back on her pillow a little more and raising her script. Then came a second ring and they were on the air.

"We now present the Derma drama brought to you from Room 525 of the Wesley Memorial Hospital, Chicago. . . ." And then the two girls went into the story of Poppy Harrington's baby.

Katharine Avery had a tough assignment in this script. It was up to her to make Grandfather Harrington accept a granddaughter when he had wanted a grandson and to change Maxine's attitude too, if she could. A piece of deft writing did more than win the old man to the baby. It won Maxine Garner completely to her own Sally June. And you who have been disappointed because your boy was a girl, or vice versa, know that it takes a little time to accept the unexpected.

The phone jingled—the amazing broadcast was over. Korf pulled off his headphones.

"That squalling was fine—never heard any that was better," he asserted, paying tribute to Katharine's interpretation of Sally June's cries.

With the broadcast completed, its importance faded swiftly away. The radiance of young motherhood shone upon Maxine's face. The whole fabric of her life had been rewoven and enriched. She asked for Sally June. Maxine looked down upon her and then up at her husband and knew that life was infinitely sweet.

The broadcast went on every day from the hospital thereupon without incident. A few weeks later I met Maxine.

"Sally June is the sweetest baby," she beamed. "I just can't imagine how I ever could have wanted a boy."

Wide World

They'll be husband and wife in April, if they don't back out. Muriel Wilson, thirty-four-year-old Mary Lou of Show Boat, and Fred Hufsmith, thirty-seven-year-old NBC tenor, announced their engagement Thanksgiving Day.

McElliott

Vivienne Segal, songstress with Abe Lyman's orchestra, CBS.

'I Don't Want to Get Ahead"

(*Continued from page 49*)

:l would take him as a salesman.

The arrival of the baby a few days later ıde up his mind what to do. The next ırning Mark pawned his violin and be-ıne a dress salesman in the thriving ıces of Rappaport and Sons. Memories Beethoven, Brahms and Bach were re-ıced with prices, patterns and satins.

STRIKE TWO: The time: A few ıths later. The place: A large depart-ıt store.

'ou could no more ask Mark Warnow tsell dresses than you could ask Jeannie Ig to sing an aria from Lohengrin. d he knew it. All he wanted was to ke a few dollars to keep his family e. If by some stroke of luck he should n a tremendous commission he would t and go back to his music.

After the baby had come Mark told his e what had happened. Silently she lis-ed. How proud she was of his sacri-s. "Mark," she told him, "I want no led pent house with a flock of servants. I want is peace, my children and you."

or the moment his ambitions were led. Then Fate got the cue for the big nax.

happened one snowy day when he ered the outer sanctum of a head er's office. If he could sell this depart-ıt store a large order he could quit. ı other salesmen evidently had the same ı and Mark knew unless he did some-ıg extraordinary he would never get hance to see the buyer—a calculating ıan who knew her bargains.

Hurriedly he scribbled something on the k of his calling card. He handed it to age. In a little while, the important lady e out. Her face was cold and stern she demanded who represented Rappa-t and Sons? Mark's heart leaped. The k had worked. "I do," he replied, his s glowing.

It's Never TOO LATE FOR A WIFE TO LEARN

The world is full of women who say to themselves, "My marriage was a mistake." No scandal. No open break. Just submission to a life without joy, without hope.

Many women give up hope too soon. These cases are sad. They are doubly sad because the woman has largely herself to blame. No wife should let herself become faint-hearted about marriage. She should go right after the real facts.

Times have changed. The days when a woman was compelled to use a poisonous antiseptic, or none at all, have fortunately passed. The trouble is that some married women have not yet learned this.

The truth about antiseptics

Of course women do not *want* to use poisons. Those who *do* take the risks of such a practice are simply living in a past age before modern improvements in antiseptics had been announced by the medical profession. Any excuse for using these poisons disappeared when *Zonite* was first offered in drug stores.

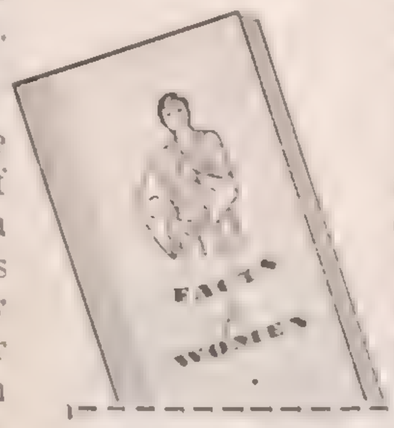
Doctors now, without reservation, recommend the practice of feminine hygiene. They know that the tragedies are over. They are confident that delicate tissues will not be burned or desensitized. No lives will be ruined by Zonite.

Zonite is *safe*, as safe as pure water. And Zonite is *powerful*. Taking carbolic acid as the standard for comparison, *Zonite is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may safely be used on the human body.*

Also Zonite Suppositories

Besides the liquid Zonite (three sizes 30¢, 60¢, $1.00) there is a newer form, Zonite Suppositories. These are $1.00 a dozen or 35¢ a box of three. They are dainty, white, cone-like forms which provide continuing antiseptic action. Some women prefer the liquid and some the suppositories. Others use both.

Be sure to write for "Facts for Women." It is an up-to-date booklet giving a plain, clear statement on the whole subject of feminine hygiene. An actual education in marriage. All women can profit by its teaching. Just mail coupon.



ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION MM-
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me (free of charge) the booklet or booklets checked below.
( ) Facts for Women
( ) Use of Antiseptics in the Home
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CITY
STATE
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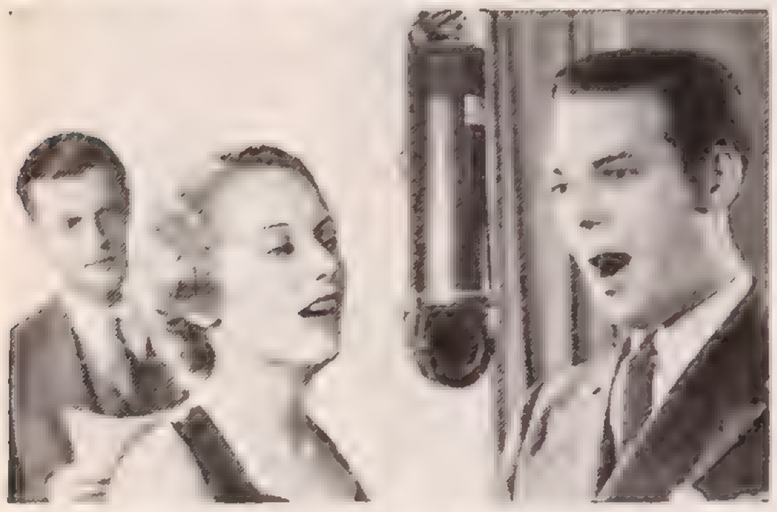
FLOYD GIBBONS
Famous Radio Broadcaster

How to Earn Good Money in BROADCASTING



Let the Floyd Gibbons School Train You Quickly at Home in Spare Time

Start training now for one of the many good paying positions in this fast-growing field. Hundreds of opportunities as

Announcer
Singer
Actor
Advertising
Publicity
Musician
Musical Director
Program Manager
Reader
Writer
Director

are open to men and women who have mastered the technique of radio presentation. Read how you, too, can prepare yourself quickly at home in spare time for your future in Broadcasting. Mail coupon now.

Do you, too, want to get into Broadcasting? Do *you* want to have *your* voice brought into thousands of homes all over the land? If you do, then here's your big opportunity.

The Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting was founded to bring you the training that will start you on the road to Broadcasting success. This new easy Course gives you a most complete and thorough training in Broadcasting technique. It shows you how to solve every radio problem from the standpoint of the Broadcast—gives you a complete training in every phase of actual Broadcasting. Through this remarkable Course you can train for a big paying Broadcasting position—right in your home—in your spare time—entirely without giving up your present position—and acquire the technique that makes Radio Stars.

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An interesting booklet entitled "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting" tells you the whole fascinating story of the Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting. No cost or obligation. Act now—send coupon below today. **Floyd Gibbons School of Broadcasting, Dept. 5B37, U. S. Savings Bank Building, 2000 14th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.**

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Without obligation send me your free booklet, "How to Find Your Place in Broadcasting," and full particulars of your home study course.

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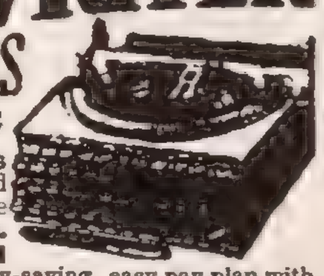
Brand New NOW ONLY $17.95 UP

TYPEWRITER PORTABLES



10¢ a Day · Easy Terms

Sensational Low Prices and easy terms on limited supply only. All brand new, up-to-date—4 row keyboard. **Fully Guaranteed.**

SEND NO MONEY—10 Day Trial

Send for special new literature and money-saving, easy pay plan with 10 day trial offer. Also **amazing bargains in standard size, rebuilt office models on FREE trial offer.**

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 261, Chicago

"Well, let me tell you young man you've got some nerve. The idea of wasting my time with this dribble." She pushed the card under Mark's red face so he could re-read his note:

"In rain or snow,
In weather like hell,
I've come to sell!"

He might get kicked out and fired, but he decided to take a long chance. "Well, isn't it snowing; isn't the weather like hell? Am I not here to sell?"

Slowly the woman's expression changed. Then she laughed and ushered the bewildered ex-musician into her private office.

Unabashed he told her of his career. She listened carefully and then examined his samples. A little while later he didn't walk to the nearest exit—he ran. In his clenched fist was a large order.

When he showed it to his father-in-law, the man almost swooned. For months Rappaport's crack salesmen had been trying to sell that store merchandise. He offered his son-in-law a higher office—head salesman. Mark refused. He was going back to his music. For weeks a symphony of strings had been reverberating in his head.

Had he accepted that generous offer from Papa Rappaport he might be sitting behind a polished desk, shouting impressive orders into a dictaphone today. He might own a yacht, a summer home and a smart town car. But Mark missed that second strike completely.

STRIKE THREE: The time: Two years ago. The place: The Columbia Broadcasting System.

Not long after, a friend told him of several openings on the staff of this great network. Fearfully Mark asked for a job as a violinist. Never again would he aspire to the exalted position of musical director. He preferred solid ground and obscurity.

Radio is unlike any other entertainment. Opportunities are broader. Overnight a nobody can suddenly become a shining star that ten million people will idolize. The next day his contract may be cancelled and the same ten million people won't care.

Mark was rehearsing on a sustaining program when Fate slid through the stage door to make her dramatic entrance. The hubbub and confusion that usually surrounds these radio rehearsals was louder than ever. The conductor had failed to make an appearance. The show was to go on the air in two hours. There was a hurry call for volunteers.

In a flash Mark recalled the disastrous situation that had occurred in the Paramount Theatre. But this chance was too much for him. Impulsively his arm shot up. Then he saw the face of his wife. He heard her soft pleading voice, "Don't do it, Mark! All I want is peace, my children, and you."

In a daze, he approached the studio manager. It was a strange voice that said "I can direct this show. I'll do it on one condition."

The noise stopped. All eyes centered on Mark.

"What's the condition?" queried the amazed manager.

"After I finish the show you'll let me go back to the band."

The simple request was granted. Mark picked up the baton, then scornfully threw it away. He used a chewed off pencil.

The program went on the air without a hitch. Several Columbia executives heard it and wanted to know who conducted so smoothly.

When he was brought to them they congratulated him. "You'll get a promotion for this," they told Mark.

Strike three had whizzed past, Mark could have batted the opportunity for a home run. But he had too good a memory. He wouldn't take the chance, it wasn't worth it. Humbly he returned to the orchestra.

EPILOGUE: Today at thirty-two, Mark Warnow occupies an important niche in Columbia's extensive program plans. When the directors gave Mark this golden opportunity they didn't realize what an important part they had played in this man's destiny. It was no mere job they offered him. They gave him security and the right to have faith again in America, mankind, and in life itself.

They gave him a brighter outlook on the future. For the first time in ten years he's looking ahead—not back.

Mark is thankful for the important role Fate played in his career—thankful, too, that he can give his children three meals a day and a roof over their heads.

You'll never see his name blazed boastfully across the Great White Way like Paul Whiteman's or Dave Rubinoff's.

"I wouldn't want to get ahead . . . it costs too much." He means what he says.

"Will They Kill Winchell?"

George Kent tells you about it in the March issue of RADIO STARS. Other features include a story of the tragedy in Ed Wynn's life, and "The Thrill of My Life" by Mary Pickford

They Thumbed Their Noses at Radio

(*Continued from page 37*)

h. "Here's your new vaudeville partner. ke a look at her."

He took a look and almost reeled over. nding in the doorway was a tiny, black-red girl with an impudent grin and a boy swagger. She was so unlike stuesque, fragile-looking Francine that ained him even to make a comparison. rris expected him to take *her* on as new partner! Jesse felt like choking h—and her.

Turning from her coldly, he was just out to tell his manager nothing doing, ven this annoying new girl spoke up.

"I'll take $250 a week or nothing." esse swung around. "Is that so?" he ered. "You'll take what I give you and it!"

The girl turned her pert round face at him and cocked her eye slyly. "ook-a him," she drawled.

Stop it!" Jesse yelled. "Never say t again."

She eyed him saucily. "Look-a him!"

For one full minute he scowled at her. I'd like to take this fresh kid right over knee and spank her. Oh, what was use. He grabbed his hat and stalked

That, ladies and gentlemen, is how the m of Block and Sully was formed.

Eve Sully could take it. She had plenty opportunity to prove it. You see, Eve fallen in love with her handsome new tner the moment she looked at him. hated herself for it, because he never e her a tumble. But what could she

He bawled her out unmercifully. At earsals he would bark at her, "That's ible! You're not a bit like the other l." And Eve would toss her wind-wn bob flippantly and pretend that she n't care.

m surprised that Eve didn't fly right k at him. She's five feet of dynamite I can't imagine her standing by and ng it from anybody. But that's love you.

Even making Jesse talk to her was dif-lt. After every show he'd closet him-in his room. When he did speak to it was with a sulky face and a surly e. But it couldn't last.

ame the afternoon Eve found him ng alone, his head in his hands. hat's the matter, big boy," she asked asually as she could. "Tell Little Eva r troubles."

efore he knew it, Jesse was figura-ly crying on her shoulder. Telling her about Francine. And Eve, who was aching to run her fingers through his , just sat there and listened.

he must have been a good listener, use from that time on Jesse poured troubles in her sympathetic ear on every sion. When he was threatened with g his hair because of nervousness and ry, she rubbed his scalp every night

End pimples, blackheads

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DON'T let a poor complexion spoil *your* romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

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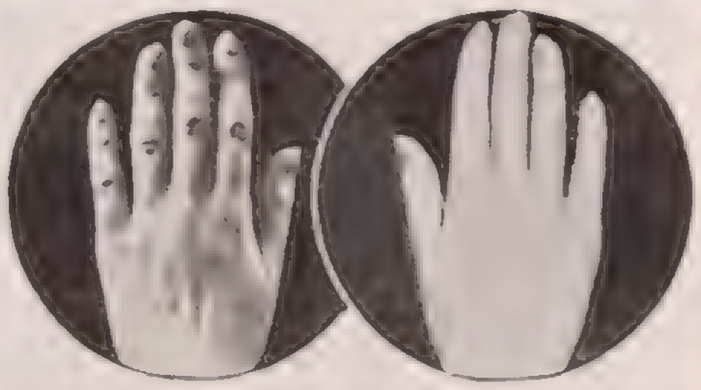

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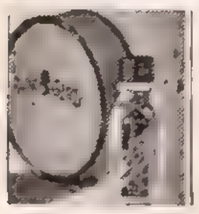

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with oil and iodine. When his mother died, it was she who wired Papa Block to join them. It was she, hard-boiled, fresh Eve Sully who took care of the two grief-stricken men in their hour of sorrow.

Gradually Jesse began to look at Eve with different eyes. He was falling in love with his little teammate, but the big cluck was too dumb to realize his own feelings. Then suddenly it hit home.

Eve came tripping out of her dressing room, all rigged up.

"Where are you going," Jesse asked her.

"Oh, just going out with a friend."

"A man?"

"Yes," she said. "A man."

Jesse hesitated a moment. Then—"See here," he blurted, "why don't you forget them all and marry me."

Her heart did a funny somersault and she gulped. "Steady girl," she said to herself. "Don't be too anxious. Give this fellow a taste of his own medicine."

She laughed. "Don't be funny," and skipped out.

Again he proposed, when they were in Spokane and again Eve played her little game.

But when he proposed for the third time, in Los Angeles, Eve said yes. They were married in the home of their friends and fellow troupers, the Jack Bennys.

I wish I could say here that Lady Luck beamed down upon them as they stood before the altar and blessed them. But there were many heartbreaking, disappointing months ahead of them. Here's what happened.

The team of Block and Sully had been great favorites in vaudeville for the past ten years. Perhaps that's what made them a bit smug and self-satisfied. At any rate, when Eddie Cantor opened at the Palace Theatre in New York and was scouting about for a team like theirs to appear with him, they turned down his offer. And spent the next few years regretting it.

Cantor hired Burns and Allen, two struggling young vaudevillians, instead. The acts of these two teams are quite similar, but in fairness to both, let me say here and now that neither copied from the other. That week Eddie placed Gracie Allen on his coffee hour as guest star. You know the rest. That spot "made" Burns and Allen and they were snapped up by the Robert Burns cigar people for a glorious hour of their own.

Still Block and Sully didn't care. Like typical troupers of the time, they thumbed their noses at radio. They still stuck to vaudeville. But little things gradually opened their eyes. They noticed that they didn't headline the bill any more. Their high salaries took a sharp slant downwards.

It was a frank booking agent who told them the truth. "You're no longer a box office draw. Radio stars have a bigger following in vaudeville. Why don't you go on the air?"

Blithely Jesse and Eve arranged for a radio audition. "This will be a cinch," they thought. "We've laid 'em in the aisles in vaudeville. We'll surely be able to do that in radio."

At the end of the audition they walked over to the director, their faces lit with pleasure. They had used their best material and had never been better. But the director gave them a look that dashed cold water on their hopes.

"Never!" he told them laconically. "You're a dead steal of Burns and Allen."

Eve and Jesse looked at each other dumbly.

"Listen here—" Jesse tried to explain. Tried to tell him that they had been doing this act for years before Burns and Allen were on the air.

But the director was already at the door. "And besides," the director flung back, "where did you pick up that 'Look him' business. That's terrible!" Bang went the door.

Don't get excited. It's not a romance, but only a scene from Rudy' latest flicker, "Sweet Music," with Ann Dvorak.

For the first time in her life, little Eve ully cried openly on Jesse Block's houlder.

"Never mind, honey," he comforted. We'll get there. We'll try again."

They went through dozens of auditions, et the answer was always the same. At ight, in their apartment, they would lump into their chairs and stare at the alls in stony silence, each not daring display the spirit of defeat to the other. ut they were licked, all right. One thing at will not be tolerated in show business imitation. The fact that Eve and Jesse ere not imitators didn't matter. They ppeared to be imitators of Burns and llen. That was enough. It was an inurmountable barrier that stood between em and success.

Things were going from bad to worse. heir vaudeville bookings were falling ff. Newer, fresher radio names were king their place. Slowly but surely their right dreams and ambitions were turning ashes.

One afternoon, Eve dashed into the partment flushed with excitement. "I ave it!" she cried. "We're leaving for lorida. Right now!"

Then she proceeded to explain to her tartled husband. "Eddie Cantor's in lorida now, angel. Well, we're going own and he's going to put us on his our as guest stars.

"But how—what—when! We don't even now him," Jesse sputtered.

"That's all right. We've got to take a hance. This is our ace card. Here goes verything!" she cried as she flipped their lothes in the trunk.

The next day the Blocks were on the rain speeding towards Florida, with their cript at the bottom of their trunk.

"Let's go to the beach," Jesse suggested hen they reached their hotel.

"Nosiree," Eve declared. "We're going the races. Cantor's bound to be there."

They never even looked at the races. hey scoured the place for Eddie Cantor. uddenly Eve pinched Jesse's arm. "Look —there he is."

As nonchalantly as they could they trolled past Cantor, their hearts were eating a wild tattoo. Their future was t stake now. Suppose—suppose their wild heme wouldn't work!

"Hello, Mr. Cantor." It was Eve smilng up at Eddie. "Don't you remember s?"

Cantor looked at them a trifle beildered.

"Why, we met you in New York," she ied. "We're Block and Sully."

Eddie's face beamed. He thrust out a unburned hand. "Oh sure, sure! Sorry didn't place you at first."

The three got to talking, and then, onder of wonder, Eddie popped in with, Say kids, how about guest starring on y program next week. I think you'd be well."

Eve stared at Jesse. Jesse stared at ve. They could hardly believe their ars. Their little plan worked!

"Well," Jesse drawled. "We just came own for a rest and we haven't our mateial with us, but we'll get something together by Sunday."

The following Sunday they appeared n the Chase and Sanborn hour. You eard them. You heard Eve say to Jesse

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in that piping, dumb-jane manner of hers, "Look-a him," and "Some dunce, I'll say." But what you didn't hear was the nervous tremble in their voices. This was their chance. At the end of the program they would either be "made" or "finished" for good.

You know the answer. It's you fans who sealed the fate of Block and Sully. So loud was the clamor for them from listeners all over the country that Cantor had to call them back for another guest appearance. That was their most important audition and they came through with flying colors! Everyone cheered.

They got their own program on a local network that included stations WOR, WLW and WGN. Then Sam Goldwyn called them to Hollywood to appear in one of his productions. Now they're with "The Big Show."

Yes, things are breaking nicely for Eve and Jesse. I hope they kissed Old Lady Jinx goodbye forever when they took that long chance and boarded the train for Florida. Somehow or other you can't help but wish spunky folks like them the best!

"I Believe in Fortune-Tellers"

(Continued from page 47)

had half forgotten. Of her husband, from whom she would be divorced, and of her little daughter then three years old. Not once did the woman's gaze falter, not once did she make a mistake. It was amazing, uncanny.

"Your husband is not in Munich now," she said. "He is in Vienna and he is ill, not seriously. You will hear about it from him this evening. You yourself," she added, "are going to have a very serious illness. For a while doctors will fear for your life, but you will recover completely. After that you will change your profession."

For a moment Grete Stueckgold was frightened. The room seemed to grow darker and the woman in her neat, shabby dress and hat was like some black robed priestess of ancient Greece prophesying sorrow. In the ordinary sense Grete did not fear illness, but illness, followed by a change of profession, means the nightmare that makes even an ordinary cold something for a singer to dread—the loss of a golden voice. She tried to tell herself she was foolish to believe the words of a person who by all the laws of reason and common sense couldn't possibly know what she was talking about, but telling herself didn't do much good. While the woman was there beside her it was reason and common sense that seemed a little foolish.

"You will not seek the new career," the woman's quiet voice went on, "It will seek you. It will come to you quite suddenly without warning and it will bring you fame, wealth, success, far beyond anything you have known. In Berlin and in cities even greater and more powerful, thousands of people will come to hear you sing."

A cloud seemed to lift in the room. With that one word *sing*, Grete Stueckgold's fear was gone. But what about the change of her career? It could mean only one thing. It must mean opera, the final goal for which so many singers have fought and struggled, succeeded and failed. Getting on the opera stage can be a grim, bitter business full of cruelty and heartbreak and Grete Stueckgold had never tried it. Perhaps with that deep inner assurance that is the best key to success she felt she could afford to wait. Perhaps too, like most of us, she had had her moments of doubt and uncertainty so that the words cheered and excited her. The fortune-teller's deep, strange gaze was still fixed on her face as if it were there she read her prophecies.

"In three years," she said slowly, "on a ship going to a far distant country you will meet a man who is very important in your life. You will both fall deeply in love and you will have a completely happy marriage."

The fortune-teller left and with her some of the strange spells seemed to vanish so that Grete Stueckgold was able to tell herself quite convincingly that level headed people may find that sort of thing entertaining without taking it seriously. That evening something happened that made even her most skeptical friends look a little blank and for a moment gave her the almost terrifying feeling that she had really caught a glimpse of what is so carefully hidden from most of us. It was a small thing and very commonplace. She was called to the telephone.

"Long distance. Vienna speaking," a voice said crisply. And then her husband's voice: "I just called up to tell you I've got a touch of grippe. Nothing at all serious, but I'm staying in bed."

Perhaps Grete Stueckgold clung to the memory of the fortune-teller's prophecy when sometime later she became dangerously ill with scarlet fever followed by mastoiditis. As foretold, her recovery was complete and her glorious voice was, if anything, more glorious than ever. She was giving a concert in the lovely old town of Nuremberg when Bruno Walter, the famous conductor came to hear her. He was producing an opera of Mozart at the Opera House in Berlin and he had not found the right person for the leading role. Grete Stueckgold was the right person and he came to tell her so. It was not an invitation or a request. It was a demand.

"I need you for the part," he said firmly. "There is nobody else. You must do it."

How could she hesitate? Here was her opportunity exactly as it had been promised; she could not doubt now that the rest of the prophecy would be fulfilled. Her parents were musical people, proud of her concert success, but they protested at the thought of opera. Parents always protest when their daughters go on the stage. However the decision was hers and she made it. She sang the Mozart role in Berlin where her success was overwhelming

:e was a sensation. She was young l beautiful and her fame grew rapidly. (fers to sing in other cities were show-·d upon her. And just three years after ·t visit in Munich she signed a contract 1 come to New York.

She hadn't had much time to think of 1 tune-tellers, but when she got on the 1t she must have felt a rather special :itement and surely she read the pas-ıger list with unusual care. There was :fellow artist on board, a man who for ·eral years had been singing character ·ts at the Metropolitan Opera. Never l l they met, but they knew each other by ıutation and were introduced almost at ·e. The name Gustav Schuetzendorf ·n't sound quite like the prince in the fry tale but as Romeo pointed out a l g time ago, names don't matter. The ·ssing wasn't a long one and it didn't ı·d to be. Madame Stueckgold is radiant ıen she tells about it.

"It was love at first sight for both of ı" she says.

They were married the following year i New York and nothing prophesied that ·· in Munich was truer than the promise ·complete happiness. Husband and wife ·rk and play together. When one sings t other is always there to listen and ıen Madame Stueckgold is rehearsing ·broadcasting at Columbia's Theatre of t Air. Gustav Schuetzendorf sits in the ·trol room. After the rehearsal they g out together, talking eagerly. Unlike ·ne married people they always have a l to say to each other.

Perhaps if Madame Stueckgold were t go back to Munich she could find the ·tune-teller, every one of whose words ·ne true, but the suggestion makes her ·ile and shake her head.

"No, I think I'd rather just take things ı they come now," she says. Probably ·· is right. And perhaps, too, a thing l· that can happen only once in a life-t·e. To try it again would be tempting fe.

MCA

Yes, it's Hal Kemp, the NBC maestro who plays nightly at the Hotel Pennsylvania, New York City.

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By *Lady Esther*

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Two or three cleansings with Lady Esther Face Cream will actually make your skin appear whiter—shades whiter. You would think almost that you had bleached it, but that's the effect of *thoroughly* cleansing the skin. When your skin has been thoroughly cleansed it blooms anew, like a wilting flower that has been suddenly watered. It becomes clear and radiant. It becomes fine and soft.

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Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 53*)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WTAR WLW. **1:30 CST**—KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, WENR, KOIL, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WTMJ. **12:30 MST**—KOA. **11:30 A.M. PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

3:00 EST (1) New York Philharmonic Orchestra.
WABC, WKRC, WJSV, WLBZ, WLBW, WGLC, CFRB, WDNC, WHEC, WMBR, WBNS, WIBX, WHK, WCAU, WDBO, WICC, WBIG, WDBJ, WTOC, WSJS, WOKO, WGR, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WDAE, WBT, WHP, CKAC, WMAS, WORC. **2:00 CST**—WFBM, WSFA, WREC, KWKH, WDSU, WQAM, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, KSCJ, WLAC, WMBD, KTSA, WSBT, WIBW, WMT, KFH, KGKO, WALA. **1:00 MST**—KVOR, KLZ, KSL. **12:00 Noon PST**—KHJ, KOH.

3:00 EST (½)—Sally of the Talkies. Dramatic Sketches. (Luxor, Ltd.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WTAM, WJAR WTAG, WLIT, WGY, WWJ, WCAE, WEEI, WFBR, WBEN, WSAI. **2:00 CST**—WMC, KSD, WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WJDX, WSMB, WHO, WSM, WSB, WAPI, WOC.

3:30 EST (½)—Maybelline Musical Revue. Harry Jackson's orchestra; Don Mario, soloist; guest stars.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WRC, WBEN, WTAM, WLW, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WGY, WCAE, WWJ. **2:30 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, KSD, KOA, KYDL. **12:30 PST**—KFI, KGW KOMO, KPO, KHQ

4:00 EST (½)—Rhythm Symphony. 86 members Kansas City Philharmonic orchestra. De Wolf Hopper, narrator; guest artist. (Rexall Drug.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA. **3:00 CST**—WMAQ, WDAF, WIBA, WOAI, WEBC, WAVE, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC. **2:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **1:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO.

4:00 EST (½)—Sherlock Holmes with Stooge Watson. (G. Washington's Coffee.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, KDKA. **3:00 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN.

4:30 EST (½)—Tony Wons. (S. C. Johnson & Co.)
KSTP, WEBC, KFYR, WSM, WSMB **3:30 CST**—WMC, WKBF, WAVE, WTMJ, WSB, WAPI, WJDX. **2:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KTAR. **1:30 PST**—KGO, KPO, KHQ, KGW, KOMO, KFSD.

4:30 EST (½)—"The Land of Beginning Again." Ruth Everets, songs; Harrison Knox, tenor; Louis Katzman's Bohemians; Lew White, organist. (Carlsbad Products Co.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBAL, WSYR, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA. **3:30 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL.

4:30 EST (¼)—Harry Reser's orchestra; Ray Heatherton, baritone (Wrigley Pharmaceutical Co.) NBC—WEAF network. Station list unavailable.

5:00 EST (½)—Charles Sears, tenor; Mary Steele, contralto; Edward Davies, baritone; Koestner's orchestra. (Hoover.)
WEAF, WTAG, WCSH, WFBR, WWJ, WEEI, WJAR, WFI, WRC, WSAI, CRCT, CFCF, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WTIC. **4:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WDAF, WOC, WHO, WKBF, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAVE, WSMB. **3:00 MST**—KDYL, KOA. **2:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

5:00 EST (½)—Vick's Open House. With Freddy Martin's Orchestra; Elmer Feldkamp, baritone; guests; Terry Shand, blues singer; vocal trio, and the two-piano team.
WABC, WBNS, WAAB, WGR, WADC, WDRC, WEAN, WJSV, WHEC, WKBN, WOKO, WCAO, WKBW, WCAU, WFBL, WLBZ, WBIG, WMAS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WBT, WMBG, WORC. **4:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, KLRA, WREC, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, WIBW, KTUL, KFH. **3:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **2:00 PST**—KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KFBK, KERN, KMJ, KWG, KOL, KFPY, KVI.

5:00 EST (½)—Roses and Drums. Civil War dramas. (Union Central Life.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, KDKA, WLW. **4:00 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS.

5:30 EST (½)—Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. (General Baking.)
WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WHK, WIBX, WSPD, WBNS, WWVA, WADC, WCAO, WGR, CKLW, WJSV, WHEC, WORC, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN, WFBL, WICC, WMAS. **4:30 CST**—WFBM, KTRH, WHAS, KMOX, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, KTUL.

5:30 EST (½)—Tony Wons. "House by the Side of the Road." (S. C. Johnson and Son, Inc.)
WEAF, WEEI, WCSH, WCAE, WPTF, WJAX, WSAI, WFBR, WTAR, WIOD, WTIC, WJAR, WFI, WTAM, CRCT, WTAG, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, CFCF, WWNC. **4:30 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, KSD, WOW, WDAF, KVOO, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KPRC, WOAI.

6:00 EST (½)—"Music by Gershwin. Louis Katzman's orchestra; Dick Robertson, tenor; Rhoda Arnold, soprano; Lucille Peterson, soloist; Male Sextet and Harry Von Zell, Master of Ceremonies. (Feen-A-Mint.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WHEC, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, CFRB, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WBT, WBNS. **5:00 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WREC, WGST, WCCO, KRLD, WDSU. **4:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **3:00 PST**—KGB, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KVI.

6:15 EST (¼)—Jolly Coburn's Orchestra (Sparks Withington Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WSYR. **5:15 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

6:30 EST (½)—"The Iron Master." Five-piece band; guest artists; Bennett Chapple, narrator. (American Rolling Mill Co.)
WEAF, WFBR, WTAM, WWJ, WCAE, WLW, WGY, WLIT, WRC, WBEN. **5:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, KPRC, WDAF, KVOO, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, WOAI.

6:30 EST (½)—Grand Hotel. A drama with Anne Seymour and Don Ameche. (Campana Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR. **5:30 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC. **4:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **3:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

6:30 EST (¼)—Smilin' Ed McConnell. Song. (Acme Paints.)
WABC, WAAB, WKBW, WEAN, WIBX, WORC, WQAM, WBNS, WFEA, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WFBL, WLBZ, WLEY, WWVA, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WJSV, WBT, WHP. **5:30 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, WHAS, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, KFAB, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WLAC. **4:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **3:00 PST**—KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KVI.

6:45 EST (¼)—Voice of Experience. (Wasey Products.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WAAB, WBT, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WWVA, CKLW. **5:45 CST**—KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WHAS, WOWO.

7:00 EST (½)—Jack Benny. Don Bestor's Orchestra; Frank Parker, tenor; Mary Livingstone. (General Foods.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WGR, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTOC. **6:00 CST**—WKBF, WEAF, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, KFYR, WAVE, WSM, WSB, WKY, WSMB, KVOO, WFAA, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WMC.

7:00 EST (½)—Alexander Woollcott, The Crier for Cream of Wheat. Robert Armbruster's Orchestra.
WABC, WOKO, WHK, WCAU, WFBL, WKRC, WCAO, WNAC, WDRC, WAAB, WGR, WJSV, CKLW. **6:00 CST**—WBBM, KMOX, WHAS, KMBC, WCCO. **5:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **4:00 PST**—KERN, KFRC, KDB, KHJ, KOL, KOIN, KFPY, KFBK, KWG, KGB, KVI, KGW.

7:30 EST (½)—Joe Penner. Ozzie Nelson's Orchestra with Harriet Hilliard. (Fleischmann for the bakers of America.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WPTF, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WWNC, WLW. **6:30 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI. **5:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **4:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KGW.

7:30 EST (½)—Gulf Headliners. Will Rogers and Stoopnagle & Budd in alternative cycles; Oscar Bradley's Orchestra. (Gulf Refining Co.)
WABC, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WFBL, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WHEC, WKRC, WMAS, WNAC, WORC, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WFBL, WFEA, WHK, WJSV, WMBG, WOKO, WQAM, WTOC. **6:30 CST**—KLRA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WALA, WACO, WBRC, WDOD.

(*Continued on page 94*)

Strictly Confidential

(*Continued from page 27*)

uary 1, 1895; Frank La Marr, January 1907; Smiling Ed McConnell, January 1892; Reggie Childs, December 25, 14; Rosa Ponselle, January 23, 1897; Babs Ryan, January 16, 1914.

or January marriage anniversaries, re are: Ben Alley, January 1, 1933; ian Roth, January 29, 1933; and Mor- Downey who married as the clock ck ushering out 1928 and bringing in 9. So you can call his marriage date er December 31, 1928 or January 1, 9.

he Hall of Fame, formerly a Sunday t NBC feature, shifts to CBS on uary 6th to the 8 to 8:30 p, m. EST t. It remains at this hour until Feb- ry 3rd when it will go on from 8:30 to . m.

blessed event which was due Christ- s week is in the home of John Mills, st of the Mills Brothers.

BC has just installed a new pipe organ, Aeolian-Skinner with three sixty-one- e manuals, a twenty-pedal foot manual ing in all a total of 1024 pipes plus nes and a harp. Which indicates that organ is coming into its own on the ays. In this regard, attention should rawn to the Friday evening 8:15 EST gram of Dick Leibert, Radio City anist. It's the first time an entire eve- g commercial program has been built nd the organ. Leibert is supported by ry Courtland, singer, a quartette, and pianoing of Robert Armbruster.

n election night John Young in Radio cut in on a dance program to an-

(*Continued on page 95*)

len Claire as Betty Graham, the uthern belle spy of Roses and ums, NBC, Sundays at 5 p.m. EST.

FOLKS WHO ARE "NATURALLY SKINNY"

NOW GAIN 5 LBS. IN 1 WEEK AND FEEL FINE!

New, Natural Mineral Concentrate from the Sea—RICH IN NATURAL IODINE, Building Up Thousands of Nervous, Skinny, Rundown Men and Women Everywhere

Here's good news for "Naturally Skinny" folks who can't seem to add an ounce no matter what they eat. A new way has been found to add flattering pounds of good, solid flesh and fill out those ugly, scrawny hollows even on men and women who have been under-weight for years. 5 lbs. in 1 week guaranteed. 15 to 20 lbs. in few weeks not uncommon.

This new discovery, called Kelp-a-Malt now available in handy tablets offers practically all the vitally essential food minerals in highly concentrated form. These minerals, so necessary to the digestion of fats and starches in your daily diet—the weight making elements—include a rich supply of precious NATURAL IODINE.

Kelp-a-Malt's NATURAL IODINE is a mineral needed by the vital organ which regulates metabolism—the process through which the body is constantly building firm solid flesh, new strength and energy. 6 Kelp-a-Malt tablets contain more NATURAL IODINE than 486 lbs. of spinach, 1600 lbs. of beef, 1389 lbs. of lettuce.

Try Kelp-a-Malt for a single week and notice the difference—how much better you sleep—how your appetite improves, how ordinary stomach distres vanishes. Watch flat chests and skinny limbs fill out and flattering extra pounds appear. Kelp-a-Malt is prescribed and used by physicians. Fine for children, too. Remember the name, Kelp-a-Malt, the original kelp and malt tablets. Nothing like them, so do not accept imitations. Try Kelp-a-Malt. If you don't gain at least 5 lbs. in 1 week, the trial is free. Kelp-a-Malt comes in jumbo size tablets, 4 to 5 times the size of ordinary tablets and cost but little. It can be had at nearly all drug stores. If your dealer can't supply you, send $1.00 for special introductory size bottle of 65 tablets to address below

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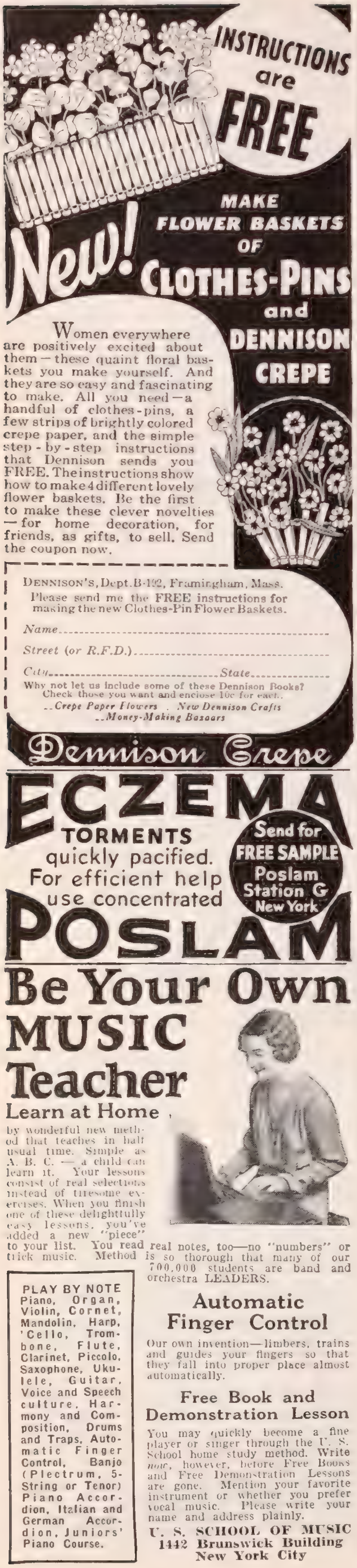


Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 92*)

SUNDAYS (Continued)

WDSU, WGST, WHAS, WLAC, WMBR, WOWO, WREC.

7:45 EST (¼)—Wendell Hall, the Red Headed Music Maker. (Fitch.)
WEAF, WLIT, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, CFCF, WTIC. **6:45 CST**—WHO, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WOW, WKBF.

8:00 EST (½)—Hall of Fame; guest stars. (Lehn & Fink.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WBBM, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WOWO, CFRB, CKAC, WDRC, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, KMOX, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WGST. **7:00 CST** — WBBM, WCCO, WOWO, KFAB, KRLD, WFBM, WDSU, KMBC, KTSA, WHAS, KTUL, KMOX, KLRA, WGST, WMT, WBRC **6:00 MST**—KSL, KLZ **5:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI

8:00 EST (1)—Symphony Concert. Guest artists. (General Motors.)
WJZ, WSYR, WHAM, WBZ, WBZA, WBAL, WGAR, KDKA, WCKY (WJR on at 8:15) **7:00 CST**—WLS, KSO, KWCR, KOIL, WREN (KWK on at 8:15).

8:00 EST (1)—Chase & Sanborn Hour. Opera Guild. Deems Taylor, narrator; symphony orchestra direction Wilfred Pelletier; chorus 40 voices; operas in English. (Standard Brands, Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WTAM, WBEN, WCAE, WIOD, WFLA, WWJ, WLW, CFCF, WWNC, WIS, CRCT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WPTF, WJAR, WCSH, WRVA, WJAX, WLIT, WSB (on at 8:30), WAPI. **7:00 CST**—WMAQ, WSM, WTMJ, WOAI, WOW, WMC, WJDX, KSD, WOC, WHO, WDAF, KFYR, KPRC, WKY, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KVOO, WFAA, WSMB, WAVE **6:00 MST**—KTAR, KDYL, KOA. **5:00 PST**—KFI, KGW, KPO, KOMO, KHQ

9:00 EST (½)—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round. Rachel Carlez, blues singer; Pierre Le Kreeun, tenor; Jerome Mann, impersonator; Andy Sannella's Orchestra; Men About Town. (R. L. Watkins Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WJAR, WTAM, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTAG, WWJ, WSAI, WFI, CFCF. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAF. **7:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:00 PST**—KHQ, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO.

9:00 EST (½)—Charles Previn and his orchestra. Olga Albani, soprano; guest artist. (Real Silk Hosiery.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WIS, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WLW, WPTF, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA. **8:00 CST**—KWCR, WENR, WTAR, WAVE, WSM, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WKY, KPRC, WSB, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, WFAA, KTBS, KTHS.

9:00 EST (1)—Detroit Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Victor Kolar. Guest concert artists. (Ford Motor Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WFBL, WJSV, WICC, WBNS, WLBW, WHP, WDBJ, WTOC, WIBX, WSJS, WGLC, WKBN, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WLBZ, WSMK, WBT, WDNC, WBIG, WFEA, WHEC, WMAS, CFRB, WWVA, WORC **8:00 CST**—WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WBBM, WIND, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, WNOX, WKBH, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WALA, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, KWKH, KSCJ, WSBT, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KFH, KGKO, WNAX **7:00 MST**—KVOR, KLZ, KSL **6:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KOH.

9:30 EST (¼)—Walter Winchell tells secrets. (Jergen's Lotion.)
WJZ, WBZ, WMAL, WJR, WLW, WBZA, WBAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **8:30 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, WOAI, KOIL.

9:30 EST (½)—American Album of Familiar Music. Frank Munn, tenor; Virginia Rea, soprano; Ohman & Arden, piano team; Bertrand Hirsch, violinist; Haenschen Concert Orch. (Bayer.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WWNC, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WSB, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, WJAX, WPTF, CFCF, CRCT, WIS **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, WOC, WHO, KSD, WAPI, WOW, WMC, WOAI, WJDX, WFAA, WSMB, WKY, KPRC, WDAF, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM. **7:30 MST**—KDYL, KOA. **6:30 PST**—KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KPO.

10:00 EST (½)—Wayne King. (Lady Esther.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WBNS, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WFBM. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, WDSU, KMOX, WCCO, KRLD, WIBW, KFAB. **8:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

10:30 EST (½)—Pontiac Program. Jan Froman; The Modern Choir; Frank Black orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WRVA, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSB, WTAR. **9:30 CST**—WKBF, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, KGHL, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WSOC, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI. **8:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL **7:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KPO, KTAR.

11:00 EST (¼)—Wendell Hall sings again for Fitch.
10:00 CST—KSTP, WOAI, KTHS, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WDAF, WTMJ, WKY, KPRC, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WBAP, KTBS **9:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL **8:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

11:15 EST (¼)—Walter Winchell.
10:15 CST—WSM, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, KTHS, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WAVE **9:15 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL **8:15 PST** KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD, KTAR.

12:00 Noon EST (¼)—Songs and Comedy. Charlie King and Peggy Flynn for Tastyeast.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, KDKA, WCKY, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, WGAR, WJR. **11 A.M. CST**—WENR, KWK, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

MONDAYS

(January 7th, 14th, 21st and 28th.)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Adventures in the 25th century. (Cocomalt.)
WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WBNS, WCAU, WFBL, WHEC, WHK, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, CKLW. (See also 7:30 EST.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson and Sunny Jim. Cowboy stories for the kiddies. (Hecker H-O.)
WABC, WAAB, WGR, WCAU, WFBL, WLBZ, WDRC, WEAN, WOKO.

6:15 EST (¼)—Tom Mix. Western drama for the youngsters. (Ralston.)
WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WTMJ, WDAF, KSTP. **5:15 CST**—KSD, WEBC.

6:30 EST (½)—The Shadow. Mystery drama. (Delaware Coal Co.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WFBL, WHEC, WJSV, WKBW, WAAB, WOKO, WORC.

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas gives the day's news. (Sun Oil.)
WJZ, WGAR, WLW, CRCT, WRC, WBAL, WBZ, KDKA, WHAM, WGY, WSYR, WBZA, WJAX, WIOD, WFI, WMAL, CFCF.

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchelor. Home town sketches with Raymond Knight and Alice Davenport. (Wheatena.)
WEAF, WEEI, WTIC, WJAR, WTAG, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ.

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, KDKA, WLW, WCKY, WENR, CRCT, WHAM, WGAR, WJR, WRVA, WFI, WIOD, WFOA. (See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge. (Wrigley's.)
WABC, WADC, WBT, WCAO, WCAU, WWVA, WDAE, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, CKLW, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WQAM, WSPD, WTOC. (See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Willard Robison and his Deep River Orchestra with Mildred Bailey, blues singer. (Vick Chemical Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WGY. **6:15 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, KOIL.

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber. (Kolynos.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WKRC, WNAC, CKLW.

7:30 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Adventures in the 25th century. (Cocomalt.)
6:30 CST—KMBC, KMOX, KRLD, KTRH, WBBM, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, KTSA, WMBG, WBT.

7:30 EST (¼)—"Red" Davis. Dramatic sketch. (Beech Nut.)
WJZ, WBAL, WBZA, WSYR, WTAM, WSOC, WAIU, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WMAL, WBZ, WHAM, KDKA, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, WSB. **6:30 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, WMC, WSMB, KTBS, WREN, KOIL.

(*Continued on page 96*)

(*Continued from page 93*)

ıunce that the Democrats were sweeping e country. "Ain't It a Shame," said oward Claney in announcing the next ınce number.

Graham McNamee has been signed for 's sixth year by the Universal Newsreel.

Ireene Wicker has published, through the /hitman Publishing Company of Racine, 'isconsin, a book called "The Singing ady's Favorite Stories." They are the ıes used on her Singing Lady broadcasts. ince going on the air in 1930, Ireene ıs written approximately 3,827,000 words ɔr more than 1000 programs.

As a memorial to his mother who died Denver last year Paul Whiteman has tablished the Elfrida Whiteman Scholarıip. The award goes annually to the merican composer submitting the most utstanding composition, fully orchestrated. he first contest closes at midnight on ebruary 1, 1935. The winner will be nounced March 31, 1935. To the winer will be given two years at a musical ollege, twenty-five dollars, weekly, during e school term and the Elfrida Whiteman ıedal for 1934. All entries should be ent to the Elfrida Whiteman Scholarship, ı care of Paul Whiteman, Park Central Iotel, New York City.

TID-BITS: The Landt Trio and White are in their seventh year on NBC . . . Rosaline Greene has appeared on very important show in radio during her areer as an actress . . . Queena Mario, he opera star, is the wife of Wilfred Pelletier, Packard conductor . . . Bert Parks, twenty-year-old CBS announcer, has turned singer . . . Will Rogers will be ack on the Gulf program over CBS the niddle of January . . . Jack Van Volkenburg, president of KMOX in St. Louis, is he father of a son born in October . . . KVI, Tacoma, Washington, boasts the oungest announcer in age, yet oldest in oint of service. He's Maurice Webster, ighteen.

"Calling All Stars," the new Lew Brown Broadway show, will have Everett Marhall, Gertrude Niesen and George Givot, all of CBS, in its cast.

(*Continued on page 97*)

MCA

One of the smoothest bands of the air is Jan Garber's, on NBC Mondays at 8 p.m. EST.

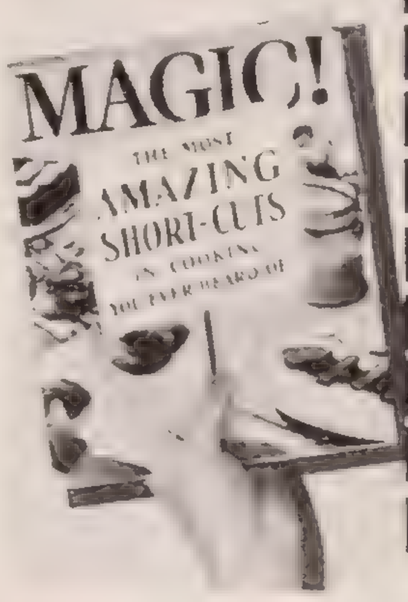
A de luxe Dessert..easy!

EAGLE BRAND SURPRISE APPLE CAKE

2 tablespoons butter, melted
½ teaspoon cinnamon
2 cups graham cracker crumbs
3 eggs, separated
1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 tablespoons lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon
2 cups canned or drained, sieved apple sauce

Add butter and cinnamon to graham cracker crumbs. Spread thick layer of crumbs on bottom of buttered spring mold or deep 10-inch layer cake pan. Beat egg yolks well, add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, rind and apple sauce. Fold in stiffly-beaten egg whites. Pour into mold. Cover with remaining cracker crumbs. Bake 50 minutes in moderate oven (350° F.). Serve hot or cold.

● Tender and moist and delicately flavorous inside, and nice and crumb-y outside—here's a chef's creation. Yet a beginner could make it! ● But *remember*—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



FREE! World's most amazing Cook Book!

Rotogravure picture-book (60 photographs) showing astonishing new short-cuts. 130 recipes, including: Lemon Pie Filling without cooking! Foolproof 5-minute Chocolate Frosting! Caramel Pudding that makes itself! 2-ingredient Macaroons! Shake-up Mayonnaise! Ice Creams (freezer and automatic)! Candies! Refrigerator Cakes! Sauces! Custards! Cookies! Address: The Borden Co., Dept. MM-25, 350 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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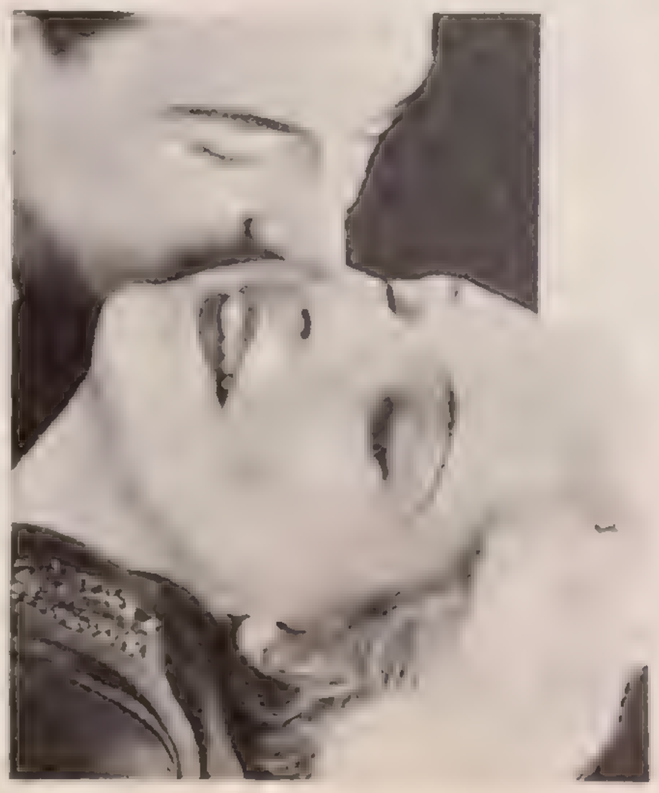

Hair Men Adore

Fascinating Glints brought out in one shampoo!

DON'T let drab hair make you look tired and commonplace. A single Blondex shampoo will wake up radiant charm—will fluff your hair to new, enchanting softness. Blondex is not a dye or bleach. It's a glorious shampoo-rinse—made originally for blondes—but quickly adopted by thousands with dark and medium hair—who find it brings out gleaming lights and lustre like nothing else! Wonderfully cleansing, Blondex completely removes all hair-dirt and film. Your scalp feels gloriously clean, refreshed. Your hair is not only brighter, but healthier, too! Try Blondex now—it works magic. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpensive 25¢ package, and the economical $1 bottle.

A famous doctor says: "Ambrosia not only cleanses thoroughly and deeply, but is antiseptic, healing and tonic. It reduces large pores."

LARGE PORES

DON'T suffer from large pores and blackheads another minute. Use Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid cleanser, three times a day. You feel Ambrosia tingle; you know it is cleansing as nothing has done before.

Using Ambrosia is like putting your skin on a liquid diet. There's nothing to clog or coarsen pores. In as little as three days blackheads begin to go, complexions are smoother and clearer.

Begin to have a lovelier skin at once. Get a bottle of Ambrosia today. 75¢ at all drug and department stores. In smaller sizes at 10¢ stores.

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THE PORE-DEEP CLEANSER

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy Conversation, Movies, Church and Radio, because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 986, 70 5th Ave., New York

Now *you can get the same Coiffure as the stars . . . with*

HOLLYWOOD *Rapid-Dry* **CURLERS**

Lu Anne Meredith, 1934 Warner Baby Star

Scintillating screen stars *have* to be neat and immaculate—set the style in hair dress as well as the vogue in clothes. So naturally they use Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers to get the full, soft, *lasting* curls that distinguish the truly smart coiffure.

Only Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers have the soft rubber lock that keeps both hair and curler securely in place. As the name implies, Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers are quick-drying—the perforations permit abundant air circulation. And they fit so snugly that you can wear them comfortably while you sleep. Insist upon Hollywood Rapid-Dry Curlers.

At 5c and 10c stores and notion counters 5c Fa

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 94)

MONDAYS (Continued)

WIBA, WFAA, WKBF, WOAI, KPRC, KSTP, WSM, WJDX, WKY, WAVE. **5:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL.

7:45 EST (¼)—Dramatic sketch with Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (Woodbury's.)
WJZ, WLW, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR. **6:45 CST**—WENR, WKY, KTBS, KWK, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN, WSM, WSB, WSMB, WFAA.

7:45 EST (¼)—"Uncle Ezra's Radio Station E-Z-R-A" with Pat Barrett, Cliff Soubier, Carleton Guy, Nora Cunneen and others.
WEAF, WRC, WCSH, WGY, WTAM, WSAI. **6:45 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, WOW.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter, commentator on the news. (Philco.)
WABC, WCAO, KMBC, WNAC, WJSV, WHK, CKLW, WCAU, WJAS, WBT, WGR. **6:45 CST**—WBBM, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO.

8:00 EST (¼)—Carson Robison and his Buckaroos. (Aspergum.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WBNS, WCAU, WEAN, WJSV, WHEC, CKLW. **7:00 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO. **6:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **5:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

8:00 EST (½)—Jan Garber and his orchestra with Dorothy Page. (Yeast Foam.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WLW, WJR. **7:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, KWK, WKBF. **6:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **5:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

8:00 EST (½)—Richard Himber's orchestra with Joey Nash, vocalist. (Studebaker Motor Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WSAI. **7:00 CST**—KSD, WHO, WOW, WMAQ, KVOO, WKY, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WOC, WBAP, WDAF.
(WWJ off 8:15.)

8:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill gives the human side of the news. (Wasey Products.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, CKLW, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WGR, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD. **7:15 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS.

8:30 EST (½)—Firestone Concert; Gladys Swarthout, Richard Crooks and Nelson Eddie alternating artists; Wm. Daly's orchestra. (Firestone Tire & Rubber Co.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ, WLW, WCAE, CRCT, CFCF, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR. **7:30 CST**—WKBF, WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, KSTP, WDAY, WEBC, WTMJ, WIBA, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI.

9:00 EST (½)—Rosa Ponselle, operatic soprano; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Chesterfield.)
WABC, WCAO, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WBNS, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, WSPD, CKLW, WFEA, WHEC, WHK, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WLBW, WLBZ, WMAS, WMBG, WPG, WQAM, WHP, WDNC, WGLC, WIBX, WSJS, WTOC. **8:00 CST**—WMBR, KFH, WNOX, WSFA, WALA, KTUL, KWKH, KGKO, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KSCJ, KTRH, KTSA, WACO, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WISN, WKBH, WLAC, WMBD, WMT, WNAX, WOWO, WREC. **7:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KSL, KOH, KOIN, KOL, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG.

9:00 EST (½)—A & P Gypsies Orchestra, direction Harry Horlick. Frank Parker, tenor.
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCAE, WCSH, WWJ, WLIT, WGY, WBEN, WTAM. **8:30 CST**—KSD, WOW, WDAF, WHO, WOC, WMAQ.

9:00 EST (½)—Sinclair Greater Minstrels; old time minstrel show.
WJZ, WGAR, WWNC, WSYR, WTAR, WLW, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WBAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WSB, WSOC, WJR, WPTF. **8:00 CST**—WLS, KWK, WREN, KSO, KVOO KSTP, WEBC, KTHS, WDAY, KPRC, KTBS, KOIL, KFYR, WTMJ, WFAA, WMC, WSMB, WJDX, WIBA, WOAI, WKY. **7:00 MST**—KTAR, KOA. **6:00 PST**—KFI, KFSD, KPO.

9:30 EST (½)—Colgate House Party with Conrad Thibault, Al Goodman's band, and Fritzi Scheff. (Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WCAE, WTAM, WRVA, WWNC, WJAX, WFLA, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WWJ, WLW, WPTF, WIS, WIOD, WSB, WJDX, WLIT, WSAI. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WMC, WSMB, WKY, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI, WDAF, KSD, WIBA, WOC, WHO, WTMJ, WSM, KVOO, WFAA. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Block & Sully, comedy; Gertrude Niesen; Lud Gluskin's orchestra. (Ex-Lax Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WCAU, CKAC, WBNS, WBT, WFBL, WJSV, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, WSPD, WICC. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KFAB, WREC, WCCO, WDSU. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL.

9:30 EST (½)—Princess Pat Players. Dramatic sketch.
WJZ, WBAL, WSYR, WJR, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **8:30 CST**—WENR, WCKY, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

10:00 EST (½)—Wayne King's orchestra. (Lady Esther.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WCAU, WEAN, WSPD, WBNS, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KFAB, WCCO, WIBW, WDSU, KRLD, WFBM. **8:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KVI, KFBK, KDB, KGW.

10:00 EST (½)—Contented Program. Lullaby Lady; male quartet; Morgan L. Eastman orchestra. (Carnation Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, CRCT, CFCF, WCSH, WLIT, WCAE, WLW, WFBR, WRC, WTIC, WGY, WBEN, WTAM, WWJ. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WFAA. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KFYR, WEBC, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, WMC, WSB, WKY, KPRC, WOAI. **7:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy. (Pepsodent.)
WSB. **10:00 CST**—WENR, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WMC, WKY, WBAP, WOAI, WTMJ, KSTP, WSM, WSMB, KTHS, KPRC, WDAF. **9:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **8:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KHQ, KOMO
(See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge. (Chew Wrigley's.)
10:00 CST—KFAB, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, WGST, WLAC, KTRH, WBBM, WBRC, WCCO, WDSU, WFBM, WHAS, WREC, WSFA. **9:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **8:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KVI.
(See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill humanizes the news. (Wasey Products.)
8:15 PST—KERN KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KLZ, KSL.

11:30 EST (½)—Voice of Firestone Concerts.
10:30 CST—KSD, WOW. **9:30 MST**—KOA, KTAR, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL. **8:30 PST**—KFSD, KGV, KFI, KGW, KPO, KHQ, KOMO.
(See also 8:30 P.M. EST.)

TUESDAYS

(January 1st, 8th, 15th, 22nd and 29th.)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventure in the 25th Century.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas. News.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchelor. Small town sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Whispering Jack Smith and orchestra. (Ironized Yeast.)
WEAF—red network of NBC. Station list unavailable.

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventures in the 25th century.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (½)—Edgar A. Guest, verse; vocal trio; Joseph Koestner's orch Household musical memories. (Household Finance Corp.)
WJZ, WBZ, WHAM, WBZA, WMAL, WGAR, WHAM, WBAL, KDKA, WSYR. **6:30 CST**—WREN, WENR, KOIL, KWCR, KSO, KWK.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter. News.
(For stations see Monday.)

(Continued on page 98)

(*Continued from page 95*)

Rosa Ponselle sings as much for her visible audience as she does for her unseen audience, so much so that engineers at CBS have installed a signal light on her music stand to warn her when she is too far away from the mike.

More than 500 different musical selections are presented each month on the Breakfast Club on NBC.

Rudy Vallee and his wife, Fay Webb Vallee, are still furnishing business for the courts. As we predicted months ago, Vallee is winning. He recently walked off with two decisions in New York courts; one permitting him to file a new answer to his wife's suit plus a temporary injunction restraining Fay from procuring an alimony action in California; the other was a denial of Fay's application to strike out his counter-claim in her action in which he asked that the separation agreement in New York be upheld and that a permanent injunction be granted restraining the prosecution of the California suit. Fay, as you know, is trying to set aside the separation agreement under which she receives $100 a week from Rudy.

Johnnie Johnstone, for eleven years a familiar figure in NBC's press department, resigned to head the press unit of WOR, Newark, New Jersey.

There was a cloudburst on the nineteenth floor of NBC's Chicago studios recently. A sound effects man, carrying a rainstorm from the sound effects library to one of the studios where the show called for some stormy weather, tripped over the carpet. The rain—sand which trickles from a box on a sheet of cellophane—drenched the place. They had to move with lightning speed to manufacture new rain for the program.

Danny Malone, the Irish lad brought to NBC from London, got his first taste of Broadway with the Abbey Theatre Players in the Irish play, "Church Street."

Lanny Ross will make a personal appearance at the Cleveland Automobile

(*Continued on page 99*)

Both Columbia and NBC waft the melodies of Wayne King to your loudspeakers.

Helping Millions to

END COLDS SOONER

WHEN a bad cold gets you down, just rub on Vicks VapoRub. It goes right to work to fight a cold *direct—two ways at once.* Through the skin it acts *direct* like a poultice or plaster. At the same time, its medicated vapors are inhaled with every breath *direct* to the inflamed air-passages of head, throat, and bronchial tubes. This combined action loosens phlegm—soothes irritated membranes—eases difficult breathing—helps break congestion.

Follow daytime treatments with an application at bedtime—to get the effect of VapoRub's powerful two-way medication through the night. Often by morning the worst of the cold is over.

VICKS VAPORUB

(VapoRub is the foundation of Vicks Plan for Better *Control* of Colds. This unique Plan fully described in each Vicks package.)

To Help PREVENT Colds
VICKS VA-TRO-NOL
for nose and throat

Quick!—At the first nasal irritation, sniffle or sneeze—just a few drops up each nostril. Va-tro-nol aids the functions provided by Nature—in the nose—to prevent colds, and to throw off colds in the early stages.

Maysie Greig's

SENSATIONAL NEW NOVEL

"NO WEDDING RING"

WHAT PRICE WOULD YOU PAY TO SAVE YOUR LOVER FROM PRISON?

Patsy's beseeching eyes sought the kindly ones of Ryan Burke. He would help her, surely. He had to help her or *Joe would go to prison!* Joe, the man she loved. All the same, it was hard, asking this stranger for money.

How would you face this situation? You could never guess the startling solution you will find in "No Wedding Ring" but you will enjoy reading every word of this tender love story. Start reading it now—go to your favorite newsdealer today and get the

February
Sweetheart Stories .. 10¢

WEAR *Perfume*

THAT LURES TONIGHT

Be divinely exciting tonight . . . be utterly irresistible. Wear Irresistible Perfume that lures . . . that stirs the senses . . . thrills . . . awakens love.

Use Irresistible Perfume and your heart will beat faster with joy as you find yourself the center of an admiring group. Your friends will envy your strange new power over hearts! And you'll be following the secret of fascinating Parisiennes who always use an exotic, seductive perfume when they wish to set hearts on fire.

Use all the Irresistible Beauty Aids . . . each has some special feature that gives you glorious new loveliness. Use Irresistible Brilliantine, especially after setting your wave, to give your hair a lustrous, silky sheen.

Treat yourself to a refreshing body rub with Irresistible Cologne . . . and use Irresistible Talc for complete daintiness . . . never harsh or gritty . . . always soft, soothing and delicately fragrant. All Irresistible Beauty Aids are perfumed with the famous Irresistible Perfume. Guaranteed to be absolutely pure and of the finest quality. Full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Programs Day by Day

(*Continued from page 96*)

TUESDAYS (Continued)

8:00 EST (½)—Call for Philip Morris. Also for Philip Duey, baritone; with Leo Reisman's orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WCSH, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR, WCAE, WEEI, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WTIC, WFI, WGY, WWJ. **7:00 CST**—WMAG, WIBA, WDAF, WKBF, WMAQ, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WSM, WMC, WJDX, WSMB, KVOO, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WAVE, WTMJ, KSD, WOC, WOW, WSB.
(See also 11:30 P.M. EST.)

8:00 EST (½)—"Lavender & Old Lace." Songs of other days, with Frank Munn, tenor; Hazel Glenn, soprano, and Gustave Haenschen's orch. (Bayer's Aspirin.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WKRC, WEAN, WJSV, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WHK, WFBL, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WSPD. **7:00 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX.

8:00 EST (½)—Eno Crime Clues. Mystery drama. Second half Wednesday night. (Harold S. Ritchie & Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, KDKA, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR, WLW. **7:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

8:30 EST (½)—"Melodiana," with Abe Lyman's orch., Vivienne Segal, soprano, and Oliver Smith, tenor. (Phillips Dental Magnesia.)
WABC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WADC, WJAS, WSPD, WJSV, WGR, WHK, WDRC, WEAN, WHEC, WKRC, CKLW, WCAU, WFBL, CFRB. **7:30 CST**—WBBM, WHAS, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WCCO.

8:30 EST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade and Wayne King's dance music.
WEAF, WCAE, WBEN, WRC, WFBR, WSAI, WFI, WGY, WCSH, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WWJ. **7:30 CST**—WTMJ, KSD, WOW, KPRC, KTBS, WBAP, WMC, KFYR, WDAY, WEBC, KVOO, KSTP, WMAQ, WOAI, WSB. **6:30 MST**—KOA.

8:30 EST (¾)—Packard Program. Lawrence Tibbett, Wilfred Pelletier's orchestra; John B. Kennedy.
WJZ, WMAL, WHAM, WBAL, WJR, WBZ, KDKA, CFCF, WBZA, WSYR, WGAR, CRCT. **7:30 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KWK, KSO, WREN, KOIL.

9:00 EST (½)—Bing Crosby sings to the girls from coast to coast. Boswell Sisters and George Stoll's orchestra. (Woodbury.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WKRC, WDRC, WJAS, WFBL, WJSV, WADC, WCAO, WKBW, WHK, WCAU, WEAN, WSPD, WBT, CKLW. **8:00 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KLRA, KMOX, KRLD, WREC, WCCO, WDSU, KTUL, WGST. **7:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KWG, KVI.

9:00 EST (½)—Buoyant Ben Bernie and his orch. (Pabst.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WSAI, WTAM, WTIC, WEEI, WCSH, WBEN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, WWJ, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WCAE. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WTMJ, KSD, WEBC, KVOO, WSB, WBAP, KPRC, KSTP, WDAY, KFYR, WMC, KTBS, WOAI. **7:00 MST**—KOA.
(See also 12:00 Midnight EST.)

9:30 EST (½)—Isham Jones and his orchestra with guest stars and mixed chorus. (Chevrolet.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WBIG, WLBZ, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WSMK, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WICC, WBT, WLBW, WHP, WFEA, WMBG, WDBJ, WHEC, WMAS, WIBX, WSJS, WORC, WKBN, CKLW. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WIND, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WMBR, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, KTRH, WNOX, KFAB, KLRA, KFH, WNAX, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WALA, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WMBD, KTSA, KWKH, KSCJ, WIBW, KTUL, WACO, WMT, KGKO. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:30 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KOH.

9:30 EST (½)—Ed Wynn, comedy, Eddie Duchin's band. (Texas Co.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WEEI, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WLW, WTAR, WTAM, WRVA, WIS, WTIC, WCSH, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WSOC, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WCAE, WWNC, WAVE. **8:30 CST**—WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WMC, WSM, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WSB, WSMB, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTB, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WJDX, KVOO, KTHS, WOAI, KPRC. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR. **6:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.

10:00 EST (½)—Camel Caravan. Walter O'Keefe, Annette Hanshaw, Glen Gray's Casa Loma orchestra. (Camel Cigarettes-Reynolds Tobacco Co.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WDRC, WDNC, WIBX, WEAN, WJSV, WDBO, WLBZ, WBNS, WHP, WDBJ, WMAS, WKBN, WADC, WCAO, WKBW, WCAU, WFBL, WMBR, WDAE, WICC, WLBW, WFEA, WHEC, WSJS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WJAS, WSPD, WQAM, WPG, WBT, WBIG, WMBG, WTOC, WORC. **9:00 CST**—KGKO, WHAS, WBBM, WOWO, WFBM, KMBC, KMOX, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KTRH, KOMA, KTSA, WIBW, WACO, KRLD, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, WDSU, WMBD, KSCJ, KTUL, WMT, KFH, WNAX, WALA, KWKH. **8:00 MST**—KVOR, KLZ. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KOIN, KOH, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KFBL.

10:00 EST (1)—Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre with Gladys Swarthout, mezzo-soprano; Frank McIntyre, Peggy Allenby, Charlotte Walker, John Barclay and others. Nat Shilkret's orch.
WEAF, WEEI, WRC, WBEN, WLW, WWNC, WIOD, CRCT, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WCAE, WRVA, WIS, WFLA, CFCF, WCSH, WFBR, WWJ, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WSOC. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, KFYR, WDAF, WAPI, WMC, WKBF, WAVE, KTBS, KPRC, WBAP, KSTP, WOW, WTMJ, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WJDX, WSMB, WKY, WOAI, WSB. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL, KTAR. **7:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:30 EST (½)—Leo Reisman's orch. with Phil Duey. (Philip Morris.)
9:30 MST—KOA, KTAR, KGHL, KGIR, KDYL. **8:30 PST**—KFSD, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(See also 8:00 P.M. EST.)

12:00 Midnight EST (½)—Buoyant Ben Bernie and his orch. (Pabst.)
9:00 PST—KPO, KFI, KOMO, KHQ, KGW.

WEDNESDAYS

(January 2nd, 9th, 16th, 23rd and 30th.)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventure in 25th century.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Tom Mix. Western dramas for children. (Ralston.)
(For stations see Monday.)

6:30 EST (½)—"The Shadow." (Delaware Lackawanna & Western Coal Co.)
WABC, WCAO, WORC, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WHEC, WKBW, WAAB, WJSV, WOKO.

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Mondays.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchelor. Small Town Sketches.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 11:00 P.M. EST.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Plantation Echoes—Willard Robison and his Deep River Orchestra; Mildred Bailey, blues singer.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR, WCKY. **6:15 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, KOIL.

7:30 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventure in the 25th century.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—"Red Davis." Dramatic sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—"Uncle Ezra's Radio Station "E-Z-R-A" with Pat Barrett, Cliff Soubier, Carleton Guy, Nora Cunneen and others. (Dr. Miles Laboratories).
WEAF, WRC, WCSH, WGY, WJAR, WTAM, WSAI. **6:45 CST**—WMAQ, WHO, WOW, WOC, KSD.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise—Dramatic sketch starring Elsie Hitz and Nick Dawson. (John H. Woodbury, Inc.)
WJZ, WBAL, WJR, WLW, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA. **6:45 CST**—KVOO, WOAI, WKY, WFAA, KTBS, WENR, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WSM, WSB, WSMB.

8:00 EST (½)—Mary Pickford and Company. (Royal Gelatine.)
WEAF, WTIC, WEEI, WFBR, WWJ, WCKY, WPTF, WRVA, WJAX, WJAR.

(*Continued on page 100*)

(*Continued from page 97*)

Show from January 12th to 19th. Both his Log Cabin show on Wednesday and his part on Show Boat, Thursday, will come from Cleveland while Lanny is there.

Some people are lucky. No sooner had Donald Novis received his notice from the Monday night NBC Colgate House Party than along came CBS's Forty-Five Minutes in Hollywood to offer him a contract. In the same respect, Jane Froman was engaged by the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre sponsor to sing in "Hit the Deck." She did so well, that she was hired that same week to star on the Colgate program which Novis left.

That early morning NBC spot with B. A. Rolfe and Comedians East and Dumke is just about radio's heaviest program. Those three stars total approximately 750 pounds.

Since so many have asked: the top tenor of the Revelers Quartet is Robert Simmons who replaced Frank Parker.

Annette Hanshaw may now be addressed as Na-ka-moo-na-nee. That's what the Indians of the Irving, New York, reservation named her.

Let us pass on some real philosophy from Lawrence Tibbett. He says: "We should not be obliged to listen to something that is not our own." Therefore, Tibbett becomes a real champion of singing in English. He practices what he preaches. And note, please, his popularity.

Through the efforts of Anne Seymour, young star of the Grand Hotel program, Miss Marian Hotch of Chicago, a blind girl, will get a free dramatic scholarship. Anne is doing her part in encouraging the development of talent among the blind.

Bill Huggins, now vocalist with Enoch Light's orchestra, was in his prime Thanksgiving. That band played his home town of Roanoke, Virginia, and Bill made his first professional appearance there since becoming a network star.

The music department in "La Cronica," Buenos Aires newspaper, is conducted by Horacio Zito, NBC maestro.

WGN, which calls itself an independent Chicago station, appears to have affiliations with four networks. It originated and still carries The Singing Lady, Little Orphan Annie and Clara, Lu 'n' Em of NBC. It feeds The Romance of Helen Trent to CBS. It pipes Lum and Abner, Wayne King, Jan Garber, Earl Burnett and Kay Kyser to the Mutual network which includes WOR, WLW and WKYZ, in addition to itself. And it carries The Lone Ranger and Just Plain Bill which originate with the Michigan network in Detroit.

Countess Olga Albani will make a Spanish picture in Hollywood as soon as her contract with Charles Previn's Silken Strings expires. She has placed her eight-year-old son, Guardo, in a Chicago school.

The stork left a brand new young man at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Himan Brown in November. Himan writes the scripts for "Marie, the Little French Princess" and "The Gumps," both on CBS.

Rise and shine is the spirit of WSM down in Nashville. That station joins the early birds with a 6:30 a. m. program every morning which is presided over by George D. Hay, the Solemn Old Judge.

A national Mary Lou Social Club is in the process of formation. If you're a fan of Muriel Wilson, who plays the Mary Lou role on Show Boat, you might like to join. If so, write to Mrs. Chrissie Connor, 406 Elm Street, Buffalo, N. Y. She's the president.

(*Continued on page 101*)

Ehrenford

The Radio City Music Hall Glee Club, on NBC's blue-WJZ network Sundays at 12:30 p.m. EST. Here are the boys in a hilarious "Barber's Opera" number on the Music Hall stage—the world's largest.

HAVE *lips*

THAT LURE TONIGHT

Irresistible Lip Lure is an utterly new, *different* lipstick. Its cream base carries gorgeous color deep into your lips so that they seem to glow with an inner fire...that makes them beg for kisses.

Prove to yourself how different it is. Hold a piece of tissue paper over another piece of paper. With your fingers rub some Irresistible Lip Lure into the tissue paper. You will find that the color penetrates right through onto the second sheet! In the same way... your lips absorb Irresistible Lip Lure...no paste or film remains...just soft, warm, ripe, red *indelible* color. Four ravishing shades to choose from. Have lips that lure *tonight*. Buy Irresistible Lip Lure *today*.

Use Irresistible Cold Cream to remove Irresistible Lip Lure and Powder at night . . . and to restore fresh, glowing youth to your skin. Irresistible Vanishing Cream heals chapped skin and hands. Irresistible Face Powder is so satin fine and clinging that it absolutely hides blemishes . . . stays on for hours . . . gives you a skin that invites caresses. Buy Irresistible Beauty Aids today. Full size packages only 10¢ each at your 5 and 10¢ store.

Griffin Manufacturing Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.

DON'T NEGLECT A COLD

Distressing chest colds and minor throat irritations—that so often lead to something serious—usually respond to the application of good old Musterole. Musterole brings relief naturally because it's a scientific *"counter-irritant"*—NOT just a salve. It penetrates and stimulates circulation, helps to draw out congestion and pain. Recommended by many doctors and nurses—used by millions for 25 years. Three kinds: Regular Strength, Children's (mild), and Extra Strong, 40¢ each. All druggists. Hear "Voice of Experience"—Columbia network. See your newspapers.

Good Housekeeping Bureau
MUSTEROLE
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER
NRA CODE

Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 98)

WEDNESDAYS (Continued)

WCSH, WLIT, WRC, WSAI, CFCF, WWNC, WIOD, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WTAG, CRCT, WIS, WFLA. **7:00 CST**—KSD, WOW, WDAF, WFAA, WIBA, KSTP, WOC, WHO, WMAQ, WMC, WSMB, KVOO, WOAI, WSB, WTMJ, WEBC, WKY, WDAY, KFYR, WJDX, WAVE, KTBS, WSM, KPRC **6:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL, KTAR. **5:00 PST**—KPO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFI.

8:00 EST (½)—Eno Crime Clues. Second half of mystery drama.
(For stations see Tuesday.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Easy Aces. Hearts are trumps in these bridge table sketches. (Wyeth Chemical Co.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WOKO, WGR, CKLW, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WSPD, WKRC, CFRB. **7:00 CST**—KMBC, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WFBM, WHAS, WOWO.

8:15 EST (¼)—"The Human Side of the News." Edwin C. Hill.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EST (½)—Broadway Varieties. Everett Marshall; Victor Arden's orchestra. (Bi-So-Dol.)
WABC, WCAO, CKLW, WJSV, WADC, WOKO, WDRC, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WNAC, WGR, WCAU, WBT, WKRC, WHK, WJAS. **7:30 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, WOWO, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, KERN, KRLD, WCCO, WLAC, WDSU, KOMA, WIBW. **6:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **5:30 PST**—KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

8:30 (½)—"Lanny's Log Cabin Inn"; Lanny Ross, Harry Salter's orchestra, and a guest furnished by RADIO STARS Magazine. (Log Cabin Syrup.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WCKY, WJR, KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD. **7:30** WENR-WLS, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN. **9:30**—KOA, KDYL. **10:30**—WKY, WFAA-WBAP, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, KTHS (Times given are your times.)

8:30 EST (½)—Lady Esther Serenade. Wayne King and his orchestra.
WEAF, WJAR, WLIT, WTAM, WTIC, WTAG, WCSH, WBEN, WWJ, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WSAI. **7:30 CST**—WFBR, WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WSB, WFAA, KPRC, KTBS, KTHS, WOAI, WOW, WOC, WHO, WDAF,, WKY, WMC, WSMB.

9:00 EST (½)—Nino Martini, tenor; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Chesterfield.)
(For stations see Monday.)

9:00 EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight. Fred Allen with Portland; Songsmith Quartet; Lennie Hayton's orchestra and others. (Bristol-Myers Co.)
WEAF, WJAR, WRC, WTAM, WJAX, WRVA, WLW, WCAE, WCSH, WGY, WWJ, WIOD, WPTF, WTAG, WLIT, WFBR, WBEN, WIS, WTIC, WEEI. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOW, WSB, KSTP, (WFAA off 9:45), KSD, WTMJ, WSM, KVOO, WEBC, WDAF, WSMB, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS, WMC, WKY.
(See also 12:00 midnight EST.)

9:00 EST (½)—Warden E. Lawes in 20,000 years in Sing Sing. Dramatic sketches. (William R. Warner Co.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WJR, WBAL, WLW, WCKY, WBZ, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **8:00 CST**—WKBF, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL. **7:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, WLS.

9:30 EST (½)—"The Adventures of Gracie." Burns and Allen, comedians, Bobby Dolan's orchestra. (General Cigar Co.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WJSV, WNAC, CKLW, WORC, WCAU, WDRC, WEAN, WKBW, WOKO, WBIG, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WKRC, WSPD, WBT. **8:30 CST**—KMBC, KFAB, KSCJ, WFBM, KMOX, WBBM, WCCO, WOWO, KOMA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WDSU. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:30 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KOL, KWG, KVI.

9:30 EST (½)—John Charles Thomas, baritone. (Wm. R. Warner Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WHAM, WLW, WCKY. **8:30 CST**—WENR, KOIL, WKBF, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KGO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:00 EST (½)—Cool Customers. Broadcasts from Byrd Antarctic Expedition. (Grape Nuts.)
WABC, WADC, WKBW, WJAS, WBT, WHEC, WLBZ, WHP, WOKO, WCAO, WHK, WQAM, WBNS, WORC, WKRC, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WDAE, WMBG, WNAC, WEAN. **9:00 CST**—WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WFBL, KLRA, WCCO, WDSU, KOMA, WMT, WBBM, WIBW, WJSV, WGST, KRLD, KTRH, KFAB, WREC, WLAC, KTSA, WACO, KFH, WNAX, WOWO. **8:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KDB, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

10:00 EST (½)—Lombardoland. Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. Pat Barnes, master of ceremonies. (Plough, Inc.)
WEAF, WTIC, WLIT, WGY, WRVA, WTAR, WTAM, WPTF, WJAX, WTAG, WEEI, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WWNC, WIOD, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WIS, WFLA. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WAPI, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WKBF, WSM, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, WKY, KTHS, WFAA, KPRC, WOAI, KTBS

10:15 EST (¼)—Madame Sylvia. (Ralston Purina Co.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZA, WJR, WCKY, WBAL, WBZ, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR. **9:15 CST**—WENR, WIBA, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC. **8:15 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:15 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:30 EST (½)—Conoco presents Harry Richman, Jack Denny and his orch. and John B. Kennedy.
WJZ, WMAL, WJR, WBAL, WSYR, WCKY, WHAM, WRVA. **9:30 CST**—KSTP, WENR, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WTMJ, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR, WKY, WFAA, KWK. **8:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL

10:30 (½)—One Man's Family—Dramatic sketch by Carlton E. Morse. (Kentucky Winners.)
WEAF, WTAG, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WWJ, WTAM, WSAI, WPTF, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WSOC, WTAR, WSMB. **9:30 CST**—WKBF, WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WAVE, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB.

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt & Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill in the Human Side of the News. (Wasey Products.)
9:15 MST—KSL, KLZ. **8:15 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

11:30 EST (¼)—"Voice of Experience." (Wasey Products.)
9:30 MST—KLZ, KSL. **8:30 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

12:00 Midnight EST (1)—Town Hall Tonight with Fred Allen and cast.
10:00 MST—KOA, KDYL. **9:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(See also 9:00 P.M. EST.)

THURSDAYS

(January 3rd, 10th, 17th, 24th and 31st.)

6:00 EST (¼)—Buck Rogers. Sketches of imaginary adventures in 25th century.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Benson.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchelor.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Wrigley Beauty Program. Margaret Brainard; Connie Gates, contralto.
WABC, WCAO, WKBW, WNAC, WDRC, WCAU, WEAN.

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Whispering Jack Smith.
(See same time Tuesday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Gems of Melody. Alexander Thiede's concert orchestra, Eva Gingras' chorus, Dwight Meade, commentator. (Carleton & Hovey Co.)
WJZ, WBZ, WMAL, WBZA, WSYR, WBAL - WHAM, KDKA. **6:15 CST**—WENR, KTBS, KWCR, KSO, KOIL, WREN.

7:30 EST (¼)—"Buck Rogers."
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (½)—Al Bernard and Paul Dumont and Their Burnt-Cork Dandies with Wallace Butterworth, interlocutor; the Melodeers Quartet, and Milton Rettenberg and the Molle orchestra.
WEAF, WTAG, WFI, WBEN, WJAR, WCSH, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI. **6:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOC, WHO, WDAF.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (1)—Rudy Vallee; stage, screen, and radio celebrities; Connecticut Yankees orchestra. (Fleischmann's Yeast.)
WEAF, WCSH, WRC, WCAE, WJAX, WWNC, WIS, WPTF, WIOD, WFLA, WRVA, CRCT, WTIC, WTAG, WBEN, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WTAM, CFCF, WLW, WEEI, WFBR, WWJ. **7:00 CST**

(Continued on page 102)

IN THE NEW SMART CENTER OF NEW YORK

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Every modern convenience to make your visit comfortable and memorable awaits you at the Montclair . . . *plus* the color, the gaiety of the new Casino Montclair, the town's brightest restaurant!

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NEAR ALL RAILROAD TERMINALS, SMART SHOPS, THEATRES AND RADIO CITY

IN THE NEW SMART CENTER OF NEW YORK

(*Continued from page 99*)

You may expect to see Bing Crosby in these two new Paramount pictures: "Sailor, Beware" and "Mississippi."

Johnnie Roventini, the Philip Morris page boy of NBC, better watch out if he doesn't want to sell that pack of smokes he's always paging. At least he should keep out of earshot of the manager and chief announcer of CFPL, London, Ontario, who really does happen to be named Philip Morris.

May we add our appreciation to Kentucky Winner Cigarettes for signing that grand dramatic program, "One Man's Family" for a sponsored NBC network series, Wednesdays at 10 p. m. EST.

Could there be anything to the fact that Betty Barthell has been seen a lot with Charlie Day of the Eton Boys?

During the four years that the March of Time cast has been playing poker, Bill Adams, who used to imitate the voice of the President, has always come out the winner.

Stephen Fox, CBS actor, has a son in an Eastern school. On a recent visit there, Fox couldn't understand why the students called the boy "Joe" when his name was Rory. "I'd never get anywhere if they knew my name was Rory," the boy told his dad.

George O'Donnell of CBS's sound effects department is newly married.

To the Chesterfield cast of artists goes the reputation of perfect co-operation. Andre Kostelanetz, Nino Martini, Grete Stueckgold and Rosa Ponselle get together weekly for a tea—and then discuss the merits or shortcomings of their work for the sponsors.

Vincent Pelletier, NBC Chicago announcer, recently injured in an auto wreck, got $800 as compensation after a legal tilt.

Pat Kennedy and Art Kassell, appearing together on a CBS commercial this season, both have known life in an orphans' home.

(*Continued on page 103*)

Most of you know this chic little soprano — Mary Eastman. She is heard on several CBS programs.

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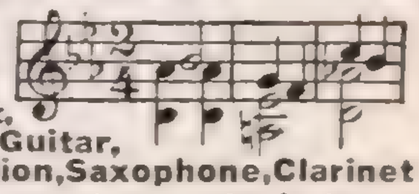

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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 100)

THURSDAYS (Continued)

WMAQ, KPRC, WKY, KSD, WOC, KSTP, WAPI, WJDX, WSMB, WSB, WEBC, WDAY, WSM, WOAI, KFYR, WHO, WOW, WMC, WTMJ, KVOO (off 8:30). **6:00 MST**—KDYL, KOA, KTAR. **5:00 PST**—KFI, KPO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.
(WDAF on 8:30; WBAP off 8:30.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Easy Aces. Dramatic sketches.
(For stations see Wednesday.)

9:00 EST (½)—Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Annette Hanshaw. (Camel Cigarettes.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WFBM, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WLBZ, WBIG, WHP, WFEA, WDBJ, WHEC, WTOC, WMAS, WKBW, WMBR, WPG, WICC, WBT, WBNS, WLBW, WMBG, WKBN, WDNC, WIBX, WSJS, WORC. **8:00 CST**—KMBC, KTRH, KMOX, WHAS, WOWO, WBBM, WGST, WBRC, WDOD, KRLD, WREC, WCCO, WDSU, WMBD, KTUL, KWKH, KGKO, KFAB, KLRA, WISN, WSFA, WLAC, KOMA, KTSA, KSCJ, WIBW, WACO, WMT, KFH, WNAX, WALA. **6:00 PST**—KHJ, KOH.

9:00 EST (1)—Maxwell House Show Boat. Frank McIntyre; Lanny Ross, tenor; Muriel Wilson, soprano; Conrad Thibault, baritone; Molasses 'n' January, comedy; Show Boat Band.
WEAF, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WTIC, WRVA, WIOD, (WLW on 9:30), WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WSAI, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WFLA. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, WKBF, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WJDX, WMC, WSB, WAPI, WSMB, WBAP, KTBS, WKY, KPRC, WOAI, WSM, WAVE, WKBF, KSTP. **7:00 MST**—KTAR, KOA, KDYL, KGIR, KGHL. **6:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD.
(WBAP off 9:30, WLW on 9:30.)

9:00 EST (½)—Death Valley Days. Dramatic sketches. (Pacific Coast Borax Co.)
WJZ, WBZ, WBZA, WJR, WLW, WSYR, KDKA, WBAL, WHAM, WGAR, WMAL. **8:00 CST**—WLS, KOIL, WREN, KWCR, KWK, KSO.

9:30 EST (½)—Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians with guest stars. (Ford Motor Co.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WGLC, WIBX, CKCL, WNAC, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WLBZ, WBT, WLBW, WHP, WMBG, WHEC, WMAS, CFRB, WORC, WDRC, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WICC, WBNS, WBIG, WFEA, WDBJ, WTOC, WSJS, WKBN, WDNC. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WOWO, KMOX, WMBR, WNOX, KGKO, WMBD, WSBT, WQAM, WFBM, KMBC, WHAS, WBRC, WDOD, WDSU, KOMA, KTSA, WACO, KFH, WALA, WGST, KRLD, KTRH, KFAB, KLRA, WREC, WISN, WCCO, WSFA, WLAC, KSCJ, WIBW, KTUL, WMT, WNAX. **7:30 MST**—KVOR, KLZ, KSL. **6:30 PST**—KOH, KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI, KOIN.

10:00 EST (¾)—Forty-five Minutes in Hollywood. Movie previews, guest stars, Eton Boys; Mark Warnow's orchestra. (Bordens Milk Products.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WKBW, WHEC, WJAS, WFBL, WBNS, WLBZ, WMAS, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WEAN, WSPD, WADC, WICC. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, KMOX, WOWO, WCCO.

10:00 EST (1)—Paul Whiteman, his band and all that goes with it. (Kraft.)
WEAF, WTAG, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WPTF, WJAX, WEEI, WCSH, WTIC, WFLA, WIS, CRCT, WRC, WCAE, WLW, WIOD, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WTAM, WRVA, CFCF, WWNC. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, KVOO, WMC, WOC, WHO, WOW, WSMB, WBAP, WKY, KTBS, WOAI, WIBA, WEBC, KSD, KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WDAF, WSM, WDAY, KFYR, KTHS, WSB, WAVE, WJDX. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KTAR, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KOMO, KPO, KFI, KGW, KHQ.

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:30 EST (½)—The Camel Caravan with Walter O'Keefe; Glen Gray's Casa Loma Orchestra; Annette Hanshaw. (R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.—Camel Cigarettes.)
7:30 MST—KVOR, KLZ, KOH, KSL. **8:30 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

FRIDAYS

(January 4th, 11th, 18th and 25th.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Bobby Bensen.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:15 EST (¼)—Tom Mix, Western dramas for children. (Ralston.)
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Wrigley Beauty Program.
(For stations see Thursday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Lowell Thomas.
(For stations see Monday.)

6:45 EST (¼)—Billy Batchelor. Small town sketches.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—"Just Plain Bill." Sketches of small town barber.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:15 EST (¼)—Willard Robison's Deep River orchestra.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:30 EST (¼)—Red Davis. Dramatic sketch.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Uncle Ezra's Radio Station. Comedy by Pat Barrett, Cliff Soubier, Carleton Guy, Nora Cuneen, and others. (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WEAF, WRC, WGY, WTAM, WJAR, WSAI, WCSH. **6:45 CST**—WMAQ, KSD.

7:45 EST (¼)—Boake Carter.
(For stations see Monday.)

7:45 EST (¼)—Dangerous Paradise. Dramatic sketches.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Easy Aces. Dramatic sketches.
(For stations see Wednesday.)

8:00 EST (1)—Cities Service Concert. Jessica Dragonette, soprano; quartette; Frank Banta and Milton Rettenberg, piano duo; Rosario Bourdon's orchestra.
WEAF, WTIC, WSAI, WEEI, WCAE, WLIT, WWJ, WCSH, WRC, WBEN, WTAG, CRCT, WJAR, WTAM, WRVA, WFBR, WGY. **7:00 CST**—WDAF, WKY, (WBAP, KSTP off 8:30), (WTMJ on 8:30), (WFAA off 8:45), (KTHS on 8:15) WOAI, WOC, KPRC, KTBS, WJAR, KYW, KSD, WHO, WOW, WEBC. **6:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL.
(WBAP, WFAA, KPRC off 8:30 EST.)

8:00 EST (¼)—Irene Rich. Dramatic sketch. (Welch Grape Juice.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA. **7:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL, WSM, WMC, WSB, WAVE.

8:15 EST (¼)—Dick Liebert's Musical Review. (Luden, Inc.)
WJZ, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, KDKA, WJR. **7:15 CST**—WKBF, WLS, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL.

8:15 EST (¼)—"The Human Side of the News." Edwin C. Hill.
(For stations see Monday.)

8:30 EST (½)—"The Intimate Review," featuring Al Goodman's orchestra and guest artists. (Emerson Drug Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR. **7:30 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WKBF, KWK, WREN, KOIL.

9:00 EST (½)—Vivienne Segal, soprano; Frank Munn, tenor; Abe Lyman's orchestra. (Sterling Products.)
WEAF, WEEI, WTAG, WLW, WRC, WBEN, WWJ, WJAR, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WGY, WTAM, WCAE. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF.

9:00 EST (½)—March of Time. Dramatization of the weeks news. (Time, Inc.)
WABC, WADC, WCAO, WCAU, WEAN, WDRC, WFBL, WHK, WJSV, WJAS, WKBW, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WSPD, CKLW. **8:00 CST**—WBBM, KMBC, KRLD, WFBM, KMOX, WCCO, WDSU, WGST, WHAS, WOWO. **7:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **6:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KHJ, KOIN, KVI, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KOL, KWG.

9:30 EST (1)—Campbell Soup Company presents "Hollywood Hotel," with Dick Powell, Louella Parsons, Ted Fio-Rito's orchestra, guest stars and Jane Williams.
WABC, WADC, WBIG, WBT, WHK, WEAN, WFBL, WFEA, WHEC, WDNC, WBNS, WCAO, WCAU, WDAE, WDBJ, WDBO, WDRC, WHP, WICC, WJAS, WJSV, WKBW, WKRC, WLBW, WLBZ, WMAS, WMBG, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, WPG, WQAM, WSJS, WSPD, CFRB, CKAC, CKLW. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WNOX, KWKH, WTOC, WSFA, WMBR, WALA, KFAB, KFH, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KSCJ, KTRH, KTSA, WACO, WBRC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WISN, WLAC, WMBD, WMT, WNAX, WOWO, WREC, KTUL. **7:30 MST**—KLZ, KSL, KVOR. **6:30 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOH, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

9:30 EST (½)—Phil Baker, comedian, with his stooges Beetle and Bottle. (Armour.)
WJZ, WBZ, WWNC, WBAL, WHAM, WJR, WJAX, KDKA, WGAR, WRVA, WIOD, WFLA. **8:30 CST**—WENR, KPRC, WOAI, WKY, WTMJ, WEBC,

(Continued on page 104)

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Describe your case so we can give you definite information at once.
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JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

(Continued from page 101)

Art grew up in one and the unmasked tenor spent some years in a church institution.

Amos 'n' Andy donated two pure bred hogs to the National Federation of Colored Farmers. The pigs will be prizes for the annual fair held at Charleston, Missouri.

Sponsors of Little Orphan Annie are distributing hundreds of thousands of identification tags and wrist chains to youngsters who have asked for them. In Chicago they have set up the Radio Orphan Annie Identification Bureau where each child's name and serial number is registered. Thousands of children have pledged to wear these tags at all times just as soldiers wore their dog tags in war times. Police chiefs in all American cities of 10,000 and over have been asked to make use of the identification bureau in lost and found cases. Sponsors claim that more than 50,000 youngsters are lost each year in America.

Hal Totten and Everett Mitchell broadcast the national corn husking contest, known as the "Cornbelt Derby" before 50,000 persons in a field near Fairmont, Minnesota. Dragging portable microphones into the corn rows they gave an ear by ear report of the battle of the bangboards.

An electric eel lately threw KMOX, 50,000 watter of CBS in St. Louis, off the air. Jerry Hoekstra was putting on his regular "Let's Visit the Zoo" broadcast. He was describing scenes in the reptile house and everything went well until he arrived at the tank where the South American eels are kept. Then three fellows made a chain and one put his hand into the tank. The eel got sore and discharged a goodly supply of electricity. Bang went the transformer and KMOX was off.

Since this is the new year, let's hear the story of Lud Gluskin, the "Big Show" maestro of CBS. Lud got his first job on a New Year's Eve, was married on a New Year's Eve and sailed for America after twelve years in Europe last New Year's Eve, subsequently to achieve American

(Continued on page 105)

Spearing a high "C." Donald Novis, tenor star of "Forty-five minutes in Hollywood."

Beauty hint for hands that will be ADMIRED
Every one can enjoy lovely hands, hands that you are proud to show. How? By a simple beauty treatment—Chamberlain's Lotion used daily. Containing 13 different imported oils, Chamberlain's Lotion soothes, smooths, re-beautifies. A clear liquid, not gummy. Chamberlain's Lotion is absorbed in 37 seconds, without bothersome stickiness. Try Chamberlain's Lotion today. See what it can do for you. Two sizes—at all drug and department stores.

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Those strange feelings of intuition and premonition are the urges of your inner self. Within you there is a world of unlimited power. Learn to use it and you can do the right thing at the right time and realize a life of happiness and abundance. Send for new, FREE, SEALED BOOK that tells how you may receive these teachings. Address: Scribe R. P. S.
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You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.
Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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Beautifies the hair by softening . . . toning and bringing out the natural high lights.

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Send 10c for one bottle
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Programs Day by Day

(Continued from page 102)

FRIDAYS (Continued)

WMC, KSO, WAVE, WAPI, WFAA, KWK, WREN, KOIL, KSTP, WSM, WSB, WSMB. **7:30 MST**—KTAR, KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KFI, KGO, KOMO, KGW, KHQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Pick and Pat, blackface comedians. Joseph Bonime, orchestra; guest singers. (U. S. Tobacco Co.)
WEAF, WWJ, WTAG, WJAR, WGY, WCAE, WSAI, WCSH, WLIT, WFBR, WRC, WBEN, WTAM, WTIC. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, WOC, WHO, WOW.

10:00 EST (½)—Minstrel Show. Al Bernard and Paul Dumont.
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR. **9:00 CST**—WENR, KWCR, KSO, WREN, KOIL.

10:00 EST (½)—First Nighter. Drama. (Campana.)
WEAF, WEEI, WLIT, WGY, WRVA, WTAM, WTAG, WRC, WTIC, WJAR, WFBR, WBEN, WWJ, WCSH, WCAE. **9:00 CST**—WMAQ, WMC, KSD, WOC, WHO, WOW, WDAF, WKY, KPRC, WTMJ, KSTP, WEBC, WSM, WSB, WSMB, WFAA, WOAI. **8:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **7:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

10:30 EST (½)—Kate Smith and her Swanee music.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WGR, WKRC, CKLW, WDRC, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WQAM, WDBO, WDAE, WPG, WLBZ, WICC, WBT, KVOR, WLBW, WBIG, WHP, WGLC, WFEA, CKAC, WMAS, CFRB, WSJS, WORC, WDNC, WBNS. **9:30 CST**—KFH, WMT, WIBW, WTOC, KGKO, KSCJ, WACO, WDSU, WBRC, WFBM, KMBC, KWKH, WNAX, WDOD, KRLD, KLZ, KTRH, KLRA, WALA, WISN, WNOX, WSFA, WLAC, KOMA, WMBD. **8:30 MST**—KVOR. **7:30 PST**—KHJ, KDB, KOH.

11:00 EST (¼)—Myrt and Marge.
(For stations see Monday. See also 7:00 P.M. EST.)

11:00 EST (¼)—Amos 'n' Andy.
(For stations see Monday.)

11:15 EST (¼)—Edwin C. Hill. The human side of the news.
(For stations see Monday.)

SATURDAYS

(January 5th, 12th, 19th and 26th.)

2:00 to 5:00 P.M. EST (3) — Metropolitan Opera Series. Geraldine Farrar, narrator; Milton Cross, announcer. (Lambert Co.)
All stations of both the WJZ-blue and WEAF-red networks of NBC.

6:00 EST (½)—Pinaud's Something New, Something Old. Arthur Murray, Earl Oxford, vocalist; Pinaud octet and Leith Stevens' orchestra. (Pinaud.)
WABC, WOKO, WAAB, WGR, CKLW, WDRC, WHAS, WCAU, WFCL, WADC. **5:00 CST**—WBBM.

6:45 EST (¼)—Wrigley Beauty Program.
(For stations see Thursday.)

7:00 EST (¼)—Soconyland Sketches (Socony-Vacuum Oil Co., Inc.)
WABC, WOKO, WNAC, WGR, WDRC, WEAN, WLBZ, WICC, WMAS, WORC.

7:15 EST (¼)—Whispering Jack Smith.
(See same time Tuesday.)

8:00 EST (1)—William Lyon Phelps, master of ceremonies; music direction, Sigmund Romberg. (Swift and Company.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WFI, WGY, WBEN, WCSH, WFBR, WRC, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW. **7:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WDAF, WTMJ, WHO, WOC, WOW, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WKY, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI. **6:00 MST**—KDYL, KOA. **5:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, (Station list incomplete.)

8:00 EST (¾)—Roxy (S. L. Rothafel) brings guest stars to the air. (Fletcher's Castoria.)
WABC, WCAO, WCAU, WDRC, WSPD, WEAN, WFBL, WHK, WJAS, WJSV, WGR, WKRC, WNAC, WOKO, WORC, CFRB, CKAC, CKLW. **7:00 CST**—WBBM, KLRA, KMBC, KMOX, KOMA, KRLD, KTRH, KTSA, WBRC, WREC, WCCO, WDOD, WDSU, WFBM, WGST, WHAS, WIBW, WLAC, WMT. **6:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **5:00 PST**—KFPY, KFRC, KGB, KERN, KMJ, KFBK, KDB, KWG, KHJ, KOIN, KOL, KVI.

8:45 EST (¼)—Musical Review featuring Robert Armbruster's orchestra. Mary Courtland, vocalist; quartet. (Luden's.)
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WNAC, WGR, WKRC, WHK, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WBT, WDRC, CKLW. **7:45 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, KRLD, WOWO, WHAS, KMBC, KMOX. **6:45 MST**—KLZ. **5:45 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

9:00 EST (½)—Radio City Party. Guest artists; Frank Black and his orchestra. John B. Kennedy, master of ceremonies. (RCA Radiotron Co.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WGAR, WJR, WCKY. **8:00 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, KWK, WREN, KOIL. **7:00 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:00 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:00 EST (½)—Songs You Love, starring Rose Bampton. Beardless youths singing as Trade and Mark, the Smith Brothers. They're Scrappy Lambert and Billy Hillpot with Nat Shilkret's orchestra. (Smith Brothers.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WTAM, WJAR, WBEN, WCAE, WLW, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WWJ. **8:00 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, KSTP, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR.

9:00 EST (½)—Grete Stueckgold, operatic soprano; Andre Kostelanetz's orchestra. (Light a Chesterfield.)
(For stations see Monday.)

9:30 EST (1)—The Gibson Family. Musical comedy starring Lois Bennett, Conrad Thibault, Jack and Loretta Clemens with Don Voorhees' orchestra. (99 44/100 Per Cent Pure Ivory.)
WEAF, WTIC, WTAG, WEEI, WJAR, WCSH, WFI, WFBR, WRC, WGY, WBEN, WCAE, WTAM, WWJ, WLW. **8:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WDAF, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KFYR. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KSTP.

9:30 EST (1)—National Barn Dance. Rural Revelry (Dr. Miles Laboratories.)
WJZ, WBAL, WMAL, WBZ, WBZA, WSYR, WHAM, KDKA, WJR. **8:30 CST**—WLS, KWCR, KSO, WKBF, KWK, WREN, KOIL, WGAR. **7:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **6:30 PST**—KFI, KGO, KGW, KOMO, KHQ.

9:30 EST (½)—Studebaker Champions. Joey Nash, tenor, Richard Himber's orchestra.
WABC, WADC, WOKO, WCAO, WAAB, WBNS, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, CKLW, WDRC, WCAU, WJAS, WEAN, WFBL, WSPD, WJSV, WBT. **8:30 CST**—WBBM, WFBM, WGST, KMOX, WDSU, KMBC, WCCO, WSBT, KFH.

10:00 EST (½)—Carborundum Band. Edward D'Anna, conductor.
WABC, WCAO, WAAB, WKBW, WKRC, WHK, WCAU, WJAS, WBT, CKLW. **9:00 CST**—WBBM, KMBC, WHAS, KMOX, WCCO. **8:00 MST**—KLZ, KSL. **7:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

10:30 EST (3)—"Let's Dance"—Three Hour Dance Program with Kel Murray, Xavier Cugat and Benny Goodman and their orchestras.
WEAF, WJAR, WCSH, WFBR, WFI, WRC, WGY, WCAE, WWJ, WLW, WWNC, WIS, WJAX, WIOD, WFLA, WTAR, WOAI. **10:30 CST**—WMAQ, KSD, WOW, WTMJ, WIBA, WEBC, WDAY, KEYR, WMC, WSB, WJDX, WSMB, WAVE, KVOO, KTHS, WKY, WFAA, WBAP, KTBS, KPRC, WOAI. **10:30 MST**—KOA, KDYL. **10:30 PST**—KPO, KFI, KGW, KOMO, KHQ, KFSD,

11:00 EST (½)—Studebaker Champions. 9:00 MST—KLZ, KSL. **8:00 PST**—KERN, KMJ, KHJ, KOIN, KFBK, KGB, KFRC, KDB, KOL, KFPY, KWG, KVI.

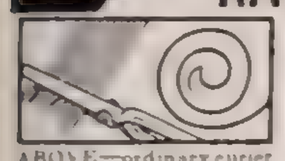
The Winners of the Annette Hanshaw Dress Contest

The Annette Hanshaw dress contest is over, and five lucky women are hitting the high spots of their home towns with the winning frocks.

"Joan of Arc" went to Charlotte Ballard, 6626 28 N. W., Seattle, Washington. That cute dress called "Mac" went to Suzanne C. Burpeau, College of William and Mary, Williamsburg, Virginia. Mrs. Mabel Schellenberger, R. D. 1, Berea, Ohio, got "Matinee." "Slim Jim" went to Katharine Bruce, 3rd North, Oakdale, Iowa. And to Mildred Rothman, 288 Ellison Street, Paterson, New Jersey, went "Pink Lady."

Judges were members of RADIO STARS Magazine staff. The winners were chosen from thousands of letters received from all over the country.

REVEALING Secret of NATURAL HAIR CURLS



ABOVE—ordinary curler reverses ends, curls iris and unwind. BELOW—Humphrey curls hair all one way. Nature's way—curls that last

Marvelous! New Humphrey Coil Curler with the quick dry tab, sets beautiful *permanent curls that last until washed out*, even when combed daily. Forms end curls, hanging curls, roll bobs and waves in alluring effects before found impossible. Easy to use; invisible; light; comfortable; no metal to cut or injure. *A new discovery* Millions sold by one user telling another about the Humphrey Coil Curler *with the cloth tab. A new curling method*—that's the secret! At your 5-and-10c store—if dealer can't supply, send 10c for each trial card of 4.

HUMPHREY PRODUCTS CO., 1929 3rd Ave., DETROIT, MICH.

HUMPHREY COIL CURLER with the Cloth Tab!

BLACKHEADS!

NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS, IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!

Dissolve Blackheads scientifically with amazing KLEERPLEX WASH. THIS WONDERFUL NEW DISCOVERY CONTAINS 5 SCIENTIFIC INGREDIENTS. Also refines Large Pores, stops embarrassing Greasiness, Shine. Clears Muddy, Sallow, Tanned Skin. Has marvelous medicated pore purifying powers. Gets at the cause QUICKLY! SAFELY! RENEWS! LIGHTENS! BEAUTIFIES your skin. Gives you that clean-cut attractive look. SEE INSTANT IMPROVEMENT. No chemicals. No staying home. A GUARANTEED PURE NATURAL PRODUCT APPROVED BY HEALTH AUTHORITIES AND THOUSANDS OF HAPPY USERS—Men and Women. Nothing like it! Stop wasting time and money on ordinary products. Your skin deserves the best. Get your 2 months' supply of Kleerplex Wash TODAY. Just send $1, (plus .10 postage) to KLEERPLEX (Dept. MR8) 1 W. 34th St., N. Y. C., or pay postman (plus C. O. D. charges). Outside U. S. $1.25 and no C. O. D.s. MONEY BACK GUARANTEE!

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BUNIONS Reduced Quickly

Pain stops almost instantly. Then blessed relief! **Fairyfoot** helps reduce painful ugly bunions. Foot soon appears more natural. **Fairyfoot** is easy to use, entirely harmless. Used on over **two million** feet since 1897. Write for FREE trial treatment today.

FREE TEST

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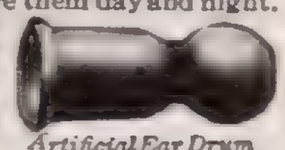
NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every deaf person knows that—

Mr. Way made himself hear his watch tick after being deaf for twenty-five years, with his Artificial Ear Drums. He wore them day and night. They stopped his head noises. They are invisible and comfortable, no wires or batteries. Write for TRUE STORY. Also booklet on Deafness.



Artificial Ear Drum

THE WAY COMPANY 70 Hofmann Bldg. Detroit, Michigan

DENISON'S PLAYS

57 YEARS OF HITS

Musical Comedies, Operettas, Vaudeville Acts, Minstrels, Comedy Songs, Make-up Goods. Catalog Free

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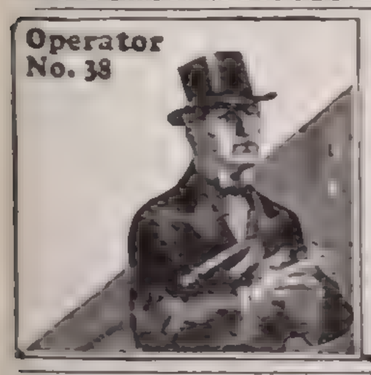

Operator No. 38

Follow This Man

Secret Service Operator No. 38 is on the job! Running down Counterfeit Gang. Tell-tale finger prints in murdered girl's room. Thrill, Mystery.

Free *The Confidential Reports of Operator No. 38 made to his chief. Write for it.*

Earn a Regular Monthly Salary

YOU can become a Finger Print Expert at home, in spare time. Write for details if 17 or over.

Institute of Applied Science 1920 Sunnyside Ave. Dept. 72-12 Chicago, Ill.

35¢ BUYS A DANDY CLASS PIN

SEND FOR NEW BIG 1935 CATALOG! Shows over 300 smart, up-to-the-minute pin and ring designs. Prices even less this year. Money back guarantee. Oldest, largest makers. Write today.

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$1.60 A BEAUTIFUL RING

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STANDARD ART STUDIOS 104 S. Jefferson St. Dept. 1325-B CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

(*Continued from page 103*)

triumphs. He wonders what good fortune is in store this New Year.

Ford Frick, announcer on the Chesterfield program, and before that a sports commentator on New York local stations, jumped to the $12,000 a year salary status when he was named president of the National League of Professional Baseball.

It's odd how things come about in this uncertain business of broadcasting. Willie Morris, the young Boston soprano heard on Lanny Ross' Log Cabin Inn program November 21, was first heard by this writer in Rome, Italy, during the summer of 1931. Sort of long distant and delayed auditioning, we think.

When Pappy, Zeke, Ezra and Elton, NBC's New England Hill Billies, returned to America from a tour of Europe, they were faced with the news that Mrs. Elton Britt, bride of less than a year of the youngest member of the quartet, was dead. She had been killed in an automobile accident in Oklahoma.

Elaine Melchior, the Ardala of "Buck Rogers in the Twenty-fifth Century," has a brand new husband in the person of Leon F. Anspacher, New York business man. It happened November 15.

Sometimes it does pay to be able to attend a broadcast. Just think what you listeners missed not long ago when Chevrolet served a cake, thirteen feet high, to the audience of one of its shows featuring Isham Jones. It was in celebration of the sponsor's ten millionth car to leave the factory.

Grace Saxon, one of the two Saxon Sisters you used to hear over NBC's Hudson program, is engaged to Ralph Freed, songwriter.

Jerry Sears, the NBC orkster, and Ruth Lauer of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, are now man and wife.

Jane Froman, originally scheduled to do the girl singing on the Colgate House Party on NBC Monday nights, was kept

(*Continued on page 107*)

The feminine member of the Kostelanetz Quartette — Stella Friend, who sings on the Chesterfield programs over CBS.

End Wrinkles, Age Lines New Beauty Method

Look 10 Years Younger Clearer, Prettier Skin Overnight

FREE Gifts if You Send at Once

Mail Coupon Today for Amazing Discovery

LOOKS YEARS YOUNGER

"People marvel at my skin and youthful looks. I look 20 years younger than I really am, thanks to Sem-Pray."—Mrs. M. B. Spillers, Richmond, Va.

Use Sem-Pray Creme and skin instantly looks fresher and prettier than ever before. Use plan at bedtime and further improvement by morning will amaze you. Clearer, smoother skin, fewer wrinkles, age lines, blemishes and enlarged pores disappear. Lovely skin becomes more beautiful. Complexion more transparent. Blemishes, pimples, blackheads, coarse pores, wrinkles, age lines, sallowness, tan, freckles, blotches, blemishes

A suitor's ever on my arm when F-O polishes my charm

F-O polish does not crack or peel . . . is made in five lovely shades . . . retains its original charming color until removed . . .

At all 10c stores . . . **Cuticle Remover . . . Creme Polish . . . Polish Remover Oily Polish Remover . . .**

Ft. Orange Chemical Co., Albany, N. Y.

"HUSH" FOR BODY ODORS AT ALL 10¢ STORES

Remove that FAT

Be adorably slim!

Money-back guarantee

Feminine attractiveness demands the fascinating, youthful lines of a graceful, slim figure—with firm, rounded, uplifted contours, instead of sagging, unbecoming flesh.

Hundreds of women have reduced with my famous Slimcream Method—and reduced just *where* they wanted, safely, quickly, surely. I myself, reduced my chestline by 4½ inches and my weight 28 lbs. in 28 days.

J. A. writes, "I was 37 inches (across the chest). Here is the miracle your Slimcream has worked for me. I have actually taken 5 inches off. I am overjoyed."

The Slimcream treatment is so entirely effective, so easy to use, and so beneficial that I unhesitatingly offer to return your money if you have not reduced your figure both in pounds and inches in 14 days. What could be fairer than that!

Decide NOW to achieve the figure of your heart's desire. Send $1.00 today for the full 30-day treatment.

Photo of myself after losing 28 lbs. and reducing 4½ inches.

FREE Send $1.00 for my Slimcream treatment NOW, and I will send you entirely free, my world-famous, regular $1.00 beauty treatment, with a gold mine of priceless beauty secrets. This offer is limited, so SEND TODAY. Add 25c for foreign countries.

DAISY STEBBING, Dept. MM-1, Forest Hills, New York

I enclose $1. Please send immediately postpaid in plain package your Guaranteed Slimcream treatment. I understand that if I have not reduced both in pounds and inches in 14 days, you will cheerfully refund my money. Send also the special free Beauty Treatment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

The Answer Man Answers

(*Continued from page 12*)

joined that outfit. But Salter's band didn't stay long in the Park Central and there was Eddie without any band with which to sing. As this is being written, Unkie understands Eddie is trying to organize a band of his own. So, perhaps you may be hearing him on the air when you read this.

Q. Give some facts on Jerry Cooper. (One slip and your I. Q. goes down ten per cent.)

A. Aw, who cares? Well, Jerry was born of American parents in New Orleans, April 3, 1907. He was educated at the private school, Warren Eastern. For two years he studied voice in New Orleans under a Professor Gorgano. His radio debut was made in his native city in 1930. And as probably his fans all know, he first appeared on Columbia May 22, 1934. Before becoming a radio star, Jerry was a bank clerk for a bit, then entertained in a N. O. night club—had his own orchestra there, in fact. After that he came to New York and began singing with Emil Coleman's band at the Palais Royal. Cooper is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs as much as Lanny Ross and Conrad Thibault weighed in the first of this intelligence test—165 pounds. He's not married, nor engaged, but if any of you are beautiful women about twenty, well, that's the kind he likes.

Q. Quick. The personal appearance of Elsie Hitz.

A. Not bad. Not ba-ad. Oh, you mean specifically. Well, she's five feet three and one-half inches and weighs 110 pounds. She has brown eyes and brown hair.

Q. See if you can do better on Robert Simmons than you did on Jerry Cooper.

A. You mean William Simmons, don't you? That's his real name off the air. Well, Bobby, or Billy, whichever you will, was born in Fairplay, Missouri, September 25, 1904. He is of French-Irish-English-Scotch descent. What a repertory. He was educated at the Marionville, Mo., Preparatory School; Washington University; Boston University and received his professional training at the New England Conservatory, which, in case you didn't know, has a high standing. He has two sisters and two brothers, respectively Ruth, thirty-five; Esther, twenty-seven; Paul, thirty-seven, and James, twenty-five. He is five feet nine and one-half inches tall, and weighs 160 pounds, has brown hair and black eyes. He's not married nor engaged, so if you're a woman such as he pleases to term "a streamline model who can cook," there you are.

Q. How many children did James Wallington and his first wife have? This must be answered in three seconds.

A. Two is enough, thanks. I mean seconds. They didn't have any children.

Q. What happened to Louis Dean who used to announce the Stoopnagle and Budd programs on CBS?

A. Plenty. He was given a job with a New York advertising agency directing that General Motors show.

Q. Is Harriet Hilliard really in love with Ozzie? Is that her real name?

A. That's no fair in an intelligence test. Ozzie and Harriet just won't say. No, Harriet's real name is Peggy Snyder. Now, intelligence testers, how did I do?

Q. Well, we'll say you have the mentality at least of a child of twelve.

Haussler

Phil Harris, who has just completed a series on NBC, poses with his mother before leaving New York for the Pacific Coast.

Be Smart! Save Money!

Dry Clean *1 Sweater*
5 Neckties
1 Scarf
with 1 can of

HOME DRY CLEANER

Only **25¢** QT.

Cleans Like Magic

Blouses, Spats, Hats, Furniture and Auto Upholstery, etc. Odorless . . . non-explosive . . . just dip, rinse and dry.

Home Dry Cleaner Lab., Uniontown, Pa.

On Sale at Leading 5 & 10c Stores

BACKACHES
CAUSED BY
MOTHERHOOD

Those months before baby comes put such a heavy strain on mother's muscles, that she frequently suffers for years.

Allcock's Porous Plasters do wonders for such backaches. They draw the blood to the painful spot—whether it be on the back, sides, legs, arms or shoulder. This has a warm, stimulating effect, and the pain soon vanishes. It takes only 2 seconds to put on an Allcock's Porous Plaster, and it feels as good as a $2 massage treatment.

Don't take anything but Allcock's Plasters. They're best because they bring quickest relief. Easy to apply. Over 5 million people have used Allcock's, the original porous plaster. They stay on longer. All druggists sell Allcock's Plasters—only 25c.

Women up to $22 a Week
and your own Dresses **FREE**
Showing Latest FROCKS
. . Direct from Factory!

No House-to-House Canvassing

New kind of work for ambitious women demonstrating gorgeous Paris-styled dresses at direct factory prices. You make up to $22 weekly during spare hours and get all your own dresses free to wear and show. Fashion Frocks are nationally advertised and are known to women everywhere.

as low as **3 DRESSES $3.98**

No Investment Ever Required

We send you an elaborate Style Presentation in full colors and rich fabrics. Write fully for details of this marvelous opportunity giving dress size and choice of color.

FASHION FROCKS Inc. Dept. B-250 Cincinnati, O.

Every Wednesday Night Is—

"LANNY ROSS' LOG CABIN INN" NIGHT

OVER NBC—COAST TO COAST—(WJZ BLUE)

(*Continued from page 105*)

from the job because of some clauses which were in her contract on the Pontiac program, also on NBC.

Joe Morrison, the boy who sang his way from George Olsen's orchestra to moviedom, is a new Brunswick Recording artist.

That trio on NBC billed as the Peerless Trio is none other than the Trio Romantique.

One of the biggest contributions to radio showmanship of the current season is the Nash Motor Company's Christmas and New Year's broadcasts, from 2 to 4:45 p.m. EST over nearly one hundred Columbia Broadcasting System stations. If you heard the Christmas program, you know that Nash is presenting just about the greatest galaxy of talent ever assembled for a commercial program.

Among the outstanding features assembled for the broadcasts, many of whom you heard Christmas Day, are: Lionel Barrymore as "Scrooge" in a dramatization of Dickens' "Christmas Carol"; Beatrice Lillie; Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink; George Olsen and his orchestra with Ethel Shutta; Clyde Pangborn and Roscoe Turner, famous aviators; the Don Cossacks, a choir of thirty-five voices; the Apollo Club of Chicago, 200 voices and the oldest choral group in the Middle West. Alexander Woollcott appears as master of ceremonies.

Another announcer turned singer is Howard Petri of NBC who celebrated his birthday November 22 by singing on Cheerio's program.

And while we're on the subject of NBC announcers, take a glance at the All-American lineup. Among them you'll find Kelvin Keech, born in Hawaii; Frank Singiser, brought up in India; Lyle Van, a native of Holland; and Alois Havrilla, who calls Pressov in the Balkans his home town.

Jimmy Kozak, former Paul Whiteman arranger, is one of the busiest orchestra leaders in Chicago. With his concert orchestra he plays every evening over CBS from the Edgewater Beach Hotel. He conducts another orchestra at NBC twice a week for Walter Wicker's "Song of the City." And every day he presents several piano programs over WAAF, an independent station.

Memo Holt, a real Hawaiian beauty from Honolulu, is the new soloist with Herbie Kay's orchestra. She succeeded Dorothy L'Amour, of New Orleans, who left Kay to cast her lot with the movies.

Adelaide Howell, the new warbler discovered by Paul Whiteman and now on NBC from the Hotel Biltmore with Michael Tree's orchestra, is none other than the society Howell of Atlanta, Georgia, and niece of Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

Here is real news. Gladys Swarthout has been signed for the movies by Paramount. This star of the Metropolitan Opera, the Firestone Series and the Palmolive Beauty Box Theatre, all being aired over NBC, will not let movies interfere with her microphone work.

Lud Gluskin is leaving CBS's "The Big Show" because he says his sponsor won't devote more time during the program to orchestra numbers.

Barry McKinley's (he's the baritone) sponsor on NBC ran a contest on the air.

DO YOU LONG FOR AN

These little wafers have done wonders for thousands

YOU CAN MAKE your dream complexion come true. But remember this—you can't *rub away* a bad complexion with expensive creams and ointments. You can't cover it up with cosmetics. Get at the *cause.* Most muddy, pale complexions, pimply, blotchy skins, are caused by sluggishness of the bowels and lack of calcium in the system. Stuart's Calcium Wafers correct *both* of these troubles—quickly, easily, pleasantly. Thousands of charming women owe their clear, healthy skins—their satin-smooth, radiantly fresh complexions to these marvelous little wafers. Try them for a few days—then look in your mirror!

AT ALL DRUG STORES—10c and 60c

STUART'S *Calcium Wafers*

BECOME AN EXPERT
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PICTURES MAKE NEWS! YOU'LL FIND THE LATEST EXCLUSIVE SHOTS HERE

(Right) Breen and DeRose are on the NBC red network Sunday, Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 10:30 a. m. EST. (Extreme right) Three generations of Whitemans: Wilberforce, his son Paul and the latter's son Paul, Jr.

Lanny Ross and Radio Stars Magazine presented Willie Morris, mezzo soprano, on his Log Cabin program. (Extreme right) Bing Crosby's new movie, "Here Is My Heart," has just been released. Here he's lunching with movie friends.

(Right) The first picture of Virginia Rea and her new hubby, Edward H. Sittig. (Extreme right) Meet Sandra Burns, newly adopted daughter of Burns and Allen. With such comic parents, Sandra will no doubt end up as a philosopher.

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WIN A GIFT FROM *Jean Harlow*

Read "Sweet Adeline", Broadway's greatest hit. This great story, now being produced by Warner Brothers, appears complete, illustrated with beautiful stills from the actual production in the February SCREEN ROMANCES. You will enjoy this and ten other screen novelizations in the February issue.

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COMPLETE DETAILS IN THE FEBRUARY ISSUE

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